

CURRENT OPINION



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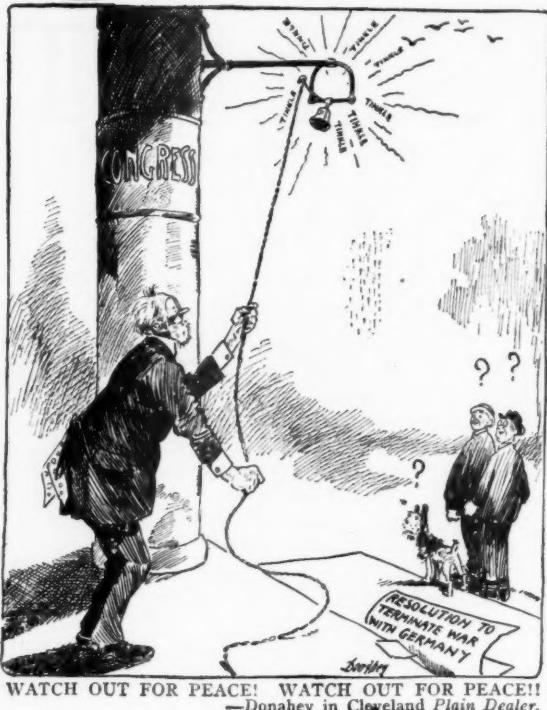
The Test of President Harding

THE real test of President Harding's caliber seems to be close at hand. He has had four months of good will from all sides, chiefly because neither he nor his party majority in Congress has in that time really begun their constructive program. Three things have been accomplished at this writing. An emergency tariff has been put through, which, because it is a temporary affair, has attracted little contentious criticism; a peace resolution has been adopted, which is little more than a declaration of a recognized fact of two years' standing; a budget system has been legislated into existence but not yet put into working order—a far-reaching reform on which both Congress and the country are unanimous.

The President and his Congressional majority now face the necessity for action in several directions involving political difficulties. Some method of negotiating a treaty with Germany must be decided upon at once, and the decision is certain to involve deep dissen-

sion. A permanent tariff is on the stocks for immediate action, and no general tariff ever was adopted that did not subject the administration responsible for it to vehement criticism both from within and without its own party. Then a revision of the tax laws cannot be deferred more than a few weeks, and with all that General Dawes and his Budget Bureau can do and with all that Walter F. Brown and his reorganization committee can do in the direction of economy there seems almost no chance that a revision of taxes will mean a reduction. It will mean, as one journal puts it, a shifting, not a lifting, of taxes. We shall be lucky if it does not mean an increase.

As he confronts this situation, various signs of warning that the era of good will is about ended reach the President. Ambassador Harvey's speech in London was a warning from the bitter-enders. The opposition to Taft's confirmation came from the same source—Borah, Johnson, Poindexter, La Follette. And close on the heels of



that came a significant utterance from that most stalwart of all the organs of Republican Brahminism, the Boston *Transcript*.

It was entitled, ominously enough, "The Republican Failure." The burden of its cry is that the lower House has dared to challenge the authority of the Senate even in matters relating to foreign policy, and the President has failed to discipline it for its temerity. The accredited majority leader in the Senate is Senator Lodge. The *Transcript* is regarded as almost his personal organ. The editorial may be safely assumed to be an inspired utterance, voicing the Senator's feelings. It is not improbable that he wrote it.

This significant indictment of a Republican House and a Republican President by a Republican journal begins as follows: "The Republican Senate is apparently growing weary of bearing unaided and alone the burden of sup-

plying all of the shortcomings of the Republican House." On the army and navy appropriations, we are told, the Senate, in its dispute with the House, "stood out long enough to give the President a chance to interfere," but, failing to receive any support from him, it had to yield on all the principal points of difference. In the matter of the Knox peace resolution, the Senate, says the *Transcript*, has had much the same experience. The Senate passed the resolution "substantially in the form in which Mr. Harding [as Senator] voted for it." The House passed it "in a slightly different form," and "the President has done nothing to bring the two houses into agreement." Since the editorial was printed (June 25) the Senate has had to yield to the House in this case also on the principal points of difference.

The *Transcript* admits that the President is a hard worker and has nothing but "concord" in his heart; but "the Republican Congress is of a different order," for in the House "there is no leadership worthy the name." It has shown itself "blatantly callous to the country's current needs." Bad as the House was, we are told, under Democratic leadership, "it never reached, under the speakership of Champ Clark, the low level to which it has been brought to-day by an overwhelming but leaderless Republican majority." Unless the President "appeals to the people and cooperates with the Senate," he may as well make up his mind that "the opportunity will be his a year hence to cooperate as best he can with a Democratic Congress." And this solemn injunction concludes the editorial: "the

test of his capacity for leadership is at hand."

This is evidently the bitter outcry of a thwarted Senate "oligarchy"—that same oligarchy which enabled Senator Lodge to pack the Foreign Affairs Committee two years ago with bitter-enders and to defeat the peace treaty and the League of Nations. That same Senate "oligarchy" had its way at the Republican national convention, wrote the platform and chose the candidate. It expected, without doubt, to be the dominant force in Congress under Mr. Harding's administration, and it now finds itself repeatedly defeated by a "leaderless"

House, with the President strangely ignoring the opportunity to come to the rescue.

Senator Lodge has been an influential member of the U. S. Senate for many years, but he has never before had the post of leadership that has been



THE NATURE FAKER
Congress—"This is Just as Good as a Live One."
—Marcus in *New York Times*.

his during the last two years. It seems to us that the unwanted power has gone to his head. Everyone recognizes the preposterous situation into which our nation has been maneuvered in the last two years. How the blame should be apportioned between Wilson and

Lodge is a matter on which we may argue endlessly, but the situation itself is undeniable. No President or Secretary of State who felt the responsibilities of his office but would feel impelled to extricate us from such a situation. Of Senator Lodge's course after the signing of the Peace Treaty this at least may be said: party exigencies furnished a plausible excuse and party success at the polls furnished a vindication acceptable enough as the game of politics is played. But what party interests will justify him in an attack not upon a Democratic President but



THE CHAMPION SHADOW-BOXER
—Cassel in *New York Evening World*.

upon a Republican President and a Republican House at a time when dissension will not only imperil the welfare of a nation but the welfare of the party as well?

The Boston *Transcript* is right when it says of President Harding that "the test of his capacity for leadership is at hand." And it looks to an observer as tho, in a conflict at this time between President Harding and Senator Lodge, along the line indicated by the *Transcript* editorial, the Senator is due to "get what is coming to him."

Declaring peace is not making it.—*Springfield Republican.*

When is Congress going to declare peace with the American pocketbook?—*Chicago Journal of Commerce*.

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What the Census Tells

THE figures of population of the United States in the year 1920 have been made public and a comparison with the figures of 1910 will furnish as many kinds of useless but interesting information as could be gleaned from the answers to Edison's questions. The following facts may not help us any in our business but they are worth knowing, namely:

That there are two million more men than women in this country;

That the smallest state in the Union (Nevada) is the one where the largest proportion of men to women is to be found, and that it is *growing smaller*;

That three states have decreased in population since 1910, namely, Nevada (by 4,418), Mississippi (by 6,496), Vermont (by 3,528), the percentage of loss being respectively: 5.45 per cent., 0.30 per cent., and 0.96 per cent.;

That Nevada, with 77,407 population, has as much voting power in the U. S. Senate as New York with 10,-

385,227, or 134 times as much population, and will continue to have as much power if it continues to grow smaller and New York continues to grow larger;

That, however, no one is worrying over this fact, nor over the further fact that 25 states, with a total population of less than 20 millions, can outvote, in the Senate, 23 states with a population of more than 85 millions;

That in 10 states there are more Indians than negroes:

That in two states (South Carolina and Mississippi) there are more negroes than whites:

That there are Chinese in every state and Japanese in every state but one:

That the figures show a decrease of 22,724 in the number of Indians in ten years, but that these figures are deceptive, inasmuch as whites with a small fraction of Indian blood were classed as Indians in 1910 and are classed as whites in 1920;

That the negroes have increased in 10 years by 635,250, the ratio of increase (6.5 per cent.) being the lowest on record;

That in six southern states—Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana—the negro population has decreased in 10 years by 51,780, and in six northern states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan—there has been an increase of 373,092;

That the Japanese in California are outnumbered by the whites by 45 to 1, according to the census figures; in Oregon, by 185 to 1; in Washington, by 75 to 1; but

That Californians assert that the census enumerators got only about two out of every three Japanese down on their lists.

That the state that has had the largest increase of population is New York, and that that increase—1,271,613—is

WHAT THE CENSUS SAYS

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DIVISION AND STATE	TOTAL POPULATION		WHITE		NEGRO		INDIAN		CHINESE		JAPANESE		ALL OTHER		
	1920	1910	1920	1910	1920	1910	1920	1910	1920	1910	1920	1910	1920	1910	
UNITED STATES.....	105,710,520	91,972,266	94,822,431	81,711,947	10,463,013	9,827,765	29,293,956	205,616,33	91,636,6	71,581	111,025	72,157	9,506	3,175	
GEOGRAPHIC DIVISIONS:															
New England.....	7,400,809	6,552,681	7,316,051	6,480,514	79,035	66,506	1,722	2,076	3,588	3,489	348	272	143	14	
Middle Atlantic.....	22,261,344	19,315,892	21,610,561	18,840,432	600,059	417,661	7,717	8,805	8,119	8,119	1,643	1,059	113	11	
East North Central.....	21,415,343	19,230,631	20,944,622	19,345,622	509,651	515,929	18,235	5,007	8,115	8,115	1,082	1,082	440	317	
West North Central.....	14,994,272	12,194,895	16,628,935	14,901,621	9,181,621	9,181,621	1,618	1,618	1,559	1,559	1,000	1,000	203	172	
South Atlantic.....	8,993,227	8,409,277	9,111,945	9,628,935	4,205,129	4,211,888	2,617	2,617	2,617	2,617	388	388	312	312	
West South Central.....	10,422,224	8,784,534	8,177,045	6,367,547	5,774,336	2,553,532	2,052,131	2,052,131	2,052,131	2,052,131	1,434	1,434	110	110	
Mountain.....	3,362,171	2,653,517	3,010,226	6,703,045	6,711,491	2,063,226	59,231	76,899	76,899	76,899	1,303	1,303	428	119	
Pacific.....	4,192,304	5,566,871	4,202,873	4,202,873	4,202,873	4,202,873	27,487	27,487	27,487	27,487	34,295	34,295	305	196	
NEW ENGLAND:															
Maine.....	768,014	742,371	705,605	709,905	1,310	1,363	859	892	101	108	7	7	13	2	
New Hampshire.....	445,083	430,579	422,331	422,331	639,906	639,906	1,624	1,624	1,624	1,624	67	67	8	8	
Vermont.....	352,228	355,936	331,806	334,926	3,805	3,805	550	550	550	550	11	11	9	9	
Massachusetts.....	3,852,556	3,366,416	3,803,519	3,532,926	45,463	38,055	688	2,512	2,512	2,512	151	151	94	94	
Rhode Island.....	604,497	552,610	563,937	522,492	10,036	9,106	106	272	272	272	33	33	12	12	
Connecticut.....	1,380,331	1,114,736	1,358,722	1,008,887	21,046	15,747	159	159	159	159	402	102	71	71	
MIDDLE ATLANTIC:															
New York.....	10,385,227	9,113,614	10,172,085	9,113,614	1,988,433	139,433	17,132,32	5,034	5,034	5,034	5,034	1,247	1,247	19	19
New Jersey.....	3,155,960	2,537,107	3,057,087	2,445,845	117,132,00	117,132,00	9,999	1,187	1,187	1,187	324	324	206	206	
Pennsylvania.....	7,280,017	8,685,111	8,422,785	8,422,785	19,760	19,760	193,919	353	353	353	253	190	190	312	312
EAST NORTH CENTRAL:															
Ohio.....	5,750,994	4,767,131	5,511,994	4,614,907	186,182	113,182	152	152	152	152	507	507	76	76	
Indiana.....	5,033,994	3,760,876	5,039,991	5,039,991	160,810	160,810	160,822	192	192	192	192	275	275	22	22
Michigan.....	6,485,280	5,658,591	5,269,339	5,535,902	182,651	108,049	194	194	194	194	211	211	49	49	
Wisconsin.....	3,668,412	2,810,173	3,661,627	3,755,237	50,082	17,115	5,613	10,514	10,514	10,514	226	226	34	34	
Minnesota.....	2,632,967	2,338,860	2,617,054	2,305,860	5,200	2,900	9,495	10,492	10,492	10,492	508	508	67	67	
Iowa.....	2,387,125	2,075,708	2,368,919	2,059,237	8,809	7,984	8,761	8,761	8,761	8,761	275	275	43	43	
Missouri.....	3,404,055	3,293,335	3,225,044	3,134,932	178,241	147,733	157,473	157,473	157,473	157,473	97	97	36	36	
North Dakota.....	646,872	579,036	538,834	538,834	6,989,655	6,989,655	6,253	6,253	6,253	6,253	39	39	142	142	
South Dakota.....	1,786,252	1,680,250	1,704,250	1,680,250	13,531	7,887	1,122	1,122	1,122	1,122	138	138	52	52	
SOUTH ATLANTIC:															
District of Columbia.....	223,003	292,332	192,615	192,737	30,325	31,181	2	2	2	2	43	43	13	13	
Delaware.....	437,971	355,366	326,860	326,860	1,026,639	244,479	232,979	321	321	321	371	371	8	8	
Virginia.....	1,249,661	1,285,366	1,204,736	1,204,736	1,026,639	94,446	94,446	55	55	55	377	377	47	47	
Maryland.....	1,437,612	1,301,069	1,261,612	1,161,749	1,026,639	69,966	69,966	401	401	401	339	339	14	14	
District of Columbia.....	2,309,771	2,061,612	1,221,119	1,221,119	1,026,639	671,977	682,222	277	277	277	154	154	11	11	
West Virginia.....	1,253,912	1,206,267	1,183,779	1,183,779	1,026,639	671,977	682,222	277	277	277	154	154	10	10	
North Carolina.....	1,386,734	1,355,400	1,368,538	1,368,538	1,026,639	671,977	682,222	277	277	277	154	154	8	8	
South Carolina.....	2,895,522	2,618,131	1,688,131	1,688,131	1,026,639	671,977	682,222	277	277	277	154	154	5	5	
Georgia.....	998,470	652,153	591,153	591,153	1,026,639	671,977	682,222	277	277	277	154	154	4	4	
EAST SOUTH CENTRAL:															
Kentucky.....	2,416,630	2,289,905	2,180,560	2,077,951	235,938	261,656	671	671	671	671	52	52	9	9	
Tennessee.....	2,337,885	2,184,739	2,147,032	2,147,032	451,452	473,088	505	505	505	505	43	43	13	13	
Alabama.....	2,448,174	2,182,093	1,447,032	1,238,832	900,652	908,282	405	405	405	405	62	62	4	4	
Mississippi.....	1,790,618	1,777,114	853,962	786,111	935,184	1,009,387	1,105	1,105	1,105	1,105	344	344	2	2	
WEST SOUTH CENTRAL:															
Arkansas.....	1,752,204	1,574,449	1,279,757	1,181,026	472,220	442,891	106	106	106	106	62	62	3	3	
Louisiana.....	1,798,509	1,656,388	1,086,611	1,931,086	706,028	713,874	1,066	1,066	1,066	1,066	57	57	110	110	
Oklahoma.....	2,028,283	1,657,157	1,444,531	1,327,531	145,307	55,948	74,825	331	331	331	348	348	11	11	
Texas.....	4,663,228	3,886,532	3,918,136	3,294,888	141,223	690,049	2,110	2,110	2,110	2,110	340	340	8	8	
MOUNTAINS:															
Montana.....	548,889	326,053	2,077,951	2,077,951	1,658	1,834	10,745	872	872	872	1,225	1,225	1585	1585	
Idaho.....	431,866	305,534	425,668	319,221	920	651	3,098	585	585	585	1,074	1,074	142	142	
Wyoming.....	194,402	145,905	140,146	137,375	11,318	11,453	1,482	2,235	2,235	2,235	1,563	1,563	24	24	
Colorado.....	939,024	799,034	924,103	733,415	11,318	11,318	1,482	2,235	2,235	2,235	1,563	1,563	84	84	
New Mexico.....	360,350	337,301	334,162	333,679	1,638,454	573,733	8,005	20,573	20,573	20,573	371	371	2,300	2,300	
Arizona.....	334,162	284,334	291,449	1,441,454	1,441,454	1,441,454	1,441,454	1,441,454	1,441,454	1,441,454	3,212	3,212	258	258	
Utah.....	449,396	441,371	441,301	366,538	366,538	366,538	366,538	366,538	366,538	366,538	3,212	3,212	321	321	
Nevada.....	77,437	81,875	74,746	74,746	513	4,907	5,240	639	639	639	927	927	330	330	
PACIFIC:															
Washington.....	1,316,621	1,141,900	1,104,777	1,104,777	1,104,777	1,104,777	6,058	10,997	10,997	10,997	3,263	3,263	186	186	
Oregon.....	1,266,339	1,042,550	8,116	8,116	8,116	8,116	5,590	5,590	5,590	5,590	3,415	3,415	912	912	
California.....	3,435,861	2,377,519	3,363,711	2,377,519	2,377,519	2,377,519	36,563	21,642	21,642	21,642	36,812	36,812	5,293	5,293	

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES BY COLOR AND RACE, BY DIVISIONS AND STATES: 1920 AND 1910.

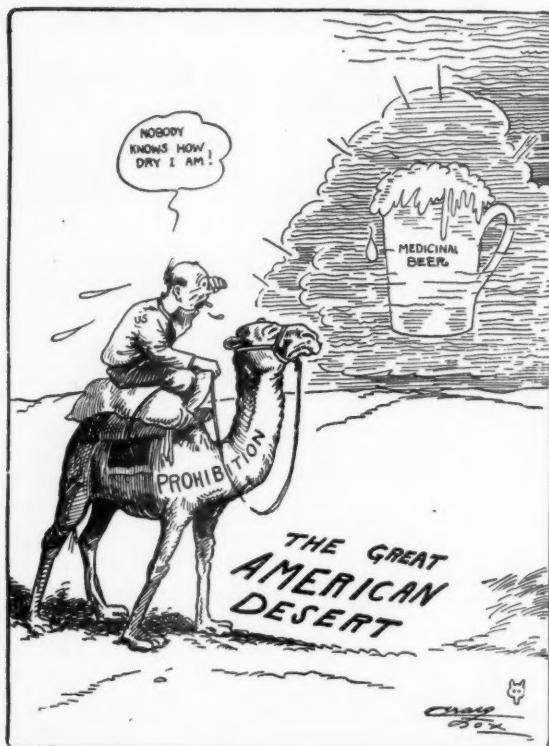
larger than the total population in any one of 18 states, and is larger than the combined population of the five smallest states—Nevada, Wyoming, Delaware, Arizona, Vermont;

That California has had a larger increase of population (1,049,312) than any other state except New York and Pennsylvania, and the latter exceeded it by only 5,594;

That we number, all together, in the continental United States (not counting Porto Rico, the Canal Zone, Alaska, Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines), 105,710,620; and

That that is more, by 13,738,354, than our population was ten years ago.

Moralists who are bewailing the times and the manners should remember that few girls are as bad as they are painted.—*Houston Post*.



ONLY A MIRAGE
—Craig in Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*.

The Mythical Wet Sentiment

THE favorite argument of the Wets is that the Prohibition amendment was "put over" when the country, so to speak, wasn't looking. Two millions of our soldiers were in Europe and could not voice their sentiment. A referendum is demanded, the assumption being that if the voters only had a chance to do it they would relegate the Volstead law and the Eighteenth Amendment to the scrapheap.

Well, this outraged public sentiment proceeded to demonstrate its power on the Fourth of July. There were parades in New York City, Jersey City, Baltimore and elsewhere. Few parades have been better advertised in advance. The newspapers for weeks before were giving the one in New York City scare headlines and editorials. It was announced at one time that there would be 300,000 in line. Something like 202,670, it was said, actually sent notifications of their intention to parade. Mayor Hylan was to review the parade. It was to be a great demonstration that would make Congress tremble and vindicate our downtrodden liberties.

Well, this vast public sentiment that has been so outraged, especially in New York City, turned out just 14,922 persons in the parade. Of these, not quite 1,000 were in the 22 bands hired for the occasion. Many of the others were employees of cafés—how many was not ascertained, but one of the most imposing sections was

from Mouquin's. The N. Y. *World*, which gave much space in advance to promoting the event, says sadly that eight out of every ten in the parade "were foreign-born," so far as the *World* reporter could judge.

In Jersey City there were estimated to be in line between 3,500 and 4,000. It had been announced that the mayor of the city and the governor would review the parade. Both of them "ducked," and a Congressman performed that important ceremony, and made a speech in behalf of personal liberty afterward, to which "two or three hundred paraders" stayed to listen. In Baltimore "just 375" were in the parade.

Nowhere has such a clamor of protest been sounded as in Maryland, New Jersey and New York City. And this was the best showing the defenders of booze could make.

Various explanations are advanced. It was a hot day. True, but the Fourth of July is usually hot. Didn't the 202,670 who promised to parade know that? "It was a bit too much," says the N. Y. *World* apologetically, "to ask New Yorkers to surrender half of their holiday" for such a purpose. It adds: "New Yorkers lost their liquor without any particularly determined fight and they haven't shown many signs of fighting to get it back."

All this talk about public sentiment having been ignored in the enactment of prohibition is piffle. No constitutional amendment ever was adopted by such overwhelming majorities, both in Congress and in the State Legislatures, as were given the Eighteenth Amendment. Before the amendment was sub-



GETTING BETTER

—Coffman in St. Louis Star.

mitted, 31 states had gone dry—31 out of 48—and others were on the way. The return of the two million soldiers from Europe, who were expected to start a sort of insurrection, has simply resulted in strengthening the dry majority in Congress. The present Congress is reported to be drier than the one preceding, elected before the soldiers returned.

There are serious problems yet to be solved in the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, as there are in the enforcement of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments even now 50 years after their adoption. But it is about as hopeless to appeal to public sentiment for the restoration of the legalized saloon as it would be to appeal to it for the restoration of legalized slavery.

There are evidently two sides to the Irish question, but the same individual never sees both of them.—*Columbia Record*.

Our New Foreign Policy Begins to Emerge

TWO important moves on the international chess-board were made by the Harding administration last month. The "peace" resolution was signed and the call for a "disarmament" conference was issued.

The resolution is important chiefly for the situation it brings us face to face with. It is a declaration that the state of war with Germany and Austria-Hungary no longer exists. Twelve printed lines are all that are required to make this declaration. All the rest of the resolution, setting forth the rights that are still "expressly reserved" by us, are, in the words of Senator Knox, "only a suggestion to the President as to what, in the opinion of Congress, should be done." This suggestion is, of course, in no sense binding upon Germany. It is not even binding upon President Harding. It is his business—not that of Congress—to negotiate treaties. It takes two parties to negotiate a treaty, and what will happen to these "suggestions" from Congress no one can tell. They are put in to save the faces of our elder statesmen—that is all. Senator Knox admits that "the status of Germany when we sit down to draft a treaty may be changed, and it may be that we may be more lenient with that country, while, on the other hand, the status may be such that we may have to impose even more drastic terms."

So the situation we face now is the negotiation of a treaty with Germany. Inasmuch as Germany is already hog-tied by the Versailles Treaty and can do nothing that conflicts with the provisions of that treaty, the task of negotiating a new treaty with her, that shall ignore the Versailles Treaty and

its inwoven Covenant of the League of Nations, becomes a brain-cracking task. Senator Spencer (Rep.) admits that "the post-war status of Germany has been definitely determined by the Treaty of Versailles," and that any new treaty negotiated with her must be "dictated by the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles." President Harding has declared that, in proceeding to negotiate with Germany, it is "the wiser course . . . to engage under the existing treaty." Secretary Hughes is reported to be strongly of that opinion.

In fact, according to the Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Sun*, early last month Mr. Hughes submitted to the President his proposed modification of the Versailles Treaty, with a recommendation that it be submitted to the Senate for ratification. In this modified draft, all of Part I (the League Covenant) is cut out. Part II (dealing with the boundaries of Germany and cessions of territory) also is entirely cut out. So is Part III, dealing with readjustments in Europe—the Saar Basin, Danzig, Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, etc. Part IV, dealing with German rights and interests outside Germany, is for the most part retained, but the three articles dealing with Shantung are cut out. Parts V (providing for Germany's disarmament), VI (treatment of prisoners of war and care of Allied graves), VII (providing for trial of German war criminals), VIII, IX, X (treating of reparations, finance and other economic questions) are all left in. So are Parts XI and XII (treating of aerial navigation, port regulations and transportation) with some changes. Part XIII (providing for labor regulations) is dropped entirely. Parts XIV and XV are retained.

The most interesting of all the changes, however, is this: wherever the phrase, "League of Nations," appears,

the phrase "Allied and Associated Powers" is substituted, and wherever the phrase, "Council of the League of Nations," appears, the phrase, "Principal Allied and Associated Powers," is substituted. Now the League of Nations includes practically all the neutral nations as well as the Allied and Associated Nations. How it is possible for Germany to sign a new treaty making these substitutions, without the consents of all the other nations signing the Versailles Treaty, it is difficult to see. And how these other nations can give their consents unless they are ready to scrap the League of Nations, it is equally difficult to see. In that event, moreover, the neutral nations, having already become a part of the League and having gone to considerable expense to set it going, would have a right to say something.

Why should we demand that the League of Nations be scrapped? Surely we can recognize its existence without joining it, and we can make a treaty with Germany acceding to all her engagements in regard to the League without prejudicing our interests in any way and without tying ourselves to the Covenant. If the United States insists on staying out of it, why should we also go out of our way to insist that the rest of the world abandon their experiment? The only answer to these questions is—politics. The Senate must be placated. The irreconcilables must be kept in the Republican fold. Let us hope that the *Sun* correspondent has been guessing and has guessed wrong. It seems incredible that Secretary Hughes should lend

himself to the concocting of such a scheme.

Some treaty must be negotiated and it seems certain that it must recognize the validity of the Versailles Treaty, even tho we refuse to sign that treaty, and the existence of the League of Nations, even tho we refuse to join it. There is no glimmer of a reason why even the Senate should stall at such a program. Germany may stall—but that is another story.

The call issued for a "disarmament" conference is a far more important move than the adoption of the "peace" resolution. Senator Borah's fight was for a conference on the limitation of naval armaments alone, between the United States, Great Britain and Japan. President Harding's call is for a conference between not only those three



TRYING OUT HIS VOICE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL
GLEE CLUB
—Ding in the *New York Tribune*.



SOMEBODY NEARLY ALWAYS GETS HURT DOING
THAT, TOO

—Ding in *Philadelphia North American*.

nations but France and Italy as well, not on the subject of naval armament alone but all kinds of armament, and not even on limitation of armaments alone but for the consideration of all the unsettled issues affecting the Pacific and the Far East. In this latter part of the program China is to participate.

This invitation is hailed by the European press and by the European chancelleries as an event of world-shaking importance. Every nation included in the invitation (except Japan) has promptly, almost eagerly, accepted. Japan wants more information. Great Britain has suspended the conference on the Anglo-Japanese alliance in deference to this new conference. The League is, evidently, disposed to suspend its conference on disarmament. The finesse of this move by our State

Department, as a matter of American politics, is a masterpiece. Borah, for once, finds it difficult to break his silence, for it is a logical expansion, even if an unwelcome one, of his own project. Hiram Johnson and Poindexter find protest equally difficult, for they have been rolling their eyes and their periods in frenzy over the Japanese peril, and here is a direct movement to settle the difficulties between us and Japan as well as between Japan and China.

And yet the feelings of these Senators and of the rest of their group must be in a highly perturbed condition, for the inevitable effect of this conference is to bring the United States again into consultation not only on Pacific but European issues. For not a

step can be taken in the matter of limitation of armies—as Senator Borah clearly foresaw—without running up against the situation in Europe and the menace of a militaristic Germany and a bolshevik Russia. If France is to reduce her army—and she is keen to find a way to do it safely—"what new guarantees," as the Paris *Temps* asks, "are going to be established to prevent war in Europe? That question poses itself right at the beginning if land disarmament is to be discussed in Washington."

We are no more able to escape the logic of the world-situation than a hatched chicken is able to escape the logic of its birth and go back into the shell. We can only render ourselves ridiculous by our attempts to escape. Whatever move we make—and economic as well as political necessities

force us to make some move—brings us back again into the family of nations. Lodge can't prevent it. Borah and Johnson can't prevent it. The Senate can't prevent it. Harding can't prevent it. Even Colonel Harvey can't prevent it! The peace resolution brings us up against the logic of the situation in the same way that the conference on disarmament brings us up against it. We can no more evade it than we can evade the law of evolution or the force of gravitation or any other cosmic force. The only way of escape is by means of some vast engineering feat that will split the western hemisphere off from the eastern hemisphere and send us rolling off through space on a separate planet.

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America as the Decisive Factor in the Irish Truce

IT BECOMES increasingly clear that the most important factor in bringing about the truce in Ireland has been the desire in England for harmonious relations with the United States. General Smuts has long made manifest his belief that until the Irish dispute is settled there can be no concerted action in world politics between Washington and London. Lord Northcliffe has been of the same opinion, and his journal, the *Times*, has been for some time predicting what has recently happened. Lord Curzon has been notoriously of the same mind. Lloyd George came to a similar conclusion some time since. The real difficulty has been in making the men of Ulster

look on the subject from this international point of view.

The Sinn Feiners, on their side, have been forced to admit that an American demonstration, even a pacific one, on behalf of an independent Irish republic could not be expected. Even the extreme Sinn Feiners, under the lead of Michael Collins, have quite recovered from their delusion on this point. They see now, as the Dublin *Irish Times* says, that while they may use the American coast from time to time as a base of operations, with the aid of submarines, they can never fit out a filibustering expedition as they thought they could. The extreme Sinn Feiners deemed it possible to draw indefinitely upon America for ammunition and machine guns. They expected a measure of official indulgence in Washington. These have been proved delusions by recent events, especially by the capture of contraband cargoes and the confiscation of weapons. For the past six



STILL POSING

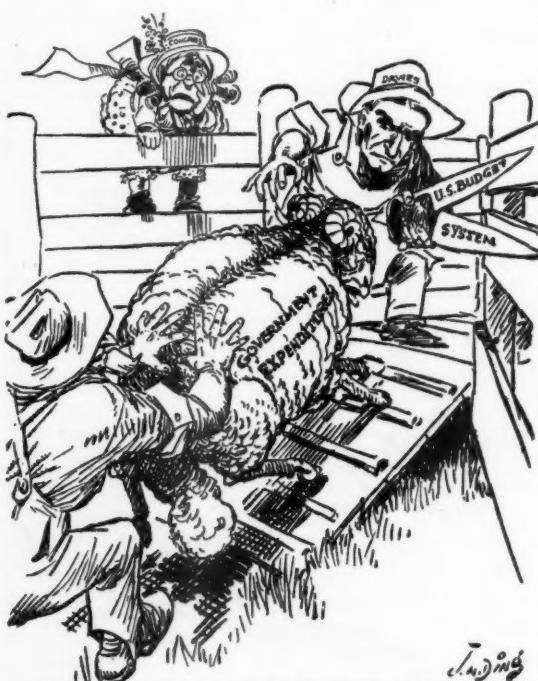
—Thomas in Detroit News.

months there has been a shortage of ammunition in the Irish republican army, thanks to vigilance on this side of the water. The struggle was becoming more and more one-sided, and the extreme Sinn Feiners saw themselves within measurable distance of impotence in the field.

Negotiations for a truce were furthered by the reports upon the state of American opinion which have reached the foreign office in London through diplomatic channels. Sir Auckland Geddes, the ambassador here, is said in the London *News* to have startled his official superiors by the candor of his comments on the situation of the Irish-Americans. They seem to him to be in a position to foil every effort to improve Anglo-American relations. They can certainly make it difficult, if not impossible, to get any kind of an

Anglo-American pact through the Senate. The liberal London daily has been quite pessimistic regarding this outlook. It has been echoing the London *Times*, which says again and again that "the real and supposed grievances of Ireland must envenom Anglo-American relations." It had been inferred that the undoubted ability of Sir Auckland Geddes, the felicity of some of his speeches and the popularity he enjoyed here would offset the campaign of the Sinn Feiners. Sir Auckland himself, as London newspaper reports reveal, corrected a few misapprehensions in London. He had to point out that there was risk of an appearance of interference in domestic American questions in some of the British propaganda work. If the Sinn Feiners here and in Ireland could have read or heard a few of the verbal and written reports of Sir Auckland, they might have been agreeably surprised, we read, by his tributes to the brilliance of some of their American activities.

Wherever the British ambassador turned in America, as the Tory London *Post* admits, he was crossed and baffled by American reactions to the Irish crisis. He could do nothing of importance at the Department of State. He found the President "correct" in the diplomatic sense, eager for Anglo-American harmony all over the world, yet keenly alive to the influences Sinn Fein can bring to bear. Sinn Fein has had the tact, as a result of some painful experience, to avoid the awkwardness of injecting or of seeming to inject a foreign issue into American politics. Its agents here are always



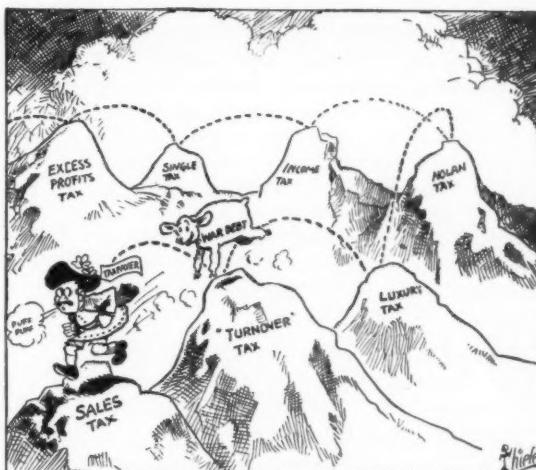
SHEARING THE LITTLE LAMB THAT MARY LOVED
SO WELL

—Ding in Atlanta *Constitution*.

"American," always taking an ostensibly American point of view. As for the Senate, it is so pro-Irish that Sir Auckland is reported as amazed to find that even Henry Cabot Lodge will grow indignant over the wrongs of Erin and wear a sprig of green on St. Patrick's day.

The future of Anglo-American relations, unless an Irish composition be effected, must, in the opinion of the liberal organs of England, be difficult. The Irish issue tends more and more to become a talking point in negotiations, as the Manchester *Guardian* points out. American statesmen, driven into a corner, will say that, while they sympathize with the Anglo-American idea, they must reckon with the Irish vote. The reply to this argument in England has been, in the manner of the London *Spectator*, to declare that pro-Irish demonstrations and utterances are merely the devices of politicians, things said and done for political effect. In reality, observes the London *New Statesman*, this is only a way of confessing the gravity of the matter. Whether things be said or done for political effect or not, the important fact is that they are said and done. Neither does it dispose of the matter to say that the pro-Irish feeling is promoted only by Hearst and people like him. The London *Times* declares that Mr. Hearst and his newspapers are of the utmost importance in deciding the destiny of Anglo-American relations, and to blink this fact is, it believes, to ignore the grim realities of the case.

The British government and our own are not the only ones embarrassed by the Irish question. France also is em-



"BUT EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT THE LAMB
WAS SURE TO GO!"
—Thiele in Sioux City *Tribune*.

barrassed. The French press, in its impatience for an Irish settlement, is pleading with the Lloyd George government not to lose the present opportunity. The *Temps*, the *Matin* and the *Débats* remind the British government tactfully from time to time that the British crisis makes America a difficult power to deal with whenever British influence must be used. The anxiety of the French relates chiefly to that alliance of the Irish with the Germans in America, of which the *Temps* makes so much. The Germans, it fears, are using the Irish grievance to make relations between Washington and London difficult. The French are less concerned about the Irish vote in America than about the German vote, but it is suggested in some of their dailies that the proposed Anglo-French alliance might prejudice Paris in the eyes of the Sinn Feiners, and hence react unfavorably in the United States. The *Vossische* of Berlin puts the case clearly:

"The international situation resulting from the war has injected the Irish situation into world politics. The British Government is only beginning to realize the

importance of this fact. They are practical people in London, and to them it is a matter of diplomacy. If they can get the Irish question out of world politics, they will do so. The Americans are also anxious to be rid of the inconvenience of the Irish agitation. If this obstacle to the Anglo-American accord can be removed, a new era will dawn on the international stage. We may, therefore, reasonably anticipate important developments."

The London *Saturday Review* fears that sympathy with the Irish may even endanger the relations between England and the British colonies.

The pro-British Americans are convinced that there would be no trouble if the pro-Irish Americans wouldn't take sides: —Marion Star.



The Japanese Press on Disarmament

JAPANESE newspaper sentiment on the subject of disarmament can not be summed up in a sentence. Those organs which reflect the views of the clans speak a good word for disarmament on principle, but they always find an objection to the immediate application of the principle. The organs of the purely political parties and those newspapers which are edited by politicians seem to agree that disarmament can not come too soon, and they do not ask who shall begin first. They want the government at Tokyo to lighten the burdens of the people, and they urge reduction of both army and navy as a good way to reduce the taxes. The papers that appeal to the masses complain that the people's representatives are not allowed even a voice in the matter. The great decisions are made by the clansmen and the military and naval magnates. If we were to take the point of view of the popular Japanese press, we would have to in-

fer that even if the Diet or the Parliament voted to reduce armaments, the clansmen and the Elder Statesmen would pay no attention. They would go right on with their programs for a bigger fleet and a bigger army.

There are important Japanese newspapers like the *Osaka Asahi*, which, ever since the days of the Okuma cabinet, have maintained that an expansion of armaments out of proportion to the resources of the country is prejudicial to people and to the government. It opposed the creation of two new divisions in the days of the Okuma cabinet. It denounced the budgets of the Terauchi and Hara cabinets as attaching supreme importance to the army and the navy. It censured the members of the Diet for passing these budgets. It attacked the administrations for meeting the demands of the militarists and thus draining the national resources. It says now:

"The Russian army in the old days was responsible for the increase of the Japanese army. The old Russian army has collapsed. There is no basis for the idea that the increase in our army must be made just because the matter was arranged. Neither the army nor the navy of Japan ought to be increased out of proportion to the national resources.

"Surely it is superfluous for us to repeat that we ought not to be increasing our fleet upon the theory that the United States may be our next enemy. If in the existing pecuniary embarrassments of this country the fleet is increased to the neglect of education and out of proportion to our means, there will be a confirmation of the impression abroad that we want to go to war, that the Japanese people are belligerent."

The popular *Yorozu* notes that in England there is an idea that Japan, through recent increases in her fleet, has become a Jingo country. Will not Great Britain and the United States, it inquires, combine to urge a

large reduction in Japan's fleet? The Japanese paper is suspicious:

"England and America are in keen competition in this matter of fleets, but it is not out of the question that where Japan is concerned they may take joint action. America is trying to gain supremacy in the Pacific. Her protest in regard to Yap seems to be one outcome of this purpose. If Japan reduces her armament, America will become more truculent than ever in the Pacific. We hope for disarmament, but it would be unfair in England and America to force disarmament on Japan without reducing their own fleets."

There will be trouble in the Pacific between Japan and America, says the responsible *Kokumin*, which speaks for the solidly respectable business interests. It foresees a period of difficulty in all relations between Tokyo and Washington. The Harding Asiatic policy seems to it on the whole anti-Japanese. That is not the view of the *Yamato*, an important organ of educated opinion, which is convinced that the Tokyo government will conciliate Washington and show a willingness to disarm—if everybody else does. The *Nichi Nichi* complains that the discussion of disarmament is a cover for attacks upon Japan by those powers which are opposed to her mandates in the South Seas. In these times, it complains, world diplomacy is loud and full of brag and bluster. Only Japan remains in her diplomacy courteous and considerate of other nations:

"Our diplomats are amazed at the irresponsible and unreserved remarks of American politicians on the question of Yap. The Americans are but saying what they want to say. Let us say what we want to say. Then we need have no fear."

In a somewhat similar spirit the popular and widely read *Chuwo* observes that there has been much discussion lately regarding the reduction

of armaments, and it insists that Japan adhere to that principle. Nevertheless there seems to be misunderstanding of Japan's position:

"It is true that we are going ahead with a naval program formulated years ago. The carrying out of that program is essential to the maintenance of our place as the only naval power in Asia. It is acknowledged by all that upon Japan may devolve the duty not only of self-preservation, but of keeping peace on the seas for the good of humanity. This ought to be known to the peoples of Italy, France, England and America.

"Armaments are of relative strength only. If the world powers by common consent agree to readjust their armies and fleets, there can be a general reduction of them all. In such an event, Japan could with safety reduce her forces by land and sea. If such a common understanding is reached, Japan will be pleased to enter into it."

Japan's relation to the question of disarmament is associated in the western mind with the yellow peril, suspects the *Japan Advertiser*, an important Kobe newspaper, published in English. The day, it declares, when a colored world will muster in arms against the white world for the prize of the whole earth cannot conceivably come for centuries, and it may never come at all:

"Europe for a generation past has been visibly tending towards a type of self-contained, self-supporting nationhood with a nearly stationary population and a rising standard of comfort and culture. Like causes will produce like effects in Asia, and as Japan advances in wealth and the desires of her people increase, her population will cease to expand unrestrainedly. This ideal of the self-contained, self-supporting nation has not dawned on the minds of militarists in Japan, or anywhere else; but why should we suppose that it will not make its way here as in other countries? Only by the acceptance of this

ideal can the human race hope to preserve the civilization which it has so laboriously built up. It will take more than the history of early swarings of primitive races to make us believe that the yellow peril is anything at present but a fantastic dream arising out of theories too much simplified and applied to facts too little known."

It will be seen from these utterances that in Japan, as in the United States, the fight for a reduction of armaments is being waged stoutly and with wide popular support. There, as here, as

in England and France and everywhere else, the old militarist idea dies hard. Every bluster on our side, every rattling of the sword, every menacing gesture, is reproduced there and strengthens the militarists, just as every note of menace there is reproduced here, and gives encouragement to our jingoes. The simple truth is, and it ought never to be lost sight of, that the jingoes of all countries play into each other's hands constantly.

Two hundred and six peace treaties signed! That many American soldiers arrived in New York from Antwerp, each with a German bride.—*El Paso Times*.

Significant Sayings

"The war did not leave the world impoverished, nor, considering its entire population and its entire property, was the great average of world wealth appreciably affected."—Henry M. Robinson, Pres. First National Bank, Los Angeles.

"The problems of the Pacific are to my mind the world problems of the next 50 years or more."—General Jan Smuts.

"Friendship with the United States is an absolute necessity for Japan, not only politically, but also commercially, for trade relations with the United States is one of our greatest assets."—Viscount Hayashi, Japanese Ambassador to Great Britain.

"Indications are that instead of men coming up to women's moral standard, women have come down to men's."—Clara Burnside, Police Captain of Indianapolis.

"More than one-half the teachers are unfit to train the minds of our young people."—Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

"Slogans run no factories and sell no goods and provide no means of payment."—Wm. C. Redfield, ex-Secretary of Commerce.

"The only path of safety for the British Empire is a path on which she can walk together with America."—General Jan Smuts.

"We shall welcome that influence [in world affairs] in whatever way the United States decides to exercise it, but we cannot scrap the League."—Viscount Grey.

"Zionism is the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history."—Henry Morgenthau.

"Europe is distinctly on the mend."—Thomas W. Lamont.

"There is not a menace in the world today like that of growing public indebtedness and mounting public expenditures."—President Harding.

"I do not think there is anything in the Japanese scare, so-called. In my opinion, the question is largely a bugaboo of the imagination which need not cause anyone concern."—Senator Penrose.

"Please do your utmost to refute rumors that my voice is affected. They are absolutely without foundation."—Enrico Caruso.

"No man is ever happy until he has learned to do without happiness."—Don Marquis.

"I was astonished to find that Dempsey is the most lovable pugilist I ever met, and, in addition to that famous punch, he has plenty of brains."—Harry J. Preston, British sportsman.

"We ought to make it as easy as possible for the Americans to take charge of the world's general restoration."—Count von Bernstorff.

"So long as America remains aloof, her power, whether she wills it or not, will play into the hands of those she fought against in the war."—André Tardieu.

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

America as the Future Center of the English-Speaking People

THREE is no doubt that the English-speaking people constitute the strongest group in the world to-day, financially, economically, morally and from a military standpoint.

Great Britain and her colonies, including her ex-colony the United States of America, are the most powerful homogeneous mass of people on earth.

The center of this group, and its directing head, used to be London. This was the largest city in the world. And from Downing Street, as the headquarters of imperial political machinery was called, went forth those edicts which, like the decrees from the Roman Forum in the days of the Cæsars, "held the fretful globe in awe."

But that day is passing, perhaps has passed. Metropolitan London is now exceeded in population by metropolitan New York.

It is New York, not London, that is the financial Mecca of all indigent nations and industrial adventure. It is in America, not England, that needy France, Italy, Sweden and Denmark seek to float their loans.

The scepter of world dominance is passing from London, as in the pages of history it passed from Paris, from Spain, from Venice, from Constantinople, from Rome, and so on back.

The center of world influence is shifting to America. M. Stéphane Lauzanne says, "America exerts the greatest moral influence in the world."

Germany hesitated and fiddled about

with her reparation until Mr. Hughes, the American Secretary of State, announced tersely but plainly that America would stand by her Allies and expected Germany to pay up, whereupon Germany straightway began to pay up.

"Whether there shall be another war in Europe, and when," significantly declares M. Bunau Varilla, depends upon America.

How this control-center of the world is shifting is apparent in the recent conference in London of Lloyd George, Great Britain's Prime Minister, with the official heads of her colonies, the representatives of Canada, Australia, India, New Zealand and the rest.

Two speeches in particular, at this Imperial Council, show that, as expressed by the *Herald*, "the permanent center of human interest and political and economic influence has shifted and is now in the United States of America."

The first speech was that of General Smuts, the Prime Minister of South Africa. He said:

"America is the nation that is closest to us in all the human ties. The Dominions look upon her as the oldest of them. She is the relation with whom we most closely agree and with whom we can most cordially work. To my mind, the only path of safety for the British Empire is a path in which she can walk together with America."

The tenor of the speeches of the other Premiers was in harmony with the above. Mr. Hughes said: "I am sure that I state the opinion of Australia when I say that the people have a very warm corner in their hearts for

America. They see in America to-day what they themselves hope to be in the future. . . . It may be laid down as a *sine qua non* that any future treaty with Japan, to be satisfactory to Australia, must specifically exclude the possibility of a war with the United States."

These statements reveal the growth of independence in British Colonies.

There is little doubt that, if Great Britain should declare war upon the United States, her colonies, especially Canada, Australia and New Zealand, would decline to come to her assistance. And the latest war demonstrated that in a life and death crisis England needs the aid of her colonies more than they need hers.

It looks as if manifest destiny means that America is to be the controlling head of that vast world power known as the English-speaking people.

We shall need all the justice, the self-restraint and the vision we can command, if we are to measure up to this impending responsibility. We do not need to brag and bluster. Conscious of our power, we can put away the insolence and selfishness of egotism, and can win the world's unenvious cooperation if we are kind, unselfish, tolerant, free from fear or favor, "with malice toward none, with charity to all, and with courage to do the right as God gives us to see the right."

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What Wins A War?

WHAT won the war? The true answer is—Resources.

Every modern war is a battle of resources.

If the United States and Japan should go to war the event would be a foregone conclusion. For while Japan might gain a number of initial engagements and on the whole do great dam-

age, in the end the enormous resources of America would crush her.

General Mangin, a great commander of the French army and an authority on warfare, in an address delivered during the Napoleon Memorial Week last May, declared that "the war doctrine of Napoleon is still the last word in warfare, and in the victory of the Allies he contributed the most important part."

He took the view that it was the superior science of warfare, due to the Napoleonic tradition and principles, that contributed most to Foch's eventual triumph.

"If Napoleon should return," he said, "and see our armies with their innumerable men, their railways, automobiles, telephones, guns, tanks and airplanes, what would he do? What would he say?

"Judged by the quickness of his intelligence as shown in his own time I should estimate that in two months he would be the master of the implements at his hand. One or two months with artillery and Napoleon would again be a general competent to lead an army. For what remains to us of Napoleonic wars? Nothing of processes, and all of principles.

"The recent war was throughout a struggle between the General Staffs, impregnated with the ideas of the Emperor. The battle of Foch was a Napoleonic battle, commanded by a great Chief who prides himself that he is Napoleon's pupil."

There is no doubt of the military genius of the Allies, whether due to Napoleon's teachings or not. But the point is this:

Several factors determine the victory in war.

Courage is necessary. A cowardly and spiritless race will not fight.

Morale is necessary. Enthusiasm and a cause are essential.

Generalship, a plan, a disposing intelligence coordinating all forces, is of the utmost importance.

Discipline, obedience, position and many other elements also enter in.

And, finally, Resources are essential. When men are killed or exhausted there should be more men. There are needed supplies of food, of materials for ammunition and the manufacture of arms. And, above all things, money and more money to make up for the enormous losses that constantly occur.

Now it is foolish to think we show our patriotism by underrating our adversary. And the fact is that the Germans had, on the whole, generals as expert in military science as any of the Allies. Whatever inheritance of Napoleon's science even was left to the world was theirs as much as ours.

The Germans also matched us in courage, in morale, in discipline, in every other point.

So that the one thing that determined the outcome was Resources.

The resources of the Central Empires, in food, in materials of war and in money, were limited; the resources of the Allies were inexhaustible. There could be but one end to such a contest.

The Germans ran out of food, of equipment, of supplies generally. They were brave soldiers; only a crazy person would deny it. They were patriotic according to their lights. And they were superbly drilled.

But they were up against a gigantic combination that could be whipped a dozen times and still return to crush its assailant.

And this is a good lesson to lay to heart in thinking of the possibility of future war. We should have common sense enough to know that our safety will lie not in the number of pistols and marine guns, of airships and bullets, but upon the total Resources of the land.

That is to say, upon the number of its able-bodied men, upon its supplies of food and other necessities and upon its accumulated capital.

A swift little Mexican army under a Mexican Napoleon might make a surprise dash into our territory and get as far as St. Louis. It might do much damage and scare us a lot. But it would be swallowed up and annihilated as surely as the fresh waters of the Orinoco River are at last salted by the ocean.

A certain amount of readiness is of course essential. Much would be lost by being entirely unprepared for attack. Army and navy should be kept to a certain point of efficiency. And all that.

But the last and deciding source of any nation's safety is to be found in its Resources.

That is to say, in its wealth, its population, its general intelligence, its allies and its power to go on feeding and clothing its people as well as its armies.

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Teachers

MR. WELLS declares to the large audience of the *Saturday Evening Post* that "teachers are born, not made." He further says that the supply of born teachers is so small that there is only one for 500 children, and "only one passable teacher for 100 children."

To get at the truth that underlies Mr. Wells's statement we need to realize what teaching is. Briefly, it is lighting a lamp, and not filling a bucket.

That is to say, the real teacher is one who inspires the pupil with the love of learning or of craftsmanship.

In selecting teachers it is the custom to gage their fitness by the degree of their education and the amount of their knowledge, but the trouble is that many who are highly educated and whose

minds are well stored are utterly deficient in the natural born talent of teaching.

Unfortunately there is no way of selecting teachers except by the process of examination, and examinations are misleading.

The only way to find out whether a person can teach or not is to let him try it. If he can awaken enthusiasm and make the child want to learn, he is a good teacher, no matter how ill informed he may be. If he cannot light the flame of desire for knowledge in the child's spirit, he is a poor teacher, no matter how many college degrees he may possess.

We come up against the same difficulty here, however, that we find in selecting men everywhere. For the only test of fitness, whether in a cook or a college president, a bricklayer or a reporter, is whether or not *he can do the business*. No list of questions nor any other attempt to gage one's resources is infallible. But in human affairs we have to do the best we can, for most of the time we are not able to do the absolute best.

Teaching, however, has a much wider scope than the schoolroom. Every one of us is a teacher, or should be.

Every adult human being should in some way have a relationship with children. Nothing is more wholesome for an adult than the reaction which he gets from contact with child life now, and our intercourse should be inspired not only by the hope of doing them some good, but by the appreciation of the fact that we are going to get a great deal of good from them.

Teaching is the all-important business of life.

In fact, the net worth of any human being's existence can best be measured by the quality of the teaching which he does.

International Finance

THAT which causes the evil of fluctuating exchange in the moneys of the various nations is the same thing which has caused and is causing most of the troubles of the world.

It is that men cannot cooperate.

Children know how to play together, men know how to fight together, and women know how to weep together, but nobody seems to know how to work together.

It is the constant shifting of the value of the pound, the franc, the lira, the mark and the peso that renders the movement of goods from one country to another difficult and often impossible.

How can any merchant calculate his profits on a shipment of cloth to or from Scotland when the value of the pound sterling is jumping up and down often five or ten cents a day? That jump may mean all his profits, may mean disaster. It isn't business; it is more like gambling.

This demoralization of commerce is what ails us. Everybody admits that the main root of our hard times is we cannot export and import freely. Here is America with barns and storehouses bursting with goods which Europe, South America and other regions need, and we can't sell and ship because a hundred dollars to-day may mean ninety dollars or a hundred and ten dollars in a month from now.

The factor which causes this situation is that there is no settled and scientific International Financing.

Money is conceived in terms of the nation. That would do if there were only one nation. But when there are 50 and each sovereign and stubborn in its own territory, it is like boys trying to trade when no one of them wants the kind of marbles the others have.

Of course, there is a sort of unit. There has to be. It is gold. But its

supply is utterly inadequate to the world's volume of business, and the nations keep ludicrous by passing it back and forth.

We have wars because nations have not yet found out how to get together and hire international policemen, instead of each country toting its own gun. And we will continue to have wars until we learn to cooperate to keep the peace.

And we have business depression, uncertainty and confusion because so far we are too chuckle-headed to have a world bank issuing a world dollar.

Such a thing may be impractical. It probably is. Anything is impractical which we have not sense enough to do, because we would do it wrong. But all the same it is what's the matter.

Almost all the big bankers said the Federal Reserve System was impractical. They recognize now that it is all that has saved the United States from the greatest panic in history.

Mr. D. R. Crissinger, government controller of currency, in a convention of New York bankers the other day, declared himself in favor of an international bank as a way out of the present chaos.

This might be accomplished, as it could be put through by the bankers and would not need the direct backing or participation of the governments; hence would not be muddled and mangled by the kind of second-raters who get themselves elected to senates and legislatures.

"A number of European authorities," said Mr. Crissinger, "have taken our Federal Reserve System as a model for a world exchange bank. I would affiliate the institutions of the various countries which correspond to the banks of our Federal Reserve System. Through such a chain I believe it is possible to establish a currency of international transactions while still leaving each

country free control of domestic operations dealing with credit in its own domestic currency."

Many of the leading bankers, say the press reports, shook their heads at this proposal. Naturally. It would be interesting to discover any instance in history when an improvement in finance was proposed, and the leading bankers of the time nodded their heads.

□ □

Joffre

I HAVE just paid a visit to a Grand Marshal of France. It is General Joffre.

A Marshal of France means something. In a sense he is more of a representative of France than is the President of the Republic.

For one thing, he was not elected to his office by hand-shaking, speech-making or being popular. He came to his place precisely as the superintendent of your factory came to his place, because he had proved by his work that he can do the business.

You have often wondered, perhaps—I have—why the Germans did not go on, take Paris and crush France utterly in that first grand smash. They had the numbers, the guns, the morale. They had swept through Belgium and northern France, and all resistance crumbled before them. Why did they stop at the Marne, and turn back?

The plain answer is, they got licked. Theirs was the best army in the world, but France had the next best. And France outwitted them. They had to retreat or be trapped.

And Papa Joffre was the man who did it.

So I liked to see him sitting in a vast room at the war office. France knows enough not to put such a person in a stuffy office.

We sat at his desk, just he and I and

Paul Mowrer, in a room as big as a hotel dining-room. There were no piles of papers on the desk, no telephone, no busy aids running in and out.

And he was not pompous. He did not try to awe me. He was as gentle and kindly and simple as an old priest.

He listened patiently to all my questions, and gave real answers, not statesmanlike evasions.

He did not even smile at my French, altho I am willing to bet it was a kind he never heard before.

He stated at the start that he did not want to be interviewed, especially quoted. So I cannot repeat what he said.

But I can say that I wish that about 100 million Americans had sat by me there, face to face with "French Militarism," and thus could have seen how gentle and kindly and clear-eyed and just a thing it is.

For this man, and his fellows, are not the stuff of conquerors; they are defenders.

They are servants of a great democracy, the keen edge of its will.

I shall always remember that strong, yet gentle face and gracious manner. He is no military cock-sparrow. He is a type of the men of France who "constitute the state."

"High-minded men who know their rights
and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow
And crush the tyrant while they rend the
chain."



"Frats"

THE New Jersey State Foundation of Women's Clubs, at the closing session of its annual convention the other day, adopted a resolution which branded secret societies in the public schools as "undemocratic and otherwise harmful." It called upon its members to get in touch with

the legislature with a view to enacting an anti-fraternity bill next winter.

Secret societies in schools are but one symptom of a general instinct.

But because this instinct to form exclusive groups is natural it does not follow that it is wholesome.

It is, as a matter of fact, but one instance of that reactionary tendency toward provincialism against which the spirit of democracy must everlastingly struggle.

Democracy, in line with all the great religions of the world, is a push toward universal brotherhood. That is, its principles are all founded upon humanity as a whole and not upon any group.

The fundamental ethics and those moral sentiments which can save the race must run their tap roots down deeper than the feeling of family, tribe or nation. They must penetrate and draw their strength from our common humanity.

Our schools should be training-camps in democracy.

The one sentiment that should be there developed is the supremacy of humanity and the human appeal over any narrower sentiment, no matter how precious.

Left to themselves, young people naturally coagulate into cliques, sets and classes. For the class instinct, the tribal mania, is the main characteristic of barbarism.

It should be the duty of instructors who supposedly have advanced into the communism of the intellectual life, to discourage this class instinct wherever it develops.

There is no patriotism, denominationalism, class or other provincial feeling in the great realms of science, art, literature and commerce.

Frats are a species of reversion to type. They are reactionary indications of degeneration.

The New Jersey women were right.

THE CLASH OF CLERICAL FORCES IN ALSACE-LORRAINE

By J. Dieterlen

TOWARDS the end of 1920 troubles broke out in Alsace, the details of which have not yet been cleared up entirely, but which caused considerable worry to those who have at heart the future of France's new provinces. Altho

the Church has done its best to smother the facts and has tried to satisfy the public with carefully calculated official versions, the Marienthal affair has stirred up the country sufficiently to become a part of Alsatian history.

Alsace is, and intends to remain, the last refuge of the clerical forces. Not for anything under the sun, especially in the department of Bas-Rhin, would she tolerate any interference with a system which gave her Church prodigious force while Alsace was German, and which she would like to maintain in French Alsace. The religious question is at the bottom of the Alsatian question and is the obstacle to the introduction of French law, and to the teaching of French as the principal language; in short, it is the chief weapon of the "particularists," those who advocate keeping Alsace distinct from the rest of France. Of course the Church will lose some of its influence when the French law of the 9th of December, 1905, is put into effect in the new provinces, hence the clergy is doing its utmost to maintain a *status quo*, giving it a strength and independence which

The Carmelite nuns of Marienthal were German and French. The strife that shook the rest of the world shook also the nuns. After the Armistice, when Alsace again became French, the climax was reached. What followed is here told in a vivid narrative full of human interest and fraught with political as well as ecclesiastical significance. The writer, Monsieur Dieterlen, is an Alsatian living in Strasburg. After losing an arm in the French army, he became an interpreter with the American forces operating on the Alsatian front.

it enjoys in no other part of France. It is the religious question which makes it so difficult for French life and thought to develop in Alsace, despite the fact that in November, 1918, she went over to France heart and soul.

Marienthal is a little village some fifteen miles from Strasburg. It is not as attractive as many another Alsatian village. It is even banal and is seldom visited except by pilgrims on its special feast days.

Near the station, on the main street, are a modern convent and chapel, and, farther along, on the public square, is a basilica surrounded by shops where holy pictures are sold, and by hotels which are filled with faithful visitors at the time of the pilgrimages.

Here you have at once the contrast: the Carmelite convent, a small community trying to avoid the world and ecclesiastical authority, and the Church, with its clergy and members ready to combat any influences which spring up from sources outside itself. This is an old quarrel in Europe, as old as the convents and monasteries themselves.

As in the case of each of these quarrels, it was with the authorization of Rome that the convent was established. Its founders then obtained exemption, little by little, from the jurisdiction of the local bishop, and now the two parties are engaged in a jealous struggle.

In the thirteenth century the Chevalier Albert of the noble house of Wangen built a chapel which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and to which he gave the name of Marienthal. The chapel was replaced by a church, near which was established a convent of nuns. The convent was richly endowed by pious Alsatian families and became renowned, especially after a visit by Marie Leczinska, who made it very handsome presents. It was during one of her visits to the convent with her father, King Stanislas, that she learned she was to marry Louis XV. of France.

In 1789 the convent was saved by peasants who stood guard around it to see that the venerated spot should not be desecrated. In 1866 a new church was built and was given the rank of basilica by a decree of Leo XIII. Then, in 1897, a woman of one of the best families in Alsace, Josephine Jenner, who was known in her convent as Sister Marguerite du Saint Sacrement, built a Carmelite convent which she endowed with her own fortune.

This convent is now enclosed by heavy, high walls which protect from worldly things a score of nuns desirous of passing the remainder of their days under the austere rule of Sainte Thérèse. To tell the truth, these big walls are rather comical; buttressed as firmly as the wall of a cathedral, they are a sort of symbol of the resistance which this convent has for a long time given the Church. In 1904 Pope Pius X. freed the convent of Marienthal from all jurisdiction by the local bishop. It was now under the direct authority of Rome, but the struggle was not yet over, for the bishop did not give up hope.

On entering the parlor, the first thing one sees among the various religious pictures is the portrait of Marshal Foch, with a dedication signed by him. Near it another photograph, that of

Colonel Robert, who fought under MacMahon, and whose widow left her Château de Lauzy to retire to the convent.

When during the war the nuns were ordered to give up the convent chimes to be melted up in Germany, they replied: "Our bells are really too small to be of any value to the Empire, and at any rate they ought not to be made into bullets to kill French soldiers." And so on the day of victory, when the French entered the village, these bells were the only ones there were in the countryside to ring out in honor of the conquerors.

In December, 1914, Sister Marie Therese wrote on an envelope this inscription: "To be opened after my death." She died July 13th, 1917. When the envelope was opened the following lines were found, which serve to show the attitude of these nuns at the time: "*France will be victorious, but I shall not see that day, for the war will last too long a time. When the French enter Alsace to stay, they will advance without a cannon-shot.*" Is it necessary to point out that their confessor, furnished by the German bishop, was highly indignant?

These facts are sufficient to show that beside the acknowledged desire of the Church to regain authority over the affairs of the convent, there existed at the bottom of the whole situation a question of a purely nationalistic character. Then a foreigner, Zadock Szabo, a Hungarian Dominican monk, came to take charge of the trouble. On French territory, mind you.

The real story begins here.

For some time the local ecclesiastical authorities had been complaining of difficulties they had with the Convent of Marienthal. The complaints originated with certain German nuns after the armistice, who accused the Carmelites of having expelled them

without returning their dowry. There was no truth in the accusations; it was a matter of national bitterness.

The apostolic visitor chosen and sent by Rome to put an end to the squabble was the Hungarian, Father Zadock Szabo. He did not speak French. It was his arrival on French territory that put the match to the powder; it was his German attitude towards French women, encouraged as he was by the ecclesiastical authorities, which made the Marienthal affair a political one. This was in August, 1920.

"The first thing that surprised us," declared the nuns, "was that he passed several days in Strasburg before coming to give us a hearing. When he came we were obliged to raise the black curtain behind the 'grill,' because he was sent to us by Rome." He began by reading his instructions in German. As the sisters spoke French, a clergyman of Marienthal who was with the Hungarian remarked that they must answer in German, a thing which they had never been forced to do before the war.

"We understood the situation at once," said the sisters, "and we said to each other, 'He is a German. We are lost!' and began to cry. He came only to condemn us.

"He chose one of us as spokesman, and gave her authority over us. He ordered her to treat us as prisoners, with the greatest severity. They say that our rule of life is too strict. Then why should the Hungarian have ordered the young sister to treat us with greater severity?

"A sister who had left us of her own will after the armistice had complained to Rome. We gave her the sum of 4,000 francs when she left to cover her needs, altho she had brought but 1,000 when she came to us.

"Zadock Szabo left for Rome, saying: 'I shall return soon.' Before leaving he ordered the sister whom he had

chosen to treat us harshly, which she did not wish to do in the least."

Father Zadock Szabo's second visit was in the month of October. This time he came with a canon, who had been for a long time confessor for the convent, and who had left in September, 1918, with the greatest feeling of bitterness for it. The first thing the Hungarian did was to declare:

"You have expelled the German nuns. That has occurred nowhere but here. It is villainous. It is abominable! And I shall make you pay for it." He was angry and pounded against the bars of the grill, repeating that they would pay a heavy penalty for it.

Exasperated when he saw that several of the sisters stood out against him, he became violently angry, and, addressing a young sister who persisted in giving testimony that he did not like, he called her and said: "Go to your cell and write that the testimony you have given is false." But the sister refused to do so.

The Hungarian's anger rose higher still during a later scene, one which befits more easily the history of the seventeenth century than that of our twentieth century.

During this same month of October Father Zadock Szabo approached the grill as he had done formerly and told the sisters that he had come to give them a special benediction. He had them all draw up near to the bars and began to read a liturgy in an indistinct voice.

The nuns understood at once that it was an exorcism, and that in the manner of the Middle Ages he was driving the devil from their rebellious hearts. When he saw that they understood he began to stumble; then suddenly he commenced throwing holy water over them through the bars, waving his long arms and shouting. The poor nuns fled, panic-stricken, and took refuge in

the chapel, where they comforted themselves by singing litanies.

The Dominican, believing that the exorcism had taken effect, and that the devil had really left the bodies of the rebel sisters, shouted to the nun who guarded the tower: "Open all the windows and let out the devil!" To which the aged sister replied: "Don't worry; whether he be black or white, we'll get rid of him."

The next day the monk returned, had them all line up before him with their hands above their heads so that they could not take notes on what he said, and read the accusations of the German nuns. They cried and wailed, and the Hungarian shouted at them, "Schweigen Sie, Schweigen Sie." This scene lasted six hours.

It was on the last day of December, 1920, that Father Szabo returned for the third time. He was accompanied by Father Armandus, a Capucine monk from Königshoffen. He at once demanded the key to the little tabernacle on the altar, but the nuns, realizing what he was going to do, refused to give it to him. The Hungarian became violently angry. He ran down the stairway shouting, calling for the key to the altar, then, returning, he declared to the sisters that he had put an interdiction on the convent.

The following morning, January 1, 1921, he brought a locksmith with him; there was now no doubt he intended to force the lock of the tabernacle.

The nuns, desperate, took refuge in the gallery of the chapel, and there, weeping and invoking heaven against the Hungarian, they watched him pilfer their altar. When the lock was cracked he took the chalice and the sacrament and started to flee with them, but at the doorway the sisters who guarded the tower threw themselves flat on the floor to keep him from passing. The monk who accompanied him

took them by the feet and hands and dragged them away while the Hungarian fled down an alley. The townspeople, gathered about the gate, watched all this in astonishment, and the nuns tolled the convent bells to proclaim their distress to the countryside.

The following day the Hungarian ordered the sister who kept watch in the tower to deliver no more letters to the nuns, and to allow them to see no one. And to show that he had placed an interdiction on the convent he nailed a paper to the door with large nails, on which were written these words:

"BY ORDER OF THE SUPERIOR
ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITIES ALL
SERVICES ARE FORBIDDEN IN THIS
PLACE."

Beside this announcement someone nailed another, written in purple ink:

"Blessed are those who suffer persecution for the sake of justice. Rejoice and be happy, for your recompense shall be great in heaven." It was signed: "Friends of the Carmelites."

As may be imagined, an interdiction on a convent caused a great disturbance in Catholic Alsace. There was no choice for the people but to follow the lead of the clergy; many were afraid of being excommunicated should they do otherwise, and many a strong tie with the convent had to be broken.

A schoolmaster from a suburb of Strasburg who had let his daughter not yet of age, enter the convent, began to fear for his standing in the Church, and now presented himself at Marienthal with an order from the Hungarian to have her return to her home. The girl refused to leave. The father brought in two gendarmes and the villagers gathered around the convent to watch the scene. Before a statue of Jesus the young nun begged the gendarmes to allow her to remain "where she had found happiness," but, despite her tears, they carried her off in an

automobile. She called back to her companions as she passed through the convent gate, "I shall return before long, as soon as I am of age."

On the 18th of February Zadock Szabo made his fourth visit, but the sisters refused to talk with him. So he nailed the following decree to the door:

"February 6, 1921, His Holiness Pope Benedict XV., by virtue of his apostolic powers, decreed that the Convent of the Carmelites of Marienthal should be totally suppressed, and that the nuns of this convent should be relieved of their vows and returned to civil life," etc.

(Signed) "ZADOCK SZABO."

The apostolic visitor, believing that he had dealt a mortal blow to the convent of Marienthal, returned to Rome.

When we asked the Mother Superior what she intended to do in case they were all excommunicated by the Church, she replied as calmly as could be:

"We shall never leave our convent. We built it. It was willed to us by the founder, Sister Marguerite Jenner. We would never dare to face her in Heaven if we had let her great work crumble away. Nobody can force us to leave, and we shall stay until death. All we ask is to live in peace in the love of Jesus. We recognize Him alone, Father Zadock Szabo notwithstanding."

But, calm tho they may be, the nuns of Marienthal are deeply wounded, especially that, after an armistice which reattached them to France, a Hungarian should have the last word and condemn them without letting them state their case.

The time that has passed since then has worked in their favor, and each new day has brought them encouragement. The little Sister Marguerite, whose father had removed her from the convent, becoming of age, had a right

to do as she pleased, so on the evening of the 6th of April she left her father's home in a carriage that waited for her at the city gates, and the following day, her birthday, she returned to Marienthal and was received at the convent with great joy.

This is all of the affair of Marienthal at the present time. It is undeniable that, besides a banal rivalry between the two parties inside the Church, an important element of the story was the manifest hatred of the German sisters for the French sisters. And, moreover, there is the question whether a foreigner can expel French citizens from their property on French soil. However, they still hold their little fortress.

What gives special significance to these details is that they occurred after France has openly shown her attitude towards the Church, and the story becomes too clearly a political one to be overlooked as a chapter of the history of the province since November 11, 1918. The rivalry between the two parties of the Church might have continued its course, and the Church might have driven out the sisters in silence, had not Rome sent for the purpose a person who was frankly anti-French, and had he not treated the sisters with disrespect.

The Marienthal affair could not have taken on the importance that it has were not France in a hybrid position in Alsace since the armistice. If the Department of Bas-Rhin had been subjected to the same discipline and authority as the rest of France, the situation could not have arisen. But through a certain sentimentality for the lost sheep returning to the fold, through an anxiety to do everything in her power to make the Alsatians all happy, France resorted to this "particularism" of treatment for the new provinces. And in consequence there exists what has been called very justly "the Un-easiness of Alsace-Lorraine."

THE BIG PRIZE-FIGHT PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED

By P. W. Wilson

American Correspondent of the London "Daily News"

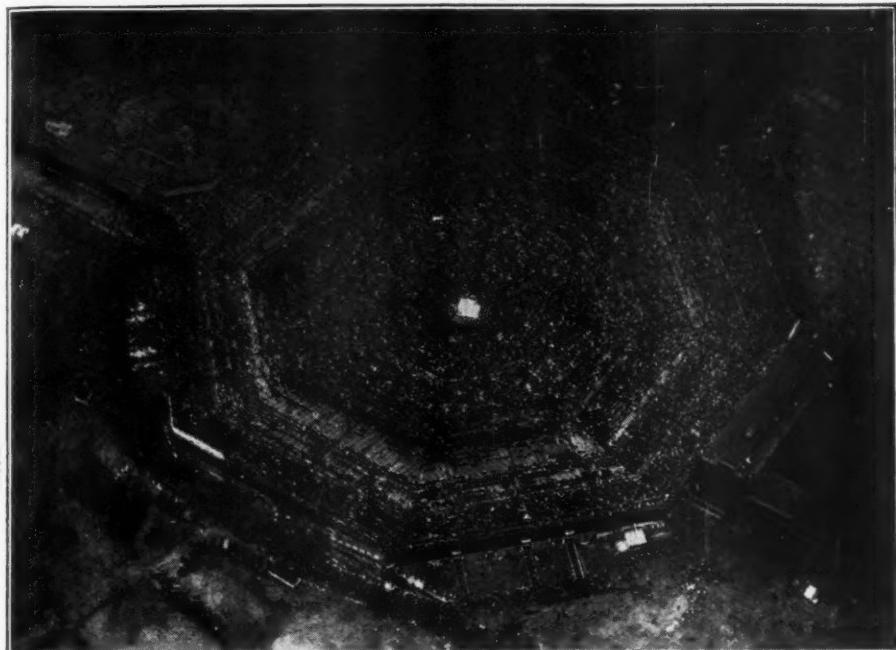
TO an eye-witness of the Great Fight, what matters most for the world is the amazing importance attached to this event. Tex Rickard, who staged the scene at Boyle's-Acres, in Jersey City, a river-breadth from New York, has had to handle about a million and a half dollars, one way and another, or \$100,000 for every minute of the contest, while the outlay on movies, cabling descriptions, paying special correspondents, printing pages of pictures and articles, and on railroad and steamship fares must have doubled or trebled that sum. At the time when the United States was declaring peace with Germany, when the Irish Question was approaching a Parliamentary settlement, when a tariff was announced at Washington and an Anglo-Japanese Alliance postponed in London, it was assumed that nothing much would be read but the most minute details of what Carpentier said and Dempsey did at their respective camps. Whether anyone really perused these close-set columns of fistic gossip may be doubted, but the fact remains that the editorial signals were set clear for the prize-fight reporters, who, after their usual manner, went full steam ahead.

All this happened over an athletic event which, tho' permitted on a mammoth scale, was challenged legally in the courts and is tabooed by many churches and the public opinion which they represent.

Prize-fights are, of course, by origin and in character, a product of paganism. On no occasion, so far as I am aware, did multitudes gather at Jerusalem for any such purpose. While

the Greeks held their games at Corinth and while Rome bred slaves to serve as gladiators in her Colosseum, the Jews assembled for feasts, which were at once religious, national and domestic, and, at their best, the most perfect celebrations of pleasure ever attempted by what Mr. J. A. Hobson calls "the herd mind." There was music, there was worship, there was dancing, there was picnic, there was a sense of the crowd, there was patriotism; but there was nothing that could lead either to extravagance or to wagering, and the shekels contributed to the occasion went into the sacred treasury of the nation. The Roman Empire witnessed as startling a contrast between the pugilism described by Virgil and the Passover hymned by the psalmists as we see to-day in the United States between a Chautauqua or a camp meeting and the scene at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

The question to my mind is, thus, not whether prize-fighting is wrong but whether it is the best recreation of which we ought to be capable. Doubtless it is true that the sport has "improved." A crowd without liquor differs widely from the same crowd when it has tapped the saloon. There are less dangers, fewer bruises and drops of blood, apparent in the contest than in many American football games. Where the Greeks and Romans fought with leathern thongs bound about their fists and arms and with leaden weights inserted therein to aggravate the blow, Carpentier and Dempsey had their knuckles padded with eight ounces of horsehair cushion; and even the knock-out left the challenger cheerful and hungry for his supper. The alleged



Wide World photo.

AIRPLANE VIEW OF THE GREAT ARENA DURING THE DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER BOXING CONTEST

That it was a "brutal, demoralizing spectacle" is declared by spokesmen for the International Reform Bureau who tried to prevent the "fight." A question for Americans to answer is, Ought such contests to be forbidden?

brutality is thus in the appearance of the business, not in the fact. In boxing as in fencing there is undoubtedly an art. But in no art is there displayed so evidently the impulse of personal conquest. You have two men, who may be good friends, playing a game called Cain and Abel. In symbol, one or other must fall dead. There may be a speedy and good-humored resurrection, but, for the moment, every faculty of the beaten man is asleep. He is stunned and it takes minutes to arouse him. In gold or baseball or tennis, the personal competition is, as it were, once removed from the opponent. The stroke falls on a ball, not on a man. And even in football there is safety in numbers. It is combat, but not single combat. The prize-fight is a duel between two men stripped naked. It is

one man's fist on another man's flesh. There may be no injury intended except for the moment; but unless there be a temporary injury the fight cannot be lost and won. Therein lies the thrill for which even poor men pay such high prices. This is why Madame Carpentier has never yet seen her husband in the ring. And this is also the reason why, despite all reports to the contrary, few women saw the last big fight, and most of these women were, curiously enough, rich. The wage-earners are nearer realities than the wealthy, and they keep their wives and daughters in the movies, where men fight only on the screen.

These blows on naked flesh are of the very essence of the sport, and the attempt of women to don the gloves must surely fail. In the tournaments

of the Middle Ages, fair ladies attended but never took part, and the assumption of romance was that knights tilted against one another to defend some dame's honor. From the prize-ring, as from the cock-pit, this pretty illusion has been wholly absent. Over the size of the ring, the weight of the gloves and the carpet on the floor, all of which were arranged to Dempsey's advantage, Carpentier was chivalrous, but he was, after all, fighting strictly for his own coveted championship. The fact that he is a Frenchman was only accidental, and as it happens, a fortunate accident. For France in the abstract, Americans entertain a traditional affection, speaking different languages and living in different hemispheres, the American and French peoples avoid the friction which arises from close contacts. Neither nation has "a vote" in the country of the other. But one can easily imagine a somewhat different case in which, say, a rivalry of religion or of color or of politics might involve the championship in popular passion. I have seen Japanese wrestlers, men loaded with wrinkled muscle, who might exchange their art for Anglo-Saxon boxing just as Carpentier, under the shrewd guidance of Descamps, abandoned savate. A challenge from Japan, fought out in California, might arouse international animus or, on the other hand, it might act as a safety valve. Similarly, a battle between a white and a colored heavy-weight stirs emotions that are already dangerous, and with Dempsey, the idol of Irish-American Catholics, it was, I think, fortunate that at this particular moment he had not to defend his title against an English challenger. During the fight on July 2nd, I was myself mastered by but one sensation, a desire to see what was really happening at the center of things. I had no feeling except that of an observer whose pro-

fession it is to notice, to remember and to describe. But there were around me others whose shouts and shrieks indicated that they would have been carried away by their thrills entirely if Carpentier had won.

Of these men, trained with such care and at so great an expense, one might say, surely, that brief life is to be their portion. While W. G. Grace played cricket until he was 60 and John D. Rockefeller is too young for golf at 80, the professional boxer is a grandfather at his game when he turns 30 and so disappears with Jeffries on to the oblivion, if he has been thrifty, of a ranch. The arena on Saturday contained many such veterans, strong men with scarred faces who were too old even in their prime and who had evidently missed the lasting objects of life. It was a crowd, eager and excited, but it was not a happy crowd; it seemed as if we were searching for happiness in the wrong place. Boyle's Thirty Acres is as a wilderness within a desolate industrial area. As one walked through those drab streets, where not a flower blooms, not a bird sings, not a stream flows, not a breath of wind rustles through the trees that might have been, one realized why there are colored supplements in the Sunday papers, and a feverish intensity of enjoyment over any sport that comes along. If the prize-fight is to be suppressed, what better alternative is to take its place? It is only when we admire the better that we forego the worse. I shall never forget my first visit to Coney Island. It was evening and I found myself in a turbulent street, lit with a million restless lamps, where all things flitted and flashed, until I felt that I had somehow entered a mad city called Pandemonium, where abnormality of sight and sound spelt Hell. But by chance I discovered the only sane thing left—namely the sea, quite deserted, silent,

solitary, calm. And there, in cloudless sky, had risen unnoticed the moon, and, among the thousands thronging Luna Park and the Steeplechase, I was almost the only person who walked by the ocean. The answer to Jack Dempsey, the prize-fighter, is John Burroughs, the lover of nature, and Fra Angelico, the painter of God.

Yet Jack Dempsey, despite all criticisms on his career, has his place in the scheme of things. In days when we think in terms of policies and theologies and economic systems, Dempsey and Carpentier declare unto us that it is, ultimately, the man who counts. His food, his muscles, his habit, his frame of mind, his morale, matter infinitely to the whole world. If he is to succeed, it can be only by severest discipline, and his success is worth any price that society can pay. To attain success, the symbolic man, surrounded as he is in this our arena, by so great a crowd of witnesses, must be assured of sympathy, the friends who will pat him and fan him and encourage him when the round is over, who will lift him when he falls and ease his bruises and sponge away the blood from his wounds. An element in success is such comfort—that a man should be harder with himself than are his friends hard on him,—that he be trained in an atmosphere of good will. Of the combative in human effort, the prize-fight is, of course, but an elementary expression. The historic occasion when David knocked out Goliath in one round belongs to an era before the prophets. But as I watched that struggle of our later day, I remembered constantly the inspiration which such courage was to Paul, who, amid the prize-fights of Corinth, told how he kept under his own body, bringing it into subjection, so fighting not as one that beateth the air. In New Jersey there was preached, after all, a great sermon for those who have ears to hear.

Was it worth the money? Except as psychology, no. It is not what I felt at the time, but the thoughts aroused since that have made that arduous day a gain rather than a loss. It is said with truth that, in the second round, Carpentier almost gave Dempsey the knockout. But it only meant that Carpentier was beaten by his own best blow. The famous "one two"—the *coup de Jarnac*, which had been borrowed from fencing, was delivered with terrific speed, but it broke the wrong bone—not Dempsey's jaw but Carpentier's thumb. For this young Grecian, the heel of Achilles was in the hand. Was it chance—ill-luck—misadventure? Surely not. Dempsey's ammunition was the heavier and Carpentier had therefore to make good with the higher muzzle velocity. It was a stroke incredible for speed, but, in life, there are limits and Carpentier's limit was found in the metacarpal joint. Dempsey also had his limits but, as he staggered to the ropes, he had just an ounce to spare. He survived the blow that had knocked out Bombardier Wells and driven Levinsky, shattered, to the ropes. That extra ounce has saved the old tradition of boxing, but the French method has come to stay. Mere pummelling will never again seem a sufficient method.

Ought such contests to be forbidden? That is a question for Americans themselves to answer. Of one thing I am certain. The surest way of mobilizing sentiment against the prize-ring will be to exaggerate reports in the press to the exclusion of matters involving the happiness and progress of mankind and the dignity of citizenship. If this sport is worked up into a menace it will be resolutely dealt with by society. No such activity can be tolerated except as "an extra," subordinate to the more substantial basis of the program of modern life.

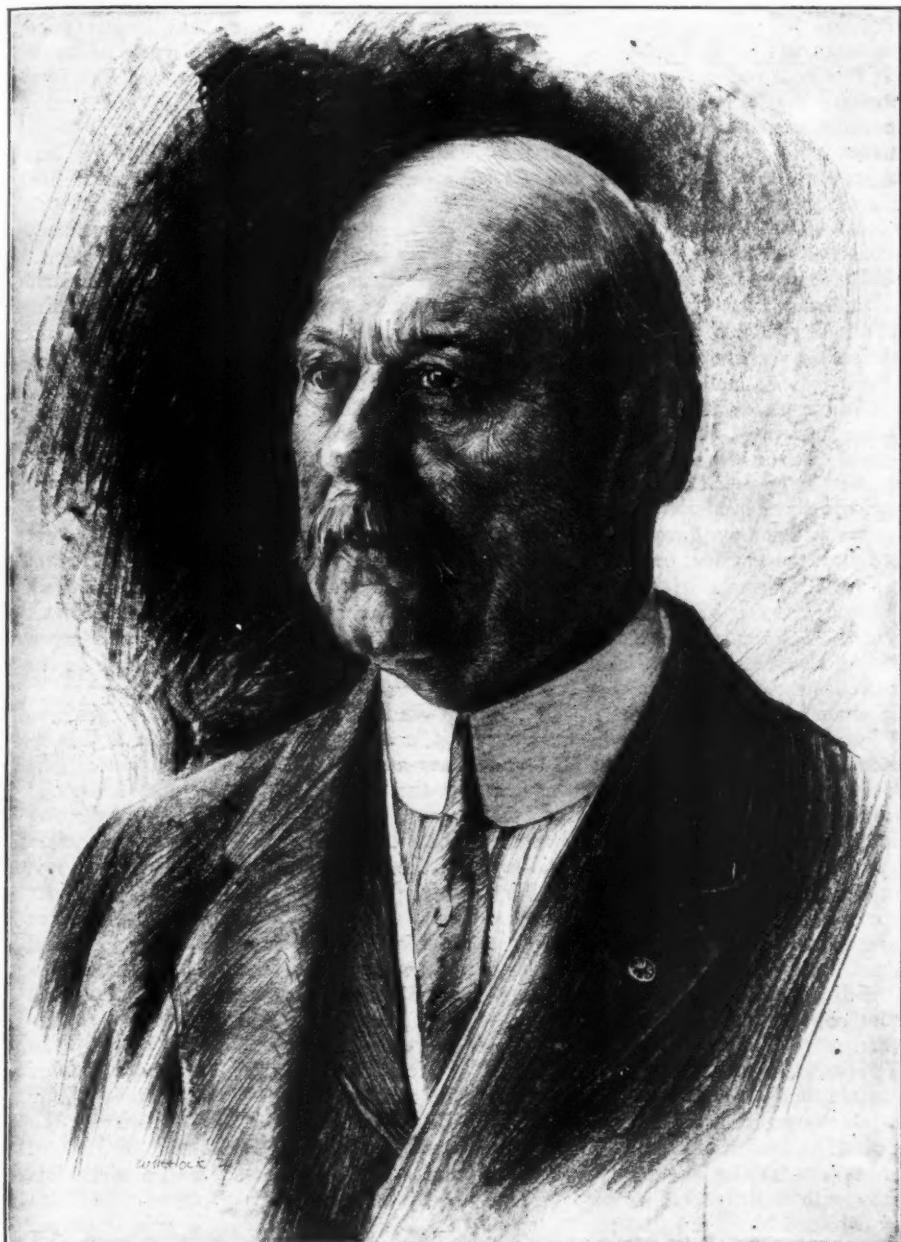
WEEKS "FITS IN" AS A HEAVY-WEIGHT CABINET MEMBER

WHEN John W. Weeks was a United States Senator and a colleague of Henry Cabot Lodge he was once asked how he and Lodge divided the work of representing the State of the "sacred cod." "Why, Lodge is the statesman," he replied, "and I represent Massachusetts in the Senate." To-day the former Senator and present Secretary of War is recognized as the chief spokesman of the Harding administration on business affairs, because Andrew W. Mellon, the head of the Treasury Department, is not a speaker and Weeks is. A speech made by the Secretary of War at Pittsburgh a few weeks ago on business conditions has been widely accepted as a pronouncement of the financial policies that are to prevail during the Harding administration. In fact, reports Louis Seibold, in the *New York World*, it is believed by Republican politicians that Secretary Weeks would have preferred to head the Treasury or the Agricultural Department because his two chief hobbies are farming and finance. He has made both of them pay, and in Boston they regard him as an oracle on business in general and finance in particular.

Strange to say, this Secretary of War has no predilections for the navy, altho he is a graduate of Annapolis. His fitness for the army portfolio remains to be questioned even by army officers, who are inclined to believe that a man trained for either the army or navy has an advantage over one tutored elsewhere.

During his career in the navy the new Secretary of War learned many things that gave him a fairly comprehensive view of the qualities necessary for the direction of the armed forces of either branch of the service. Consequently, as the *World* biographer observes, he fits very tightly into the chair vacated by Newton D. Baker, who weighed about a third as much as his successor and "knew a good deal less about his job." It may or may not be a tribute to the capabilities

of the new War Secretary that there was little actual interest in the manner in which he slid into his executive chair and started doing business. The war being over and the preponderant military forces being discharged from service, the public eye was directed elsewhere. If anybody was skeptical about his functioning, it was the technical men who actually direct the operations of the army, because "they had very good reasons for figuring it out that certain difficulties would attend any attempt to put anything over on their boss." It probably took less time for Secretary Weeks to get onto his job than could be said of any other member of the Cabinet. He "just slid into it," to quote an officer of the General Staff who has been brought into intimate contact with the new Secretary almost daily. Mark Sullivan, writing the *World's Work*, credits him with having been responsible in Congress for the War Department as now constituted, for the Post Office Department and for the banking and currency part of the government business. His first undertaking—and one not calculated to make him many new friends—has been to cut down the stupendous overhead compelled by war necessities. The army, in common with other Government agencies, easily adapted itself to habits of extravagance and waste resulting from the lack of an adequate business system. Officers as well as enlisted men in the army acquired habits and privileges, the Secretary is quoted as saying, that "must be dispensed with if there is to be greater economy in the administration of that as well as other branches of the public service." A great many army officers now operating expensive motor cars at a costly up-keep both at home and abroad will have to learn to get along without them. Also, "they will have to substitute economy in other directions for costly personal privileges that are not justified under peace conditions." The Secretary is abolishing here and curtailing there, with the prospective result



Sketch by Warren Wheelock
CHIEF SPOKESMAN OF THE HARDING ADMINISTRATION ON ARMY AND BUSINESS AFFAIRS

John W. Weeks, Secretary of War and former Senator from Massachusetts, is a big member of the Cabinet in more than one sense of the term.

of reducing the present operating expense of the fighting land forces by a great many millions of dollars.

If this be a recipe for making enemies, Secretary Weeks is already established as the chief cook and head waiter at the Cabinet table, in the matter of concocting and serving unsavory dishes for the gourmets of politics. As a member of the Executive Committee of the National Republican organization, which directed the Harding campaign, he is credited with having been the "censor" and "fool-killer." It was his job to suppress wild and foolish ventures proposed by leaders of less balance and ballast. For some months he sat on the lid at Republican headquarters in New York and applied the acid test to most of the proposals submitted to the national council. His advice is said to have been sought by Mr. Harding more than that of any other man identified with the national organization, with the possible exception of Attorney-General Daugherty. It was Weeks, Daugherty and Alvin T. Hert who provided the straw with which to make the bricks hurled at the Wilson administration by National Chairman Will H. Hays.

Weeks also is credited with knowing where the political money is to be found and the proper processes for getting the owners of it to let loose. Most of the politicians who are plotting to annex some of the fruits of the Presidential victory lean heavily upon the Secretary of War for advice and instructions as to the most convenient method of getting what they want. Wherefore he is naturally compelled to set aside part of his time listening to requests and plaints of a political nature.

The new War Secretary is sixty-one years old, but looks to be in the late forties. He is probably 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs something like 200 pounds. He might wear the clothes of Secretary Denby with a little "taking in." He is very bald and blue-eyed and, except when his attention is centered upon some per-

plexing problem, his round face is furrowed with the lines that denote good nature and a philosophical trend of mind. He impresses one as a man who is fond of the good things of life and would rather get a laugh out of it than a headache. He is rugged in physique and has a penchant for the cool-air, veranda life, being not at all addicted to horseback riding or tennis and playing an atrociously bad game of golf.

Secretary Weeks was raised on a farm and has a big one in the New Hampshire hills, where he was born in 1860. After making up his mind that the sea life did not agree with him, he quit the navy and went to Boston to give battle to the bulls and bears of Milk Street. He proved an adept and before he was forty was developing an active interest in politics. It was not until 1900, however, that he began to show up in the front rank of the great American game of vote-getting. In that year he was made Mayor of Newton, Mass., where he still votes. He was elected to Congress in 1905, and seven years later moved up to the Senate as the colleague of Henry Cabot Lodge.

While in the Upper House, Weeks specialized in financial legislation and military affairs. He played a prominent part in the revision of the currency laws, and was generally looked upon as reflecting the views of the most influential financiers of the country. He is quite as well known to the leaders of the Wall Street district as to those of Boston or to the politicians in Washington. He is reputed to be well up in the millionaire class, tho he is personally a man of simple tastes, not given to ostentatious display or social indulgences.

He is further regarded as being one of the most extensively read men in public life. His family consists of his wife, who was Miss Martha A. Sinclair, of Boston, and two children, a boy and a girl. His son, who served as a captain in the Yankee Division in France, is now employed in a Boston bank.

RATHENAU: THE ROMANTIC ARRIVAL IN GERMAN POLITICS

FOR a man whose personality emerges in such poetical aspects upon the political stage at Berlin, Walter Rathenau looks drab—at least to the Paris *Victoire*. He is doubtless as rich as they say, and as learned and as gifted. His career seems likely to be important. The difficulty with him is that he does not look the part he plays. There is nothing poetical in that big bald head of his, nothing emotional in the expression of his grim visage, nothing spiritualized or delicate in that portly figure. He looks somewhat younger than his 53 years. Pen drawings of him in Paris papers deal unkindly with his ears in an effort to give a touch of Mephisto to his mustach and chin beard. He has thick lips, and these, too, are overdrawn. His Jewish origin is made too much of in the anti-Semitic organs of the French, which would have it supposed that his Utopia is a return of Israel to her ancient glories. The truth is, as the *Temps* admits, that the activities of Rathenau have never associated him with any form of Zionism. He is not religious at all.

Perhaps the father of Walter Rathenau—old Emil, a pioneer of electrification in Germany—hit him off most happily. "My son," the elder exclaimed impatiently once, "you will always be a dreamer!" The anecdote is given in the *Ere nouvelle* because it affords such a complete key to an enigmatic personality. Little Walter dreamed of becoming a great musician. He spent hour after hour in front of a grand piano at his father's splendid country home until the elder Rathenau grew distracted. He was advised to give his esthetic son a severely scientific education, to make him a physicist and chemist, in fact. The youth rebelled. He wanted to write music. His hero was Beethoven. He took no interest in the electrification of things.

Walter Rathenau was about to enter the university when this crisis arose in his young life. His mother, from whom he derives his romantic temperament and his

esthetic tastes, intervened on his behalf. The elder Rathenau was already famous in the industrial field. He wanted his son to go on with the vast enterprizes that took shape in gigantic corporations supplying power to busy communities. "Don't talk to me of Beethoven!" the father would exclaim. "The great name is Edison!" The contempt of the capitalist for the arts filled the youth with a fiery determination to live for beauty, and he did not conceal this purpose. The struggle in the family over this choice of a career for Walter was long and even bitter. It ended in a compromise arranged by the mother. The son was allowed to devote himself to one of the arts if, as a concession, he took up the study of one of the sciences.

The education of Walter Rathenau became, accordingly, comprehensive. He became both a scientist and an artist, a chemist and a painter, a physicist and a musician, an engineer and a philosopher. Few men even in the learned world of Germany have a better right to the title of Doctor. He spoke four languages fluently when he was 25, and he took his degree at the university some years earlier. It was impossible for him when he grew up to abandon the dreaming habits of his boyhood, but it is observed of him in the *Ere* that his imagination is too constructive to permit him to moon away the hours vacuously. His dreams take substantial form. He has worked hard in a private laboratory, experimenting with electrical devices of his own contrivance. He is a mathematician of originality, a thoro master of differential equations. His classical studies have been severe, and he reads Aristotle in the original. He has never given up his first passion for music, altho he excuses himself upon the plea that he is out of practice when asked to sit down to a piano. He gave up the violin at an early age because he found that his fingers were not sufficiently supple to win such a control of the instrument as his teacher possessed.

Great was the astonishment of all who had watched his early development when he evinced suddenly a passion for the very electrification he seemed once to despise. His poetical faculty seemed to find the true vehicle for its expression in the immense power-houses of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft. He donned overalls and worked like a journeyman among pipes and boilers. He lived abstemiously. He gave up music and poetry and philosophy. This fierce energy, the newspapers abroad explain, was born of a dream. He thought he would set up a new earth if not a new heaven. His ideal was Utopia. His poetical imagination had been caught. Poverty would be abolished. Labor was to be reduced to a matter of a few hours daily. Light, heat, all sorts of blessings, must be made as free as the air. Walter Rathenau was living now in a fairyland of his own fancy out of which, say his critics in the press, he has yet to emerge. He is not a Socialist in the political German sense, but he dreams on of that Utopia. He might be described as a Socialist of the faraway vision, brooding upon Dante, searching the lines of Faust. To many Germans in these dark days he is a seer and to many more he is as mad as Hamlet.

Genius, as his sternest critic concedes, he does exemplify. The great electrical enterprize with which he was associated succeeded under his direction, and in due time he became the chosen chairman of one of the most important directing boards in the whole field of electrification. He can organize and initiate, but he is at his best in managing men. His secret, as he has himself explained, is example. He works with men. He never drives them. His own profound knowledge in so many fields, his ingenuity in the manipulation of tools and machinery, and his unusual technical skill enable him to impress the most stupid as well as the most rebellious workers. His patience and his diplomacy were revealed before the war when a great strike threatened to paralyze Berlin. Walter Rathenau averted it after a series of conferences which revealed him, according to the disgusted *Berlin Post*, as a communist in disguise. He is accused of

cherishing some ideal of social life which in its practical application will prove indistinguishable from the bolshevism of Trotzky; but this, as the Paris *Victoire* admits, is hardly fair. His mind is steeped in the poetry of Italy and Germany, and when he writes or speaks he uses a wealth of illustration supplied by his musical training and temperament. He presents his ideas in a fashion that seems fantastic to minds less picturesque than his own.

This is most clearly revealed when he addresses the Reichstag. He likes to speak from the tribune instead of remaining in his ministerial chair. His speeches, says the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, have a careful literary finish. The sentences are artistically framed in Heine's smooth prose, for Heine is his model for style. Rathenau is visibly disconcerted by interruptions. His tone is superior. He is perhaps too conscious of being better informed than the people to whom he is talking. His turn-down collar seems to choke him. His voice is thick. He shows the artist in every gesture, in each little detail of his attire. The novelty of the effect is intensified by a tragedy of expression that has grown habitual to him. In his youth he was gay, laughing, good-natured. Those years of effort during the war, when he organized the distribution of raw materials so well, have worn the man out physically. He is grim, almost savage, bringing his jaws together snapily and clenching a fist too obviously.

Rathenau, as he shows in his writings, expects to bring Germany out of the bog in which she is wallowing. She must rise through the medium of work and economy. She must spiritualize her thought. There must be no luxury, no idlers. "Let us tread our path of suffering," he says, "with a pride that disdains to be consoled by illusions." The ideal for Germany today is that of the Will. Germany must "will" culture, and by that word Rathenau does not mean, he declares, any ideas associated with "the school, the university, some French and English, the rules about I and me, visiting cards, short cuffs, foreign phrases, top hats, table manners." It must be a culture that will do away with the proletarian in the fatherland.

LOVE

THE TALE OF A TIGRESS AND HER CUB

■ ■ ■

By Courtney Ryley Cooper.

KINDLINESS is not uncommon about the menagerie tent of a big circus. And of late the portion of Chota—her name had been given her by a wandering circus-man who once had visited India—had included far more evidences of thoughtfulness on the part of the gruff, hard-working “animal-men” than usual. The strips of horseflesh which formed her one daily meal were selected with more than ordinary care; the straw of her cage invariably was fresh and clean; the catnip, which gives joy alike to every feline, be it house-cat or jungle beast, came far more often than customary; and twice a day the coatless, sun-brownèd menagerie superintendent stopped before her cage to purr at her in imitation of her own expression of contentment, to talk to her and to question his men regarding her welfare. All of which Chota accepted with a quiet confidence and trust—for Chota was a tiger among tigers.

The maliciousness of the average striped Bengal beast was missing in Chota; more, it had been absent even back in her cub days when the superintendent first put a dog-harness on her and led her about the menagerie at the end of a leash. The ugly ferocity, the viciousness which seems an inevitable part of the tiger nature—these were absent also. Chota, in a word, was a tiger in name and markings and in physical characteristics, but in little else. . . .

It was night. Chota growled sleepily as an attendant entered her cage to sweep it and spread it with fresh, clean straw, before the chandeliers of the menagerie should dim, the vast dun-colored canvas flutter downward, and the cages roll away to the trains to be chocked in place aboard the flat-cars for the journey to the next town. With the usual

“cat,” the method would have been to shunt the brute into the inclosure at one end of the cage while the rest was being cleaned—but this method was not necessary in the case of Chota. Her den did not even possess the customary dividing bars, for there was no need of them. The veriest “punk” of the menagerie could enter her habitation without the slightest fear. And so her remonstrance brought no other response from the attendant to-night than a poke of the broom and the gruff, yet good-humored, command:

“Hey! Git over there! Wassa matter witcha?”

Chota “got over.” The attendant proceeded with his work of sweeping the den clean; then fresh straw was spread lazily by the workman, who even stepped over the body of the big, listless striped brute as he completed his task. Then suddenly a staccato bark issued from the menagerie “connection”:

“Animal-men!”

“Aye—aye!”

“Hop to it! Board up these dens an’ work fast! There’s a blow comin’!”

The long stretches of canvas were even now bellying. A whine of wind cut through guy-ropes and rigging; the scalloped edges of the tent-eaves quivered. Outside, the crackle of sledges echoed, and the shouts of the lot bosses. Aloft the acetylene chandeliers flickered. Chota’s attendant sprang from the cage, slamming the door behind him, nor pausing to note that the catch-lock had failed to snap into place. Seizing the nearest of the side-boards, or bar coverings of the cage, he attempted, single-handed, to drag it into place. In vain!

The roar of the jungle suddenly broke loose, merging with the roar of the storm. A crackling boom, like the report of a muffled cannon, and the can-

WE are accustomed to regard all tigers as vicious beasts. But Chota was an exception. To be sure, she got into serious trouble; but it wasn't her fault that the menagerie was wrecked and she was turned loose on the world. It is a stirring tale, and, according to the markings of the O. Henry Memorial Committee, is one of the best stories of the year. It is here reprinted, by permission, from the "Red Book" for June.

was covering of the menagerie was snapped from its fastenings, to billow a second above the straining center-poles, then to be whipped away on the crest of the hurricane. The chandeliers flared with long, wind-fanned flames before the fabric mantles broke. Then darkness—and the Inferno!

Stampeding elephants, trumpeting and squealing as they ran, crashed to and fro aimlessly, striking against the weaving centerpoles and felling them. The rush of the wind grew greater, mingling with the roaring and hissing of the cat beasts, the terrific bellowing grunts of the rhinoceros, the weaker cries of the ruminants and apes. And with the other cat beasts—the leopards, the lions, the pumas and panthers and tigers—Chota joined, roaring and hissing and bellowing, with a note she never had sounded before, a note of panic.

She lashed about her cage, pressing her head tight against the bars as the lightning flashes illumined for jagged seconds the confusion of the circus lot: the straining horses tugging at careening wagons; the rushing forms of men, hatless, coatless, arms widespread; the wreckage of the poles; the thronging, panicky crowds massing from the big top, also in darkness. The rain slashed between the bars of the tiger's prison, whipping under the wind-raised fur, chilling her, maddening her. She began to leap and claw, first at one side, then the other, vainly, madly.

Somewhere down the line a cage capsized, and shouting men struggled against the force of the hurricane to right it. A crash sounded from far away—the elephants had broken for the open country and were smashing through the high wooden fence at the far end of the circus lot. It all served to instill in Chota a new quality of fright, and she sprang with greater strength than ever.

Suddenly to flounder, to roar, to claw and scratch aimlessly as she sought to recover her balance—and to fail! For in her last lunge she had struck against the door of the cage, and it had given beneath the impact of her body. A second more, and she was on the ground, crouching against the onrushing wind, her eyes blinking with the sting of the rain and the clatter of the débris swept about her by the storm.

Forms scurried close to her; she did not notice them nor they her. Once a whimpering child, lost from its mother, caught tight at the loose skin of her neck and clung there a moment, but Chota paid no heed. Her head was close against her white-splotched breast, her thought now of preservation, not destruction.

After a moment of dazed perplexity the tiger with swift, sinuous movements, sought escape from the turmoil, the noise, the bluster and discomfort of the "blow-down." Panic was in her heart—her sole desire was to get away, to flee a world that harassed her from every side, to reach again that place she had known in days of peace and comfort and kindness, her straw-filled den. But it was gone.

At the edge of the circus lot she paused, then skirted the fence, head extended, nostrils twitching with the effort of the scent. She came finally to the great gap through which the elephants had crashed fifteen minutes before, and with one leap cleared the loose boards and débris. She was in a world unknown.

The storm—to escape it—that was all. The slow brain of the tiger knew nothing else, and no method of its accomplishment but speed. She only knew that a terrible enemy was upon her, and that her muscles were obeying the dictates of fear.

On and on—until woods and meadows had taken the place of paved streets, until the crackling of branches in the swaying trees had supplanted the crashing of quarter-poles. But still she ran before the storm, stopping now and again to cower in the shelter of some great tree trunk, to whine and growl, then to hurry onward.

An hour—two. The wind decreased. The drive of the rain became lighter. The pace of the tiger slowed—to a new step, a new method of locomotion, a new sinuosity that came to her with the dictates of a second nature. Stealth marked her progress now; she was suspicious of every noise, of every dim, hazy form of the darkness. Once she issued into a clearing, where lights showed ahead, and voices sounded, as the laborers of a farm sought to repair the damage to a wind-wrecked barn. An hour before, Chota would have crawled toward those lights and those voices. But now she growled, and, twisting in her tracks, chose a new route back into the woods. The age-old instincts of her cat nature, dormant all her life, had come into being at last!

For Chota had been born in a cage. She knew nothing of the uninhabitable, malarious *tardī* fringing the Himalayas, where once her ancestors had roamed—yet within an hour as the storm died she had instinctively sought out the damp marshlands which fringed the river. Her food had been poked daily to her on a feeding-fork between the bars of a cage; yet at this dawn, when a rabbit sprang up in her path, she was upon it in an instant,

crushing it with one blow of a tremendous paw, growling over it as its last sighing breath departed, then licking it with her scaly tongue before the heavy teeth crunched upon bones and flesh alike. So little is required for the primitive to come to life again, old instincts to be revived, forgotten traditions of animal law to leap into command from their place of concealment in the subconscious brain of the beast.

The immediate past had for the moment at least become a blank. A single night free in the woods, a night such as she never had known, never had longed for, never had cause to believe possible, had changed Chota from a tame thing into a creature as wild as one of her ancestors.

So, as dawn ensued, and the last scudding clouds gave way before the sun, she sought the heaviest undergrowth, the thickest masses of marsh-reeds, there to trample down the makeshift of a bed, and to doze with periods of wakefulness until late afternoon. Then she tensed. Enemies were near!

A hundred yards away she heard them crashing through the weeds and underbrush, shouting to one another, calling directions. A voice long familiar came to her, a voice that in other days would have caused her to purr.

"She must be around here somewhere, fellows. These weeds look like some big cat'd beat 'em down. Take it easy now—don't scare her—slow and careful, everybody."

But now the voice brought no friendly response from the striped brute. Chota was in the element of her forbears; the cage was as if it had never been. Her sinuous body uncurled from its sleeping posture. The heavy round head, with its white-flecked ears, was drawn in against the powerful chest. A long, serpentlike hiss issued from between the heavy, yellow teeth.

The sounds came nearer, then trailed away, to be repeated beyond her. The heavy paws of the cat padded restlessly. A growl, beginning deep in the throat, turned suddenly into a roar as the weeds parted and the first of a group of men appeared not ten feet away. Then a leap, scattering forms, a cry as one of the searchers went down beneath the aimless blow of a sweeping paw. Freedom!

The pursuers had been left behind, hopelessly confused by the sudden onslaught of the beast, while Chota herself, threading through the marshes with swift lunges, resumed her flight. Twilight found her high in rocky bluffs, with their tangles of wild-grape vines, their brambles, their network of

blackberry patches—and their caverns. And there, in a crevice beneath the greatest of the beetling, moss-grown rocks, Chota crept at last, to rest a space and then to start forth again in obedience to a newly aroused instinct, the call of the hunt.

An hour later, far below, in the pasture of a small farm, a calf baled piteously as a striped destroyer pounced upon it, while the rest of the herd scattered in panic. Long into the night Chota glutted herself, tasting for the first time in her life the warm blood of her own kill, stopping at intervals to stare about in uneasy, catlike fashion, then returning to her feast. At last slowly, grudgingly, she turned away, back to the hills, straight to the crevice beneath the great rock.

Again the next night she stalked forth to the kill, and the night after that. But on the third she did not stir from the crevice beneath the rocks, and for the reason that had caused the extra kindness of the animal-men back on the circus, the solicitude of the menagerie superintendent, and his numerous visits before her cage. From the depths of the crevice there came with the dawn the faint, yowling cries of a small, helpless furry being which tumbled about the non-resisting Chota, and with blind instinct suckled at her breast. For in the night Chota, the Bengal, who had been a cub of captivity, had brought into being a cub of the wild.

All day long she lay with it in the crevice, a mother of the jungle, transplanted to the rocks and bluffs that fringed a muddy Missouri stream. Outside her cavern the blackbirds chattered and the mockingbird thrilled with the warm happiness of summer; far away, in a dead hickory, a dove cooed with that soft, mysterious yet penetrating note which is as elusive as an echo. There were no parakeets, no twisting pythons, no plumed gorgeousness of the ancestral jungle—only the hazy softness of a Missouri day. Below, a boy with a cotton line and a chunk of liver fished drowsily for catfish in the muddy, murky stream, all unaware that, above him, India had been transplanted to America, that a jungle mother, her now soft eyes following every move of the furry bundle of life which scrambled aimlessly about her, lay with a jungle child in a crevice beneath the rocks above a Missouri river. Evening came; the bullfrogs croaked sonorously in the marshes; the martins circled about the silent, mossy abutments of the bluffs; the locusts sang and the screech-owls took up their gossip of the night. Still Chota did not move from her shelter; she only licked and fondled her baby, and was content.

Another day—two. Then, with the sunset, the tiger rose. Hunger had called again—the demand of the hunt was upon her. Restlessly she paced about, starting away from the crevice, only to return, loath to leave her offspring, yet forced by the call of hunger. At last, with darkness, she lay beside her cub for a moment while it settled to sleep. Then she crept forth, and with a leap was gone.

For a mile or two she skirted the hills, pausing at last to gaze into the distance toward the twinkling glitter of a city's lights—the city she had fled on the night of the storm. Now it meant nothing to her save a place to be avoided, and she veered in her course, making her way down the easier slopes of the bluffs away from the river and toward the farming district, where the scent, borne upon the breast of the evening breeze, told of cattle.

Again a calf bawled. Again a half-frenzied growl came from the throat of the beast with the taste of hot blood. Far away a dog barked, excitedly, its staccato warning thinning into a wail. Chota did not heed. Three days of hunger, three days of constant giving, that her cub might be nourished, had dulled the fine edge of wariness. The barking of the dog became louder; from down the road sounded the sullen roar of an automobile engine. Then a shaft of light!

Chota turned, to find herself spotted in a circle of glaring white. Half-blinded, confused, she whirled and clawed viciously at the motionless form of the calf as tho this prostrate thing might have been the cause of her misfortune. Then with a hiss she leaped, twisting as she did so. A crackling roar had sounded from the road, and a blazing flash of yellowish-red. Something hot had seared its way across her body, her quick tongue, scurrying to the point of pain, again tasted blood—her own!

Another shot—a bullet whined harmlessly above her—then still another, and the flesh along her ribs caused her once more to writhe in the terror of an unseen, unassailable enemy. She crouched, roaring. She struck out, first with one paw, then the other, against nothing; while still again the rifle spat from the distance, and a puff of dust was kicked up beneath her as the bullet buried itself in the earth. A screeching note came into her roar—one last frenzy of clawing and writhing; then, leaping over the body of her victim, she turned back to the hills.

But now something pulled at her lungs, something which caused her breath to come in short, panting coughs. The weight of a

sudden, unexplainable exhaustion had fastened itself upon her legs; weakly, ever more weakly, she struggled through the under-brush toward the higher spaces. Once she stopped and looked back. The circle of white was searching now, striving to follow her, traveling first along the smoother stretches of the meadow, with its close-packed, frightened cattle, then returning to the spot where lay the carcass of the slaughtered calf, then striking out again toward the brush and the trees and the hills. To Chota it represented the thing which had brought her this new agony and the pain of wounds. It came nearer. . . . A leap, from which she went floundering almost helplessly to the ground, to twist and squirm with the pain that the action caused—then with slower steps than before, she went on.

Somehow the miles dragged by and at last a yowling cub scrambled helplessly, blindly, toward its mother as Chota made her staggering way into the crevice of the rocks. The pull of the suckling infant only brought new pain. But it was hers, her cub, and she did not resist.

Panting, harassed by pain and fear, she lay there through the night, wincing and growling with a sharp, anguished note as the cub crawled about her and its tiny paws touched the raw flesh where a bullet had entered her body. Daylight came, and she twisted her head to gaze without. Again the birds were singing and flashing from tree to tree. A rabbit, venturing forth with the flush of sunrise, hopped to the opening of the cave and stopped, round-eyed with fright at the sight of the great beast. Chota struggled to her feet, and sought to gather herself for the leap. But the movement was slow and the rabbit was gone even before her muscles had set. Painfully she sank again to the ground.

The day grew older, the sun stronger; and within the crevice Chota panted with the new agony of the heat—something she never before had felt. For now fever was upon her; her eyes were glazed, yet brilliant, the pain of the wound steadily becoming more and more of a throbbing, devouring thing which sapped her strength, her resistance, her very being. The cub pawed and wabbled about her—but she no longer growled at it with that soft, guttural murmur that is the croon of the animal mother. She no longer turned with sudden watchfulness to catch it gently in her jaws and draw it back to her when it wandered too far from the maternal breast. Her eyes followed it—that was all. Flattened on her side, head extended, tongue

drooling over the long incisors, Chota lay motionless, inert.

But at last, at a yowling, insistent cry from the cub, she turned. She growled fretfully and sought again to stretch forth her fever-laden head on the coolness of the damp ground. But the cry continued. A slight new pain was felt by her—the touch of baby jaws biting at her, and again she raised her aching, dizzy eyes. Now the cub was scratching at her and yowling with more pettishness than ever. Instinct told Chota that the breasts had ceased to function, even as the rest of her being. She strove to rise—and fell, to lie motionless. The cub yowled on.

All that afternoon the heat-waves seemed to pile themselves in layers about her, while the world without stilled with the drowsiness of the sultry air, and the relentless sun crept through the branches of the trees, and, lowering in the sky, searched out the cavern and caught her in its dying blaze. The tongue, hanging over the heavy teeth, became thick and discolored. The cub yowled and scratched at her, but she did not move.

At last the sun disappeared. A breeze rose, whispering through the trees, calling forth the birds again for the last song of the day, and wafted finally into the crevice beneath the rocks. Its touch chilled her—she shivered, and, curling about the cub, huddled there in spite of the pain that the exertion caused. Then the chills passed; the coolness of the evening gradually began to have its effect upon her, reviving her, bringing back a portion, at least, of the strength which the sun had sapped. The gleam of the moon edged within the crevice, to discover the beast half crouched, alternately staring without, then turning her eyes toward the still whimpering cub. For hours she remained thus, as tho summoning strength for the next move. At last she rose.

The cub tumbled toward her. With velvety gentleness the great jaws clamped upon the nape of the furry ball. Then, staggering and weaving in her stride, the cub dangling from her mouth, she issued from the cavern and again, with agony in every step, began to skirt the bluffs toward—where, she did not know.

At a hillside rill she stopped, lapping the water with slow movements of her thick, blackened tongue, turning away from it as tho to go onward, then sinking beside it that she might drink again. The cooling touch of the water seemed to reach her brain and dissipate the dullness which had settled there. She growled, now with a stronger

note, and drew the cub toward her, licking it, fondling it for the first time that day. Two hours later she was still there, resting beside the tiny stream—drinking, resting and drinking.

The coolness of the night changed to the chill of approaching dawn. The great beast shivered, lapped at the water for the last time, then, gathering her cub once more in her jaws, started onward. She still staggered, but her step was a bit surer; a half-moan of pain still issued from her throat, but she went on.

A MILE, and she weakened, dropping inert for a long half-hour. Then suddenly she stiffened; the head went forward; the nostrils twitched convulsively. The morning breeze had brought another scent—a scent almost forgotten in her return to the wild, a scent which spelled to her a life far remote from this existence of pain and suffering and pursuit! A new strength came into her weary legs. The agony of the wounds departed momentarily—she began to trot, the cub jogging and bumping in the clutch of her jaws. For that scent which the morning breeze had wafted to her was the scent of hay and of cat beasts—the scent of horseflesh and of canvas.

On a slight rise of ground she halted and dropped the cub. Far below, carbides gleamed in the gray dawn. The scent was stronger. Faint sounds came to her—the familiar trumpeting of elephants, the rough, low-toned roars of cat beasts.

As suddenly as the old instincts of savagery had leaped into being within her, they now gave way before the lure of captivity. Pain and suffering and fear had brought her back to the thing that she had lost. The yowl of her cub had sent her forth to seek what she did not know existed—yet to find it. Far down there beneath her, its pull-up teams working like the smooth-oiled pistons of a perfectly functioning engine, its laborers shouting and hurrying from car to car, its bosses snapping out the crisp orders of the unloading process, its elephants and cat animals and ruminants and "led-stock" being taken from the car en route to the show grounds, lay the world that was hers—hers and her cub's—the circus!

An hour later, in the rose-pink of sunrise, an engine whistle screamed, bells clanged and a fireman leaned from his cab in staring surprise. Twenty feet before the engine a great, gaunt, striped beast, a cub dangling from her mouth, had staggered across the railroad tracks, and stumbling, rolled down

the embankment, to flounder helplessly in the brush and weeds of the slough below, while the train thundered on. Mid-morning came—and a circus party, motoring toward, stopped for a moment to watch what was believed in the distance to be a tremendous dog carrying something for a space of a few feet, then dropping to the ground and resting apparently, to gain strength for another sally. At parade time a boss canvasman cocked his head sharply and started into the depth of a small woods, adjoining the show lot. Then, with a shout, he whirled, his arms fanwise, as he ran, shouting, for the menagerie.

"Animal-men! Lay hold o' prods and feedin' forks! There's a loose tiger!"

BUT the cry already had been taken up elsewhere. A frightened woman, blanched, screaming, ran for the protection of the big-top, and its crowds of hurrying plank and seat-men. Children milled, shrieking their fear. The beast was in plain sight now, at the far end of the lot, a tottering, weaving tiger, coming stolidly forward, with a cub in her mouth!

"Treasurer!" It was the shout of the circus manager. "Get the rifles out of the wagon and rush 'em! Animal-men—stand by to shoot!"

The side wall of the menagerie tent fluttered and rose, as the menagerie attendants came forth. A speeding messenger arrived from the treasury-wagon. Rifles clicked into waiting hands, the cartridges snapping almost simultaneously into the breeches. Canvasmen seized tent-stakes in readiness for the assault. The beast hesitated, toppled, sank, then, floundering drunkenly, came on.

Horses reared, and were pulled aside by shouting "skimmers" to safety. The shouts and warnings reached the dressing-tent, to bring forth, in excited, hurrying groups, a motley crowd of performers—racing figures in tinsel and spangles, white-splotched clowns, clattering, overburdened men in chain-mail and armor, all rushing to safety from that slowly approaching beast, that looked neither to the right nor the left, but seemed to have eyes for one thing alone—the menagerie tent, whence came the scent of hay and straw and the odor of the beasts of the jungle. Tight-clenched hands strained at the rifles and clamped them into firing position. Fingers twitched at the triggers. A form sprang out before the line of waiting men—suddenly to whirl, to wave an arm, and to rush back shouting:

"Wait—wait, fellows! It's Chota. Bear

down on them guns—bear down, I'm tellin' you? She ain't goin' to hurt nobody—she's comin' in—she's got a cub in her mouth!"

Again the beast floundered, again went flat—to roll awkwardly, then to struggle once more to its feet. Again the menagerie superintendent ventured forward, while the rifles covered the path before him, while canvasmen with their tent-stakes edged nearer. But the reeling, striped beast neither growled nor roared nor quickened her pace. A slight obstruction was before her—the tiger stumbled, then rolled helplessly and lay there an instant gasping before it could rise again. A hand waved!

"Hold off them guns! She's hurt—hurt, I'm tellin' you. She's bringin' in her cub. Animal-men!"

"Aye—aye!"

"Out with a shiftin' den, quick! Rush it!"

Scurrying forms entered and reappeared at the menagerie connection, bringing with them the heavy, yet easily handled, shifting den. The tiger had approached to within twenty feet of the menagerie superintendent now—closer—closer—again a hand waved, again a shout came, from the lips of a man who suddenly had gone to his knees.

"Get Doc Barton, somebody! Hurry!"

For there at his feet, the cub yowling and spitting and scrambling, Chota had sunk to the ground.

AN hour later two men stood before a cage in the menagerie tent. The sleeves of one of them were rolled back from bloody arms. The eyes of the other were serious, and he waited a long moment before asking his question. Then:

"What about it, Doc?"

"Wait a minute. The wound's all right—clean and everything—no infection. But I don't know about the heart. It's had a pretty hard strain—everything depends on that hypodermic. If—her heart stands it and I can get her to sleep without killing her—"

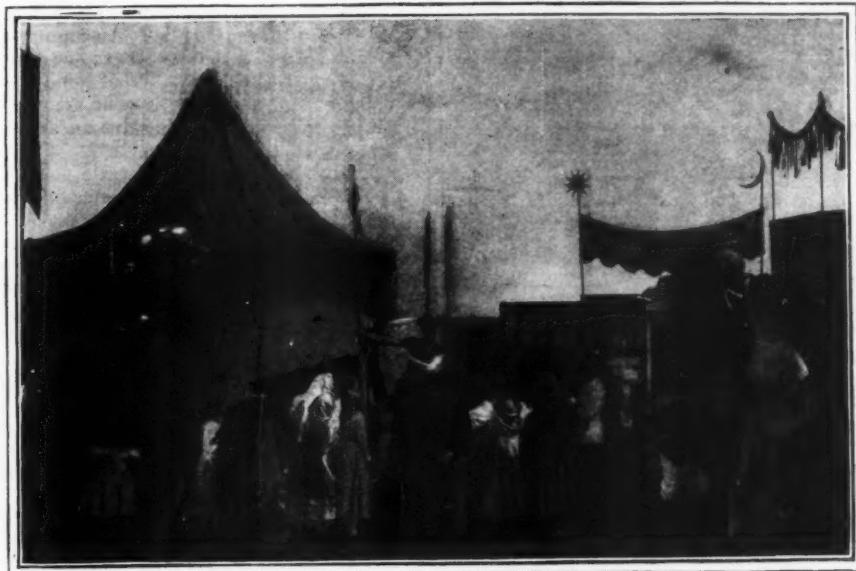
The doctor stared at his hands, and with fingers extended laid aside the hypodermic. Then he bent over the striped bandaged side. Rising, he smiled. Lifting then the furry ball which wobbled about the den, he placed it between the forepaws of the gasping, pain-racked beast. The glazed eyes closed, slowly, naturally, and the breath came more evenly. Again the doctor smiled, and nodded toward the menagerie superintendent. Then he stepped from the cage, and the two walked away together, leaving behind them the sleeping Chota and her cub—Chota, who through mother love had regained life—and home.

"LILION"—A DRAMA OF LOW LIFE AND HEAVENLY LIFE

WE recall no dramatic production of the past season that has met with such universal applause as Franz Molnar's "Liliom," which, under the egis of the Theatre Guild, is at this writing still playing to crowded houses on Broadway. The title of the play—a legend in seven scenes and a prolog—is Hungarian for lily and the slang term for "a tough." Published in book-form by Boni and Liveright, the play is as engrossing to read as it is to witness, and, as Haywood Braun observes, in *Vanity Fair*, it serves to prove that no technical rule of play writing can stand up against anyone who brings a vital notion to the playhouse. It has generally been understood by students of craftsmanship that the dramatist who wished to develop a fantastic theme must begin early in the evening to establish his atmosphere. Molnar, in defying precedent, begins with an almost wholly naturalistic story of under-

world life. Julie (Eva Le Gallienne, a daughter of the poet), a little servant girl, runs away with Liliom (Joseph Schildkraut), roughneck bouncer in an amusement park on the outskirts of Budapest. The prolog shows a street fair, one of the most effective scenes of the kind that has been staged in a long time. Liliom, captivator of the hearts of servant girls, dominates the scene in all the glory of his striped sweater and his blustering youth. Gypsies, soldiers, peasants, townspeople, a vender of balloons and a strong man, all contribute to a colorful hubbub—an appropriate background for the play that follows.

In the first scene it develops that a Mrs. Muskat (Helen Westley), proprietress of a merry-go-round employing Liliom, is jealous of Julie for business and other reasons, and warns the girl not to patronize the merry-go-round again. Julie, with the indignation of innocence, defies her



LILIOM IS NOT THE LEAST ATTRACTION TO THE PATRONS OF THE BUDAPEST AMUSEMENT PARK

Joseph Schildkraut creates a masterly rôle in this Franz Molnar play translated from the Hungarian.

and is supported by her friend, Marie (Hortense Alden), and later by Liliom himself. As a result, Liliom is "fired" and, the hour being late, Julie is afraid to return home. During a cleverly acted park-bench courtship, the two find themselves in love—a love that leads to marriage and a hovel home in a photographic "studio" operated by a Mother Hollunder on the edge of the park. Thither comes Mrs. Muskat beseeching Liliom to "be sensible" and come back to work with her. Why, she asks, go on living with a woman whom he beats? Whereupon:

LILIOOM. I don't beat her. What's all this damn fool talk about beating her? I hit her once—that was all—and now the whole city



A REMARKABLE STAGE CREATION
Joseph Schildkraut, actor, and Franz Molnar, dramatist, divide the honors in "Liliom," the newest Theatre Guild Production.

seems to be talking about it. You don't call that beating her, do you?

MRS. MUSKAT. All right, all right. I take it back. I don't want to get mixed up in it.

LILIOOM. Beating her! As if I'd beat her—

MRS. MUSKAT. I can't make out why you're so concerned about her. You've been married to her two months—it's plain to see that you're sick of it—and out there is the carousel—and the show booths—and money—and you'd throw it all away. For what? Heavens, how can anyone be such a fool? (*Looks at him appraisingly.*) Where have you been all night? You look awful.

LILIOOM. It's no business of yours.

MRS. MUSKAT. You never used to look like that. This life is telling on you. (*Pauses.*) Do you know—I've got a new organ.

LILIOOM. (*Softly.*) I know.

MRS. MUSKAT. How did you know?

LILIOOM. You can hear it—from here.

MRS. MUSKAT. It's a good one, eh?

LILIOOM. (*Wistfully.*) Very good. Fine. It roars and snorts—so fine.

MRS. MUSKAT. You should hear it close by—it's heavenly. Even the carousel seems to know . . . it goes quicker. I got rid of those two horses—you know, the ones with the broken ears?

LILIOOM. What have you put in their place?

MRS. MUSKAT. Guess.

LILIOOM. Zebras?

MRS. MUSKAT. No—an automobile.

LILIOOM. (*Transported.*) An automobile—

MRS. MUSKAT. Yes. If you've got any sense you'll come back. What good are you doing here? Out there is your art, the only thing you're fit for. You are an artist, not a respectable married man.

LILIOOM. Leave her—this little—

MRS. MUSKAT. She'll be better off. She'll go back and be a servant girl again. As for you—you're an artist and you belong among artists. All the beer you want, cigars, a krone a day and a gulden on Sunday, and the girls, Liliom, the girls—I've always treated you right, haven't I? I bought you a watch, and—

LILIOOM. She's not that kind. She'd never be a servant girl again.

MRS. MUSKAT. I suppose you think she'd kill herself. Don't worry. Heavens, if every girl was to commit suicide just because her—(*Finishes with a gesture.*)

LILIOOM. (*Stares at her a moment, considering, then with sudden, smiling animation.*) So the people don't like Hollinger?

MRS. MUSKAT. You know very well they don't, you rascal.

LILIOOM. Well—

MRS. MUSKAT. You've always been happy at the carousel. It's a great life—pretty girls and beer and cigars and music—a great life and an easy one. I'll tell you what—come back and I'll give you a ring that used to belong to my dear departed husband. Well, will you come?

LILION. She's not that kind. She'd never be a servant girl again. But—but—for my part—if I decide—that needn't make any difference. I can go on living with her even if I do go back to my art—

MRS. MUSKAT. My God!

LILION. What's the matter?

MRS. MUSKAT. Who ever heard of a married man—I suppose you think all the girls would be pleased to know that you were running home to your wife every night. It's ridiculous! When the people found out they'd laugh themselves sick—

LILION. I know what you want.

MRS. MUSKAT. (*Refuses to meet his gaze.*) You flatter yourself.

LILION. You'll give me that ring, too?

MRS. MUSKAT. (*Pushes the hair back from his forehead.*) Yes.

LILION. I'm not happy in this house.

MRS. MUSKAT. (*Still stroking his hair.*) Nobody takes care of you. (*They are silent.* Julie enters, carrying a cup of coffee. Mrs. Muskat removes her hand from Liliom's head. *There is a pause.*)

LILION. Do you want anything?

JULIE. No. (*There is a pause.* She exits slowly into the kitchen.)

MRS. MUSKAT. The old woman says there is a carpenter, a widower, who—

LILION. I know—I know—

JULIE. (*Reentering.*) Liliom, before I forget, I have something to tell you.

LILION. All right.

JULIE. I've been wanting to tell you—in fact, I was going to tell you yesterday—

LILION. Go ahead.

JULIE. But I must tell you alone—if you'll come in—it will only take a minute.

LILION. Don't you see I'm busy now? Here I am talking business and you interrupt with—

JULIE. It'll only take a minute.

LILION. Get out of here, or—

JULIE. But I tell you it will only take a minute.

LILION. Will you get out of here?

JULIE. (*Courageously.*) No.

LILION. What's that? (*Rising.*)

JULIE. No.

MRS. MUSKAT. (*Rises, too.*) Now don't start fighting. I'll get out and look at the photographs in the showcase a while and

come back later for your answer. (*She exits.*)

JULIE. You can hit me again if you like—don't look at me like that. I'm not afraid of you. . . . I'm not afraid of anyone. I told you I had something to tell you.

LILION. Well, out with it—quick.

JULIE. I can't tell you so quick. Why don't you drink your coffee?

LILION. Is that what you wanted to tell me?

JULIE. No. By the time you've drunk your coffee I'll have told you.

LILION. (*Gets the coffee and sips it.*) Well?

JULIE. Yesterday my head ached—and you asked me—

LILION. Yes—

JULIE. Well—you see—that's what it is—

LILION. Are you sick?

JULIE. No. But you wanted to know what my headache came from—and you said I seemed—changed.

LILION. Did I? I guess I meant the carpenter.

JULIE. I've been—what? The carpenter? No. It's something entirely different—it's awful hard to tell—but you'll have to know sooner or later—I'm not a bit—scared—because it's a perfectly natural thing—

LILION. (*Puts the coffee cup on the table.*) What?

JULIE. When—when a man and woman—live together—

LILION. Yes.

JULIE. I'm going to have a baby.

This announcement at once thrills and disconcerts Liliom. It serves to make him receptive to a temptation held out by one Ficsur to commit a robbery and thereby obtain money with which to take his wife and prospective child to America. The plan is to "hold up" the Jewish paymaster of a large factory in the neighborhood and, if necessary, kill him.

LILION. At night—in my dreams—if his ghost comes back—what will I do then?

FICSUR. His ghost won't never come back.

LILION. Why not?

FICSUR. A Jew's ghost don't come back.

LILION. Well, then—afterwards—

FICSUR. (*Impatiently.*) What do you mean—afterwards?

LILION. In the next world—when I come before the Lord God—what'll I say then?

FICSUR. The likes of you will never come up before Him.

LILIOIM. Why not?

FICSUR. Have you ever come up before the high court?

LILIOIM. No.

FICSUR. Our kind comes up before the police magistrate—and the highest we ever get is the criminal court.

LILIOIM. Will it be the same in the next world?

FICSUR. Just the same. We'll come up before a police magistrate, same as we did in this world.

LILIOIM. A police magistrate?

FICSUR. Sure. For the rich folks—the Heavenly Court. For us poor people—only a police magistrate. For the rich folks—fine music and angels. For us—

LILIOIM. For us?

FICSUR. For us, my son, there's only justice. In the next world there'll be lots of justice; yes, nothing but justice. And where there's justice there must be police magistrates, people like us get—

LILIOIM. (*Interrupting.*) Good evening. Excuse me, sir, can you tell me the time? (*Lays his hand over his heart.*)

FICSUR. What do you put your hand there for?

LILIOIM. My heart is jumping—under the knife.

Liliom agrees to undertake the job and purloins a knife from the Hollunder's kitchen. In the next scene he and Ficsur have arrived at the scene of the contemplated robbery on the outskirts of the city. While awaiting their victim, Ficsur proposes a game of cards and has won heavily from Liliom, who, in desperation at the prospect of losing his share of the plunder, shouts "Double or nothing."

FICSUR. Not any more.

LILIOIM. Why not?

FICSUR. Because if you lost you won't



"IT IS POSSIBLE THAT SOMEONE MAY BEAT YOU AND NOT HURT YOU AT ALL"

So Julie (Eva Lé Gallienne) confides to her daughter apropos of the way Liliom had maltreated her in their early married life.

be able to pay. Double would be nine thousand six hundred. And you've only got eight thousand altogether.

LILIOIM. (*Greatly excited.*) That—that—I call that—a dirty trick!

FICSUR. Three thousand, two hundred. That's all you can put up.

LILIOIM. (*Eagerly.*) All right, then,—three thousand, two hundred. (*Ficsur deals him a card.*) Enough.

FICSUR. I've got an ace myself. Now we'll have to take our time and squeeze 'em. (*Liliom pushes closer to him as he takes up his cards and slowly, intently, unfolds them.*) Twenty-one. (*He quickly puts the cards in his pocket. There is a pause.*)

LILIOIM. Now—now—I'll tell you now—you're a crook, a low-down— (*Linzman [the paymaster] enters. He is a strong, robust, red-bearded Jew, about forty years of*

age. At his side he carries a leather bag slung by a strap from his shoulder. Ficsur coughs warningly, moves to the right between Linzman and the embankment, pauses just behind Linzman and follows him. Liliom stands bewildered a few paces to the left of the railroad ties, facing Linzman, and trembling in every limb.) Good evening. Excuse me, sir, can you tell me the time. (Ficsur springs silently at Linzman, a knife in his right hand. But Linzman catches Ficsur's right hand with his own left and forces Ficsur to his knees. Simultaneously Linzman thrusts his right hand into his coat pocket and produces a revolver which he points at Liliom's breast. Liliom is standing two paces away from the revolver. There is a long pause.)

LINZMAN. (In a low, even voice.) It is twenty-five minutes past six. (Pauses, looks ironically down at Ficsur.) It's lucky I grabbed the hand with the knife instead of the other one. (Pauses again, looks appraisingly from one to the other.) Two fine birds! (To Ficsur.) I should live so—Rothschild has more luck than you. (To Liliom.) I'd advise you to keep nice and quiet. If you make one move, you'll get two bullets in you. Just look into the barrel. You'll see some little things in there made of lead.

FICSUR. Let me go. I didn't do anything.

LINZMAN. (Mockingly shakes the hand which still holds the knife.) And this? What do you call this? Oh, yes, I know. You thought I had an apple in my pocket, and wanted to peel it. That's it. Forgive me for my error. I beg your pardon, sir.

LILIOM. But I—I—

LINZMAN. Yes, my son, I know. It's so simple. You only asked what time it is. Well, it's twenty-five minutes after six.

FICSUR. Let us go, honorable sir. We didn't do anything to you.

LINZMAN. In the first place, my son, I'm not an honorable sir. In the second place, for the same money, you could have said Your Excellency. But in the third place, you'll find it very hard to beg off by flattering me.

LILIOM. But I—I really didn't do anything to you.

LINZMAN. Look behind you, my boy. Don't be afraid. Look behind you, but don't run away or I'll have to shoot you down. (Liliom turns his head slowly around.) Who's coming up there?

LILIOM. (Looking at Linzman.) Policemen.

LINZMAN. (To Ficsur.) You hold still, or— (To Liliom teasingly.) How many policemen are there?

LILIOM. (His eyes cast down). Two.
LINZMAN. And what are the policemen sitting on?

LILIOM. Horses.

LINZMAN. And which can run faster, a horse or a man?

LILIOM. A horse.

LINZMAN. There, you see. It would be hard to get away now. (Laughs.) I never saw such an unlucky pair of highway robbers. I can't imagine worse luck. Just today I had to put a pistol in my pocket. And even if I hadn't—old Linzman is a match for four like you. But even that isn't all. Did you happen to notice, you oxen, what direction I came from? From the factory, didn't I? When I went there I had a nice bit of money with me. Sixteen thousand crowns! But now—not a heller. (Calls off left.) Hey, come quicker, will you? This fellow is pulling pretty strong! (Ficsur frees himself with a mighty wrench and darts rapidly off. As Linzman aims his pistol at the vanishing Ficsur, Liliom runs up the steps to the embankment. Linzman hesitates, perceives that Liliom is the better target, points the pistol at him.) Stop, or I'll shoot! (Calls off left to the Policemen.) Why don't you come down off your horses? (His pistol is leveled at Liliom, who stands on the embankment, facing the audience. From the left on the embankment a policeman appears, revolver in hand.)

FIRST POLICEMAN. Stop!

LINZMAN. Well, my boy, do you still want to know what time it is? From ten to twelve years in prison!

LILIOM. You won't get me! (Linzman laughs derisively. Liliom is now three or four paces from the Policeman and equally distant from Linzman. His face is uplifted to the sky. He bursts into laughter, half defiant, half self-pitying, and takes the kitchen knife from under his coat.) Julie—(The ring of farewell is in his voice. He turns sideways, thrusts the knife deep in his breast, sways, falls and rolls down the far side of the embankment. There is a long pause. From the left upon the embankment come the two policemen.)

In the next scene, half an hour later, Liliom has been removed on a stretcher to the photographic "studio." Julie sits on the edge of the stretcher and looks at him. He stretches out a hand, which she clasps.

LILIOM. (Raises himself with difficulty, speaks lightly at first, but later soberly, defi-

antly.) Little—Julie—there's something—I want to tell you—like when you go to a restaurant—and you've finished eating—and it's time—to pay—then you have to count up everything—everything you owe—well—I beat you—not because I was mad at you—no—only because I can't bear to see anyone crying. You always cried—on my account—and, well, you see—I never learned a trade—what kind of a caretaker would I make? But, anyhow—I wasn't going back to the carousel to fool with the girls. No, I spit on them all—understand?

JULIE. Yes.

LILIOOM. And—as for Hollinger—he's good enough—Mrs. Muskat can get along all right with him. The jokes he tells are mine—and the people laugh when he tells them—but I don't care—I didn't give you anything—no home—not even the food you ate—but you don't understand. It's true I'm not much good—but I couldn't be a caretaker—and so I thought maybe it would be better over there—in America—do you see?

JULIE. Yes.



"THE SPARROW"

As Ficsur, known to his familiars as "The Sparrow," Dudley Digges creates a memorable part in "Liliom."

LILIOOM. I'm not asking—forgiveness—I don't do that—I don't. Tell the baby—if you like.

JULIE. Yes.

LILIOOM. Tell the baby—I wasn't much good—but tell him—if you ever talk about me—tell him—I thought—perhaps—over in America—but that's no affair of yours. I'm not asking forgiveness. For my part, the police can come now. If it's a boy—if it's a girl! Perhaps I'll see the Lord God to-day. Do you think I'll see Him?

JULIE. Yes.

LILIOOM. I'm not afraid—of the police Up There—if they'll only let me come up in front of the Lord God Himself—not like down here, where an officer stops you at the door. If the carpenter asks you—yes—be his wife—marry him. And the child—tell him he's his father. He'll believe you—won't he?

JULIE. Yes.

LILIOOM. When I beat you—I was right. You mustn't always think—you musn't always be right. Liliom can be right once, too. It's all the same to me who was right. It's so dumb. Nobody's right—but they all think they are right. A lot they know!

JULIE. Yes.

LILIOOM. Julie—come—hold my hand tight.

JULIE. I'm holding it tight—all the time.

LILIOOM. Tighter, still tighter—I'm going—*(Pauses.)* Julie—

JULIE. Good-by. *(Lilom sinks slowly back and dies. Julie frees her hand.)*

Presently Mrs. Muskat arrives and asks if she can be of any assistance. Julie says nothing.

MRS. MUSKAT. Would you mind if I—looked at him?

JULIE. He used to work for you.

MRS. MUSKAT. *(Contemplates the body; turns to Julie.)* Won't you make up with me?

JULIE. I wasn't angry with you.

MRS. MUSKAT. But you were. Let's make it up.

JULIE. *(Raising her voice eagerly, almost triumphantly.)* I've nothing to make up with you.

MRS. MUSKAT. But I have with you. Everyone says hard things against the poor dead boy—except us two. You don't say he was bad.

JULIE. *(Raising her voice yet higher, this time on a defiant, wholly triumphant note.)* Yes, I do.

MRS. MUSKA. I understand, my child.

But he beat me, too. What does that matter? I've forgotten it.

JULIE. (*From now on answers her coldly, drily, without looking at her.*) That's your own affair.

MRS. MUSKAT. If I can help you in any way—

JULIE. There's nothing I need.

MRS. MUSKAT. I still owe him two kronen, back pay.

JULIE. You should have paid him.

MRS. MUSKAT. Now that the poor fellow is dead, I thought perhaps it would be the same if I paid you.

JULIE. I've nothing to do with it.

MRS. MUSKAT. All right. Please don't think I'm trying to force myself on you. I stayed because we two are the only ones on earth who loved him. That's why I thought we ought to stick together.

JULIE. No, thank you.

MRS. MUSKAT. Then you couldn't have loved him as I did.

JULIE. No.

MRS. MUSKAT. I loved him better.

JULIE. Yes.

MRS. MUSKAT. Good-by.

JULIE. Good-by. (*Mrs. Muskat exits. Julie puts the candle on the table near Liliom's head, sits on the edge of the stretcher, looks into the dead man's face and caresses it tenderly.*) Sleep, Liliom, sleep—it's no business of hers—I never even told you—but now I'll tell you—you bad, quick-tempered, rough, unhappy, wicked—dear boy

—sleep peacefully, Liliom—they can't understand how I feel—I can't even explain to you—not even to you—how I feel—you'd only laugh at me—but you can't hear me any more. (*Between tender motherliness and reproach, yet with great love in her voice.*) It was wicked of you to beat me—on the breast and on the head and face—but you're gone now. You treated me badly—that was wicked of you—but sleep peacefully, Liliom—you bad, bad boy, you—I love you—I never told you before—I was ashamed—but now I've told you—I love you. Liliom—sleep—my boy—sleep. (*She rises, gets a Bible, sits down near the candle and reads softly to herself.*)

Two apparitions in black, with heavy sticks, soft black hats and black gloves, appear in the doorway and move into the room.

THE FIRST. (*To Liliom.*) Rise and come with us.

THE SECOND. (*Politely.*) You're under arrest.

THE FIRST. (*Somewhat louder, but always in a gentle, low, resonant voice.*) Do you hear? Rise. Don't you hear?

THE SECOND. We are the police.

THE FIRST. (*Bends down, touches Liliom's shoulder.*) Get up and come with us. (*Liliom slowly sits up.*)

THE SECOND. Come along.

THE FIRST. (*Paternally.*) These people



LILIOM RETURNS TO HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS IN PURGATORY
He himself is unchanged, and he brings his daughter a star which he had stolen from the heavens.

suppose that when they die all their difficulties are solved for them.

THE SECOND. (*Raising his voice sternly.*) That simply by thrusting a knife in your heart and making it stop beating you can leave your wife behind with a child in her womb—

THE FIRST. It is not so simple as that.

THE SECOND. Such things are not settled so easily.

THE FIRST. Come along. You will have to give an account of yourself. (*As both bow their heads, he continues softly.*) We are God's police. (*An expression of glad relief lights upon Liliom's face. He rises from the stretcher.*) Come.

THE SECOND. You mortals don't get off quite as easily as that.

THE FIRST. (*Softly.*) Come. (*Liliom starts to walk ahead of them, then stops and looks at them.*) The end is not as abrupt as that. Your name is still spoken. Your face is still remembered. And what you said, and what you did, and what you failed to do—these are still remembered. Remembered, too, are the manner of your glance, the ring of your voice, the clasp of your hand and how your step sounded—as long as one is left who remembers you, so long is the matter unended. Before the end there is much to be undone. Until you are quite forgotten, my son, you will not be finished with the earth—even tho you are dead.

THE SECOND. (*Very gently.*) Come. (*The music begins. All three exit at back, Liliom leading, the others following.*)

The next scene is in the Beyond. A whitewashed courtroom, with a guard and several "prisoners," including Liliom. A Magistrate is presiding.

THE GUARD. Yesterday's cases, your honor. The numbers are entered in the docket.

THE MAGISTRATE. Number 16,472.

THE FIRST. (*Looks in his notebook, beckons the Richly Dressed Man.*) Stand up, please. (*The Richly Dressed Man rises.*)

THE MAGISTRATE. Your name?

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN. Doctor Reich.

THE MAGISTRATE. Age?

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN. Forty-two, married, Jew.

THE MAGISTRATE. (*With a gesture of dismissal.*) Religion does not interest us here—why did you kill yourself?

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN. On account of debts.

THE MAGISTRATE. What good did you do on earth?

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN. I was a lawyer—

THE MAGISTRATE. (*Coughs significantly.*) Yes—we'll discuss that later. For the present I shall only ask you: Would you like to go back to earth once more before sunrise? I advise you that you have the right to go if you choose. Do you understand?

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN. Yes, sir.

THE MAGISTRATE. He who takes his life is apt, in his haste and his excitement, to forget something. Is there anything important down there you have left undone? Something to tell someone? Something to undo?

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN. My debts—

THE MAGISTRATE. They do not matter here. Here we are concerned only with the affairs of the soul.

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN. Then—if you please—when I left—the house—my youngest son, Oscar—was asleep. I didn't trust myself to wake him—and bid him good-by. I would have liked—to kiss him good-by.

THE MAGISTRATE. (*To the Second.*) You will take Dr. Reich back and let him kiss his son Oscar.

THE SECOND. Come with me, please.



"THE HUNGARIAN SHAKESPEARE"

Such is the appellation given Franz Molnar, playwright and author of "Liliom," a pronounced success of the metropolitan season.

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN. (To the Magistrate.) I thank you. (He bows and exits at back with the Second.)

THE MAGISTRATE. (After making an entry in the docket.) Number 16,473.

THE FIRST. (Looks in his notebook, then beckons Liliom.) Stand up.

LILIOM. You said please to him. (He rises.)

THE MAGISTRATE. Your name?

LILIOM. Liliom.

THE MAGISTRATE. Isn't that your nickname?

LILIOM. Yes.

THE MAGISTRATE. What is your right name?

LILIOM. Andreas.

THE MAGISTRATE. And your last name?

LILIOM. Zavocki—after my mother.

THE MAGISTRATE. Your age?

LILIOM. Twenty-four.

THE MAGISTRATE. What good did you do on earth? (Liliom is silent.) Why did you take your life? (Liliom does not answer. The Magistrate addresses the First.) Take that knife away from him. (The First does so.) It will be returned to you, if you go back to earth.

LILIOM. Do I go back to earth again?

THE MAGISTRATE. Just answer my questions.

LILIOM. I wasn't answering them, I was asking if—

THE MAGISTRATE. You don't ask questions here. You only answer. Only answer, Andreas Zavocki! I ask you whether there is anything on earth you neglected to accomplish? Anything down there you would like to do?

LILIOM. Yes.

THE MAGISTRATE. What is it?

LILIOM. I'd like to break Ficsur's head for him.

THE MAGISTRATE. Punishment is our office. Is there nothing else on earth you'd like to do?

LILIOM. I don't know—I guess, as long as I'm here, I'll not go back.

THE MAGISTRATE. (To the First.) Note that. He waives his right. (Liliom starts back to the bench.) Stay where you are. You are aware that you left your wife without food or shelter?

LILIOM. Yes.

THE MAGISTRATE. Don't you regret it?

LILIOM. No.

THE MAGISTRATE. You are aware that your wife is pregnant, and that in six months a child will be born?

LILIOM. I know.

THE MAGISTRATE. And that the child, too, will be without food or shelter? Do you regret that?

LILIOM. As long as I won't be there, what's it got to do with me?

THE MAGISTRATE. Don't try to deceive us, Andreas Zavocki. We see through you as through a pane of glass.

LILIOM. If you see so much, what do you want to ask me for? Why don't you let me rest—in peace?

THE MAGISTRATE. First you must earn your rest.

LILIOM. I want—only—to sleep.

THE MAGISTRATE. Your obstinacy won't help you. Here patience is endless as time. We can wait.

LILIOM. Can I ask something—I'd like to know—if Your Honor will tell me—whether the baby will be a boy or a girl.

THE MAGISTRATE. You shall see that for yourself.

LILIOM. (Excitedly.) I'll see the baby?

THE MAGISTRATE. When you do it won't be a baby any more. But we haven't reached that question yet.

LILIOM. I'll see it?

THE MAGISTRATE. Again I ask you: Do you not regret that you deserted your wife and child; that you were a bad husband, a bad father?

LILIOM. A bad husband?

THE MAGISTRATE. Yes.

LILIOM. And a bad father?

THE MAGISTRATE. That, too.

LILIOM. I couldn't get work—and I couldn't bear to see Julie—all the time—all the time—

THE MAGISTRATE. Weeping! Why are you ashamed to say it? You couldn't bear to see her weeping. Why are you afraid of that word? And why are you ashamed that you loved her?

LILIOM. (Shrugs his shoulders.) Who's ashamed? But I couldn't bear to see her—and that's why I was bad to her. You see, it wouldn't do to go back to the carousel—and Ficsur came along with his talk about—that other thing—and all of a sudden it happened, I don't know how. The police and the Jew with the pistol—and there I stood—and I'd lost the money playing cards—and I didn't want to be put in prison. (Demanding justification.) Maybe I was wrong not to go out and steal when there was nothing to eat in the house? Should I have gone out to steal for Julie?

THE MAGISTRATE. (Emphatically.) Yes.

LILIOM. (After an astounded pause.) The police down there never said that.

THE MAGISTRATE. You beat that poor, frail girl; you beat her because she loved you. How could you do that?

LILIOM. We argued with each other—she said this and I said that—and because she was right and I couldn't answer her—and I got mad—and the anger rose up in me—until it reached here (*points to his throat*) and then I beat her.

THE MAGISTRATE. Are you sorry?

LILIOM (*Shakes his head, but cannot utter the word "no"; continues softly.*) When I touched her slender throat—then—if you like—you might say—(*Falters, looks embarrassed at the Magistrate.*)

THE MAGISTRATE. (*Confidently expectant.*) Are you sorry?

LILIOM. (*With a stare.*) I'm not sorry for anything.

THE MAGISTRATE. Liliom, Liliom, it will be difficult to help you.

LILIOM. I'm not asking any help.

THE MAGISTRATE. You were offered employment as a caretaker on Arader Street. (*To the First.*) Where is that entered?

THE FIRST. In the small docket. (*Hands him the open book.* *The Magistrate looks in it.*)

THE MAGISTRATE. Rooms, kitchen, quarterly wages, the privilege of keeping poultry. Why didn't you accept it?

LILIOM. I'm not a caretaker. I'm no good at caretaking. To be a caretaker—you have to be a caretaker—

THE MAGISTRATE. If I said to you now: Liliom, go back on your stretcher. To-morrow morning you will arise alive and well again. Would you be a caretaker then?

LILIOM. No.

THE MAGISTRATE. Why not?

LILIOM. Because—because that's just why I died.

THE MAGISTRATE. That is not true, my son. You died because you loved little Julie and the child she is bearing under her heart.

LILIOM. No.

THE MAGISTRATE. Look me in the eye.

LILIOM. (*Looks him in the eye.*) No.

THE MAGISTRATE. (*Stroking his beard.*) Liliom, Liliom, if it were not for our heavenly patience— Go back to your seat. Number 16,474.

There is more of this unearthly cross-examination, at the conclusion of which Liliom is sentenced to "sixteen years in the crimson fire until your child—your daughter—is full grown"; and Liliom enters the fiery furnace with an unlighted cigaret between his lips.

The final scene is on earth sixteen years later. In a small garden Julie, her daughter, Louise, with Marie and her husband, are discovered. Their conversation reflects the happenings of the past sixteen years. Marie and her husband depart. Julie and Louise are having luncheon when Liliom and two heavenly Policemen appear, the Policemen passing slowly on. Julie mistakes Liliom for a beggar. He is strangely attracted to Louise and after questioning them he is telling the child about her father, whom, he says, he has known.

LILIOM. Yes—and he was something of a bully, too. He'd fight anyone. He even hit your dear little mother.

JULIE. That's a lie.

LILIOM. It's true.

JULIE. Aren't you ashamed to tell the child such awful things about her father? Get out of here, you shameless liar. Eats our soup and our bread and has the impudence to slander our dead!

LILIOM. I didn't mean—I—

JULIE. What right have you to tell lies to the child? Take that plate, Louise, and let him be on his way. If he wasn't such a hungry-looking beggar, I'd put him out myself. (*Louise takes the plate out of his hand.*)

LILIOM. So he didn't hit you?

JULIE. No, never. He was always good to me.

LOUISE. (*Whispers.*) Did he tell funny stories, too?

LILIOM. Yes, and such funny ones.

JULIE. Don't speak to him any more. In God's name, go.

LOUISE. In God's name. (*Julie resumes her seat at the table and eats.*)

LILIOM. If you please, Miss—I have a pack of cards in my pocket. And if you like, I'll show you some tricks that'll make you split your sides laughing. (*Louise holds Liliom's plate in her left hand. With her right she reaches out and holds the garden gate shut.*) Let me in, just a little way, Miss, and I'll do tricks for you.

LOUISE. Go, in God's name, and let us be. Why are you making those ugly faces?

LILIOM. Don't chase me away, Miss; let me come in for just a minute—just for a minute—just long enough to let me show you something pretty, something wonderful. (*Opens the gate.*) Miss, I've something to give you. (*Takes from his pocket a big red handkerchief in which is wrapped a glittering star from Heaven.* He looks furtively

about him to make sure that the police are not watching.)

LOUISE. What's that?

LILIOM. Pst! A Star! (With a gesture he indicates that he has stolen it out of the sky.)

JULIE. (Sternly.) Don't take anything from him. He's probably stolen it somewhere. (To Liliom.) In God's name, be off with you.

LOUISE. Yes, be off with you. Be off. (She slams the gate.)

LILIOM. Miss—please, Miss—I've got to do something good—or—do something good—a good deed—

LOUISE. (Pointing with her right hand.) That's the way out.

LILIOM. Miss—

LOUISE. Get out!

LILIOM. Miss! (Looks up at her suddenly and slaps her extended hand, so that the slap resounds loudly.)

LOUISE. Mother! (Looks dazedly at Liliom, who bows his head dismayed, for-

lorn. Julie rises and looks at Liliom in astonishment. There is a long pause.)

JULIE. (Comes over to them slowly.) What's the matter here?

LOUISE. (Bewildered, does not take her eyes off Liliom.) Mother—the man—he hit me—on the hand—hard—I heard the sound of it—but it didn't hurt—mother, it didnt hurt—it was like a caress—as if he had just touched my hand tenderly.

Louise is sent weeping into the house. Liliom bids Julie farewell and goes out, followed by the heavenly Policemen, who shake their heads deploringly. Louise reappears and catechizes her bewildered mother. "Is it," she asks, "possible for someone to hit you real loud and hard and not hurt you at all?" To which the widow answers: "It is possible, dear, that someone may beat you and beat you and beat you, and not hurt you at all."

PUBLIC MUSIC IN AMERICA TO-DAY IS PETTY COMMERCE?

ART, according to Georges Barrère, the distinguished flutist and leader of the Little Symphony, becomes possible only when the soul sits so lightly within the prison-house of the body that it can mistake it for a pleasure-palace. That possibility, he avers, with an eye on the Labor Unions, will transpire in America only when the soul breaks through the bonds of the eight-hour day and the forty-four-hour week and a time-and-a-half for overtime. For "the soul must be free to sit up of nights, to tear itself to shreds with the strain of mighty labors or to take its ease without reck of nine o'clock or five, or the hour off for lunch."

The artist, M. Barrère goes on to say, in *Musical America*, cannot fill what the grocers would call his job, cannot dispense honey to the crowd, until he has first "sucked at every blossom by the roadside. True, some of the blossoms will be empty or will hold something more bitter than emptiness. But even the prudent business man, in his own realm, does not expect to see the big plums fall into the hands of him who always plays safe. In

America to-day, music is a business, not 'big business,' with a feverish charm of its own, but petty commerce. Art in America is like a beautiful woman with all her lovers faithless. She needs a knight or two to strike a bold blow for her!"

Taking up his lance in behalf of a national conservatory, M. Barrère argues that even if one were established and became permeated with graft, it would not be much worse than some of the practices that are to be condemned in our present "commercial" conservatories. Declaring that a teacher should always and foremost look for personality in a pupil, even tho it might not manifest itself pleasantly, the leader of the Little Symphony can think of nothing much worse than a remark recently made by a conservatory official: "Musical instinct? But that is something with which we don't deal, something which we can't take into consideration." In France, he reminds us by way of contrast, the Conservatoire is free to all who can prove their ability. And those who can't pass the tests as students are often allowed to attend the lessons as listeners and so

gradually break themselves to the technical requirements which it seems necessary to insist on in regular students. Restrictions are always necessary, but restrictions need not involve exclusion or annihilation for some, as it has always done so far in America. The worst feature about the Conservatoire, in his expressed opinion, is the large number of private pupils which some of the teachers take, obviously for the sake of the fee. American art-patrons could improve on this example by emulating the Hindu monarchs who in the classical age of Hindu art assured their artists and architects of all facilities for their work and for teaching, with the sole proviso that they should take no money for their labors.

What M. Barrère, along with others, really desires for America artistically is a change of soul rather than the establishment of a national conservatory or any specific institutions. But, he questions,

"may not that change of soul be effected just through the cumulative effect of several specific efforts, which in themselves may be obviously flawed? Not to-day, but in fifty-years' time something worth seeing should come out of these efforts. Why should the American public pay huge sums to hear some European whose chief claim to attention is a name that sounds like a disease? America is full of talent of her own."

In this connection, we are told that each of the Little Symphony programs contains at least one American work. And in the field of his own specialty, the flute, this French leader and composer finds that Americans have made excellent contributions. As president of the recently formed New York Flute Club, he hopes for the education of amateurs of the instrument to higher standards and particularly for the publication of a better type of flute music.

WHITMAN AND FREE-VERSIFIERS A CHALLENGE TO COMPOSERS

IT takes a long time and patient practice for even a versatile composer to swing musical phrases in accord with free verse, says T. Carl Whitmer, in *Musical America*, adding that the laws of music are not responsible for the difficulty. The length of lines, their regularity or lack of it, their inclusion of new words, many of which are not considered singable, their mention of facts in nature not considered poetical, their lack of old-fashioned, steady climax - development, their impressionistic sketchiness — these have proven a stumbling-block to numerous composers of the older persuasion. Composers, in essaying the verse of Walt Whitman, have to consider, besides these difficulties, the attitude of singers who are proverbially slow to take up new metrical problems, new questions of making certain syllables effective and easy of production on, say, high notes. The warblers vocalize comfortably on high *ahs* and *ohs* and hate quite cordially most other sounds.

The strictly musical references in Whit-

man are declared to be displeasing to most musicians because they are more concerned with intellectual emotion than with any particular quality of music. As an instance, his verse, "The pure contralto sings in the organ loft," is followed at once by "the carpenter dresses his plank," which reveals his habit of placing music next to labor of a prosaic kind. And altho he speaks of the violoncello as "the young man's heart's complaint," and the "key'd cornet" as "shaking mad-sweet pangs through my belly and breast," and says later that "the orchestra whirls me wider than Uranus flies; it wrenches such ardors from me, I did not know I possessed them. It assails me . . . I am exposed, cut by bitter and angry hail . . . I lose my breath, steep'd amid honey'd morphine . . ." the same man could be "pleased with the tune of the choir of the whitewashed church." The real Whitman, thinks this writer, enjoys most fully the "fierce French liberty songs, the Virginia plantation chorus of negroes, the strong

baritone of the big longshoreman of Man-nahata." And he enjoys seeing "the younger men dance to the sound of the banjo and fiddle, the music falling in where it is wanted and stopping where it is not wanted."

Whitman says, too, that "the singers do not beget—only the Poet begets; the singers are welcomed, understood, appear often enough, but rare has the day been, likewise the spot, of the birth of the maker of poems." What Whitman desires most is that "the song sing instead of the singer," and that, to the writer in *Musical America*, is fundamentally good taste. Yet Whitman, who loves the use of words, says about the "tongues of violins" that they "tell this heart that which it cannot tell itself," another confession that our music can manage something that his biblical verse just stops short of doing.

Now and then the "good, gray poet" does specify certain musical works, but he is not so convincing then. For example, he refers to the operas "Norma," "Lucia," "Ernani," "William Tell," "Huguenots," "Prophet," "Robert," "Faust," "Don Juan." But these references, as T. Carl Whitmer points out, are at once followed by what old Walt considers the real music of life, "the dance music of all nations, the waltz, the bolero, to tinkling guitars and clattering castanets."

The list of composers who have been at work on the Whitman poetry is limited to some two dozen, only a few of whom are well known and most of their compositions unpublished. This is cited as another indication that it takes a long while for "successful" writers to use poems that are original in several rugged qualities at once. Nevertheless, "Whitman sung will give to audiences broad, sweeping gestures of love and life that will make the concert-room the birthplace of a noble art instead of an enfeebled one, the latter pretty surely indicated in recent years by the great number of effeminate compositions used in recitals. Genuine sentiment must chase out our detestable batch of sentimental songs. My experience with the music of the people and for the people shows me that what they want in songs is what the reporters call 'things with heart interest.' If they can get this only in the form of cheap music, they will absorb it in that way. If it be given them in good music, well presented, they will take it in that way. In reality, people do not generally bother much about whether music be good if it has the elements of life experience in it, or of what they would like to experience. Whitman and the recent poets of life-as-it-is express all that the great and small lovers in the world are anxious to know and feel."

GERMAN FILM COMPETITION

A PROTECTIVE tariff against German film competition is already being sought by American producers, and their desire for such protection is called stupidity by such critics as Kenneth Macgowan, of the New York *Globe*, who maintains that no motion-picture monopoly is possible because "the movies are an art—whatever their producers try to make them," and because "Germany is in a favorable position to break such a monopoly." German film producers, he points out, have had the great advantage over American film producers of building on the experience and methods of a far better theater than ours. They have been

able to go for aid to a theater which had:

1. Much better trained actors, men and women of technical command and originality of expression.

2. Better directors, men with a grasp of the artistic principles of ensemble and the stage picture, men who do not run in little ruts and slavishly imitate popular successes.

3. Better artists and, therefore, more dramatic and more beautiful atmosphere in costumes, settings and lights. To-day the American stage is just beginning to do what dozens of dramatic directors and scenic artists were doing in Germany ten years ago.

ZIONISM AS "THE MOST STUPENDOUS FALLACY IN JEWISH HISTORY"

THE roseate hopes of Jews who looked for a new heaven and a new earth, following the Balfour Declaration of the British Government four years ago, are not being fulfilled. Zionism not only moves slowly, but is being torn by internal dissension, while Jewry as a whole is divided, as it has always been, in its attitude toward the proposed "national home." The initial English sympathy with Zionism seems to be diminishing, and a recent statement made in the House of Commons by Winston Churchill, British Colonial Secretary, throws cold water on the entire project. In America, the Zionist Organization is split as a result of a conflict precipitated by the visit of Dr. Chaim Weizmann, head of the World Zionist Organization. Handling of money and the management of the "Keren Hayesod" (Palestine Foundation Fund) are the questions at issue. Judge Mack, President of the American branch, Justice Brandeis, Rabbi Wise and others have resigned their offices rather than bow to the dictates of the World Zionist Organization.

All this gives special timeliness to a powerful article in the *World's Work*, in which Henry Morgenthau, former American Ambassador to Turkey, attacks Zionism as "the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history," and goes on to assert that "it is wrong in principle and impossible of realization"; that "it is unsound in its economics, fantastical in its politics, and sterile in its spiritual ideals." Mr. Morgenthau should know whereof he speaks. Himself a German Jew by birth, he has lived for fifty-five years in America and has traveled from coast to coast in behalf of Jewish causes. As Ambassador to Turkey and as the head of President Wilson's Commission sent to investigate the alleged pogroms of the Jews of Poland in 1919, he has come into intimate contact with Jews of every country and of every class. "I speak as a Jew," he writes; "I speak with fullest sympathy

for the Jew everywhere. I have seen him in his poverty—despised, hated, spat upon, beaten, murdered. My blood boils with his at the thought of the indignities and outrages to which he is subjected. I, too, would find for him, for me, the way out of this morass of poverty, hatred, political inequality, and social discrimination."

But is Zionism that way? Mr. Morgenthau asserts emphatically that it is not. He denies it "not merely from an intellectual recoil from the fallacy of its reasoning," but from the experiences of life "as a seeker after religious truth, as a practical business man, as an active participant in politics, as one who has had experience in international affairs, and as a Jew who has at heart the best interests of his coreligionists."

Taking up, first of all, the actual status of Zionism at the present time, Mr. Morgenthau points out that the British Government, in the Balfour Declaration, is very cautious—much more cautious than many Zionists seem to realize. He has been astonished to find that such an intelligent body of American Jews as the Central Conference of American Rabbis should have fallen into a grievous misunderstanding of the purport of the Balfour Declaration. In a resolution adopted by them, they assert that the declaration says: "Palestine is to be a national homeland for the Jewish people." On this Mr. Morgenthau comments: "Not at all! The actual words of the declaration (I quote from the official text) are: 'His Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people.' These two phrases sound alike, but they are really very different." Mr. Morgenthau illustrates the point by stating that a man might state with truth that his home is in a hotel, but that he could not say that the hotel is his home.

Mr. Morgenthau proceeds to examine the pretensions of Zionism from three essential angles: Is it an economic fal-

lacy? Is it a political fantasy? Is it a spiritual will-o'-the-wisp? In answering the first question, he says:

"I assert positively that it is impossible. Zionists have been working for thirty years with fanatical zeal, and backed by millions of money from philanthropic Jews of great wealth in France, England, Germany and America, and the total result of their operations, at the outbreak of the World War, was the movement of ten thousand Jews from other lands to the soil of Palestine. In the same period, a million and a half Jews have migrated to America.

"The truth is that Palestine cannot support a large population in prosperity. It has a lean and niggard soil. It is a land of rocky hills, upon which, for many centuries, a hardy people have survived only with difficulty by cultivating a few patches of soil here and there, with the olive, the fig, citrus fruits, and the grape; or have barely sustained their flocks upon the sparse native vegetation. The streams are few and small, entirely insufficient for the great irrigation systems that would be necessary for the general cultivation of the land. The underground sources of water can only be developed at a prodigious capital expense. There are thirteen million Jews in the world; the Zionist organization itself only claims for Palestine a maximum possible population of 5 millions. Even this claim is on the face of it an extravagant overestimate. After careful study on the spot in Palestine, I prophesy that it will not support more than one million additional inhabitants."

When he comes to a consideration of the political aspects of Zionism, Mr. Morgenthau is equally devastating. The present British mandate over Palestine, he points out, is a recognition by the great powers of the world of the supreme political interest of Great Britain in that region. It was no mere accident that a British army captured Jerusalem from the Turks in the late war. The life-and-death importance of the Suez Canal to the integrity of the British Empire has for more than half a century made the destiny of Palestine as well as of Egypt a vital concern of British statesmanship. Now it may be politic for the British, Mr. Morgenthau concedes, to coddle for the moment the aspirations of a numerically negligible race like the Jews. But "the

notion that Great Britain would for one instant allow any form of government in Palestine, under any name whatever, that was not, in fact, an appanage of the British Crown and subservient to the paramount interests of British world policy, is too fantastical for serious refutation." Mr. Morgenthau continues:

"I have just said that it may be politic for the British Government to coddle the aspirations of the Jews. There are, however, profound reasons why this coddling will not take the form of granting to them even the name and surface appearance of a sovereign government ruling Palestine. In the first place, Britain's hold upon India is by no means so secure that the Imperial Government at London can afford to trifle with the fanatical sensibilities of the millions of Mohammedans in its Indian possessions. Remember that Palestine is as much the Holy Land of the Mohammedan as it is the Holy Land of the Jew or the Holy Land of the Christian. His shrines cluster there as thickly. They are to him as sacredly endeared. In 1914 I visited the famous caves of Macpelah, twenty miles from Jerusalem, and I shall never forget the mutterings of discontent that murmured in my ears, nor the threatening looks that confronted my eyes, from the lips and faces of the devout Mohammedans whom I there encountered. For these authentic tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are as sacred to them, because they are saints of Islam, as they are to the most orthodox of my fellow Jews, whose direct ancestors they are, not only in the spiritual but in the actual physical sense. To these Mohammedans, my presence at the tombs of my ancestors was as much a profanation of a Mohammedan Holy Place as if I had laid sacrilegious hands upon the sacred relics in the mosque at Mecca. To imagine that the British Government will sanction a scheme for a political control of Palestine which would place in the hands of the Jews the physical guardianship of these shrines of Islam is to imagine something very foreign to the practical political sense of the most politically practical race on earth. They know too well how deeply they would offend their myriad Mohammedan subjects to the East.

"Exactly the same political issue of religious fanaticism applies to the question of Christian sensibilities. Anyone who has seen, as in 1914 I saw at Eastertide, the tens of thousands of devout Roman Catholics from



JUDAH IN CAPTIVITY

Saphier's picture of Zedekiah, King of Judah, overtaken by the fate that Jeremiah prophesied.

Poland, Italy and Spain, and the other tens of thousands of devout Greek Catholics from Russia and the East, who yearly frequent the shrines of Christianity in Palestine and who thus consummate a lifetime of devotion by a pilgrimage undertaken at, to them, staggering expense and physical privation; and who has observed, as I have observed, the suppressed hatred of them all for both the Jew and the Mussulman; and who has noted, further, the bitter jealousies between even Protestant and Catholic, between Greek Catholic and Roman—such an observer, I say, can entertain no illusions that the placing of these sacred shrines of Christian tradition in the hands of the Jews would be tolerated."

Is Zionism a spiritual will-o'-the-wisp? Mr. Morgenthau asserts, with all the vigor of his conviction, that it is. His answer is the positive one that the solution has already been discovered—the way out has been found. He refers to the path that the intelligent Jew has blazed in the greatest countries of the world—in England, in France, in Italy, above all, in America:

"This article will be read chiefly by Americans; such influence as it may wield will be particularly upon American minds. Need I elaborate the argument in its American setting? The facts lie upon the surface for the dullest eyes to see them. Nowhere in the world has so glorious an opportunity been offered to the Jew. Generous America has thrown wide the doors of opportunity to him. The Jew possesses no talents of the mind or spirit that cannot find here a free field for its most complete expression.

"Does he seek political office? Jews in this country have been or are members of every legislature, including the Senate of the United States; ambassadors representing the person of the President at foreign courts; officers of the judiciary in every grade from justice of the peace to justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Does he seek freedom of conscience? He may freely choose his mode of worship, from the strictest of orthodox tabernacles to the most liberal of free synagogues.

"Does he seek a field for business talent? The evidence of opportunity in this direction is so overwhelming that it need not here be wearily recapitulated. . . .

"The enlightened Jews of America have found the true road to Zion."

All this is bitterly resented in Jewish papers committed to the Zionist cause. The *Jewish Tribune* (New York) denies Mr. Morgenthau any leadership in Jewry; calls him "a successful real estate speculator" who "happened to be an ambassador to Turkey"; and goes on to say:

"His article is composed of a repetition of long-explored arguments used by anti-Zionists of all times, hence need no new refutations. Yet the fallacy of Morgenthau's supposed logic will be utterly destroyed by the following undeniable facts:

"Zionism had the outspoken sympathy of the late Theodore Roosevelt and the approval of ex-Presidents Taft and Wilson, of President Harding and also of many other well-known American non-Jews. Justice Brandeis, of the United States Supreme Court, Judge Julian Mack and many other American-born

Jews, whose patriotism no one dares to question, are ardent Zionists. And we dare Morgenthau to claim himself of better judgment than the named flower of American citizenry.

"The Americanized Jews, coming from any part of Europe, will not repeat the senseless slogan accepted by some weak heads: 'America is our Zion and Washington our Jerusa-

lem.' To these Russian and Polish Jews America is America and Zion is as much Zion as Washington is Washington and Jerusalem is Jerusalem. These not not prove their patriotism in senseless slogans, nor do they proclaim it by shouting from the rooftops. Their patriotism is expressed in their valor on the Marne, etc., and their quick responses to every demand of their country."

SAPHIER'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE BOOK OF JEREMIAH

FIFTEEN full-page drawings made by William Saphier as illustrations for a new edition of the Book of Jeremiah are attracting attention. The book is published by Nicholas L. Brown, of New York. The artist is a young Roumanian, who works as a machinist for a living and who makes stories and poems as well as pictures. There is something complex about Mr. Saphier. He carries within himself the conflicts of Judaism. In his writing he is a modernist of modernists, a contributor to *Others* and to the *Little Review*. His drawings, too, are entirely modern in technique. But, in his new illustrations, he shows that his soul is still fed by the ancient verities. He has saturated himself in the Old Testament.

Few books in the Bible can equal the "Book of Jeremiah" in poetic power and majesty. The bold prophet, who stood out against the enervating tendencies of his age, only to gain imprisonment and the hatred of party and faction, is one of the great tragic figures in literature. For forty years he issued warning after warning, but the ears of his people were deaf. He alone foresaw the approaching doom of the kingdom and the impending disaster. For those that can see below the

surface there is a lesson, too, in this noble book of the Old Testament for the modern world, where thrones have tumbled like houses of cards and nations have risen and fallen in rapid succession.

Something of all this is finely conveyed in the new drawings of William Saphier.



JEREMIAH AND HIS YOKE

The Old-Testament prophet is shown here, in a striking design by William Saphier, wearing the "bonds and bars" which symbolize the captivity of his people.

DR. CRAM PREACHES A "GOTHIC REVIVAL" IN AMERICA

THE distinguished Boston architect, Ralph Adams Cram, has entered the lists against American ugliness. In an address delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa, he calls us all, with the fervor of a prophet, to a new enthusiasm in behalf of beauty. He is thinking of spiritual, as well as artistic, beauty. His faith is staked on what he calls the Gothic Revival. "It is no less than Christian civilization," he says, "that we have to restore, and we may find one road to our goal by the way of a Christianized art."

Dr. Cram has preached a similar gospel for many years, and he feels his conviction strengthened by the war and its aftermath. There is nothing small about his thinking. He reckons time not in years, nor in decades, but in centuries. His theory is that cycles of history have to run themselves out before a change for the better is possible.

According to his view, the world at large—not only America—has been going down-hill, esthetically speaking, for upward of four hundred years. The present situation he describes as follows:

"In both the material and the psychological spheres ugliness rules. The city of industrialism, the decadent and vulgarized village, the metropolis of commerce and finance; the means of locomotion and transportation, the music and drama and literature and architecture of the multitude, the newspapers and the advertizing, the very clothes and customs of society are conceived not only without reference to beauty, but in terms that are its antithesis and its destruction. From the greater part of the multifarious religions and philosophies of the day beauty has long since departed; government knows it not, but functions in drab selfishness and venality at the worst, while industrialism, with the trade and finance that are its concomitants, has so utterly destroyed the beauty that inheres in human relationship that at last overt warfare has taken the place of the hundred years' sullen but covert enmity, in the hopeless effort to solve problems that on this plane are unsolvable."

The medieval era, it seems, is the one from which we have all so grievously fallen. Dr. Cram insists on "the fundamental differentiation between the art of the world as it was from the Christian era to the year 1500, and as it has been since that ominous year." He would call us back to "that communal, instinctive, universal art of which the magical years 1000 A. D. to 1500 A. D. give the fullest and most perfect expression." There is something definite, he says, on which one can put one's finger as the greatest synthesis of beauty ever made operative through art, and he tells us what it is:

"It was a Gothic cathedral of the 13th century during a Pontifical High Mass, and somewhere about the middle of the 14th century in England, or the 15th century in France. Every art raised to its highest point was here brought into play in one place and associated in absolute union with the greatest beauty of thought, emotion and action that have ever been the possession of fallen man. Painting, sculpture, and a score of exquisite minor arts, as those of glass, needlework and enamel, with the crafts of the goldsmith, the wood-carver and the bell-founder, were here coordinated through the supreme power of the master art of architecture in a unity that was almost divine in its perfection. To this unity entered other arts that they might breathe into it the breath of life: music first of all, and poetry and the drama through the sublime liturgies and ceremonial that had grown up through a thousand years of striving and aspiration and the revelations that are their boon and reward. And all were for the exposition and realization of the supreme beauty of spiritual things; the durable love of God for His children through the Sacrifice of Calvary, eternally renewed upon the altar, and the veritable presence of His Spirit through the miracle of the Mass.

"Truly here was all the beauty man may ever know on earth, knit up into perfect unity, and all the art man can achieve used to its highest end and with a poignancy that may never be excelled. Beauty has become life, life beauty, and art the common possession, the common expression, of all the people, and a divine force incomparable."

This is the standard. To this or to something like it we must return. Dr. Cram pays his tribute to Pusey, Pugin, Turner, Ruskin, Arnold, Morris and others of the nineteenth-century leaders of the Gothic Revival. Then he says: "As the sense of inadequacy, if not of failure, in Modernism has worked itself more and more into our consciousness, we have come to know something of what the word 'Gothic' implies, and to desire it again because of its significance and not by reason of its outward and historical forms. Something is, of course, preserved of the outer forms, for in the first place it is necessary through these to restore the broken sense of continuity, and to stimulate that 'elder memory' which answers to these visible agencies; and in the second place because the power went out of us, when it went out of our society, to create a vital art as did our less highly-trained and highly-civilized forbears. Through these forms spirit is showing itself, and very slowly new forms are being evolved."

The Gothic impulse in architecture, Dr. Cram asserts, is not a fad of archeological fancy galvanized by the sheer nervousness of a jaded fashion impulse, like the flair for "mission" furniture or crinoline. "It is the result of a spirit working hideously in men and in society." He continues:

"Gothic is not a passing phase of the building art already completed and dead; it is the voicing of an eternal spirit in man, that may now and then withdraw into silence, but must reappear with power when, after long disuse, the energy emerges again. Gothic is the fully developed expression of Christianity, but it is even more the manifestation of Christianity applied to life, that is to say, Christian civilization.

"We are not to forget that the word means more than a dogmatic theology and a form of religious faith: it means a philosophy, a



HE ADVOCATES A RETURN TO MEDIEVALISM
Dr. Ralph Adams Cram is trying to persuade us that life between the years 1000 and 1050 was more nearly right than at any time before or since.

social organism, a polity, an industrial system and a way of life. When it means this it is crescent and compelling, when it means less it is decadent and not in accordance with the will of God."

Dr. Cram speaks of "the return to medievalism," manifested in religion, philosophy and the arts, especially architecture, as the most significant happening of modern times and a reliable prophecy of the future. "It is," he assures us, "the Counter-Renaissance in simple fact, the first stirrings of what will have ultimate issue in the rejection of the new paganism and a restoration of the Christian polity." He adds:

"As a result of recent revelations, we know both the need and the significance of a thing that once seemed whimsical and episodic, and again we take up the smoking torch, cast down in weariness and failure. It is no less than Christian civilization we have to restore, and we may find one road to our goal

by the way of a Christianized art that leads us to beauty, that in its turn serves as one of the channels of the grace of God.

"So there is no unreason in our effort to build Gothic churches to-day, for this particular art we try to recover is the title-deed to our inheritance. Every stone that we cut and lay, however clumsily and by inadequate modern methods, is so much added to the new fabric of a restored civilization. It is not the pandering to an ephemeral fashion, but the proclamation of a creed, 'I believe'; no longer the 'I deny' of a doubtful faith."

All of which has led to spirited discussion in the Boston *Transcript*, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the New York *Tribune*, and other papers. The last-named paper thinks that, in spite of despairing critics, "there never was a time when it would be possible to demonstrate the beauty of so many lives"; while the Brooklyn *Eagle* quotes against Dr. Cram an article lately contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* by William Archer. It is Mr. Archer's view that "New York is by far the most magnificent and marvelous city in the whole world—a wonder to the eye and an incomparable stimulus to the imagination." He says: "Business has put off its grime and has housed itself in the blue spaces of the sky. And we make it our foolish pride that we are earth-bound, and boast of our determined propinquity to the gutter. The American elevator exhilaratingly elevates; the British lift laboriously lifts"; and again: "They (the American elevators) are to the crawling, doddering British lift as a race-horse to a pack-mule." He continues:

"In every type of building America leads the world. The finest railway stations in Europe, Frankfort, Cologne and the Paris Gare d'Orléans, are paltry in comparison with those vast palaces of marble and of travertin, the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central termini. . . . The Library of Congress and the public libraries of New York and Boston are stately and splendid beyond comparison. . . . In domestic architecture, again, America easily holds first place."

This and the judgments of other foreign critics is "the judgment of posterity," the *Eagle* says. If America has no Middle-Age cathedrals, the same paper comments,

it is because she never had any Middle Ages. But "she is not ignoring beauty in architecture":

"Mental ugliness, intellectual dishonesty, is no more in evidence here than in other civilized lands. Moral ugliness is less in evidence. As to spiritual ugliness, we are groping with the rest of the world for the vision that will banish it. But a nation that is to-day scorning spoils from a world war in which its services changed the result, a nation that can look back on the return of the Boxer indemnities to China, on the voluntary payments made to Spain in settling Philippines' affairs, on the return to Spain at the victor's expense of 125,000 Spanish troops in Cuba, can confront the record without shame and the future without apprehension. American ideals are vastly more significant than American architecture."

The Boston *Transcript*, in a more sympathetic critique of Dr. Cram's address, finds the meat of his argument in his protest against "the failure of the ordinary thing to be beautiful—the sin of the many against the light of beauty that is held up to them by a few." It says further:

"Main Street, whether it be in Massachusetts or Minnesota, is always hideous. It has been built without the slightest care for a beautiful result. It is not even good utility, which is but another word for beauty. Main Street has a square, staring and jagged false front; its cornices are of zinc or tin, its battlements are of second-run spruce, its 'styles' are higgledy-piggledy. Does a new village arise on the plain? It is a row of shacks. And, alas! the physical ugliness is, and can be, naught but a reflection of a predominant mental ugliness.

"And all the time, somehow, we are striving. Out of the dead-level of a national ugliness apostles of beauty are continually arising. They achieve noble results, but somehow Main Streets keep on building. In spite of Woolworth Buildings, lovely churches and the Boston Public Library, the general level remains back where it was. If in a nation of Calibans every hundredth man were nevertheless an Apollo, the nation would still be ugly. If we understand Mr. Cram's gospel aright, it is his hope and purpose sometime to raise the general level, propagating beauty not merely by an occasional illustrious example, but by a universal apprehension of its meaning and its inspiration."

WELLS REPLIES TO THE CRITICS OF HIS HISTORY

INTELLECTUAL humility and a certain playfulness are outstanding features of a lengthy article in the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Yale Review* in which H. G. Wells sets out to demolish some of the critics of his "Outline of History." He is pleased that the book has already found over 200,000 purchasers and is being translated and published in several foreign languages, but he is not unduly elated. He has never laid claim to infallibility. He is more than ready to correct mistakes if he finds he has made them. The writing of history, as Wells understands it, is a difficult job, and continuous. There were errors, of course, in the first edition of the "Outline." These have been eliminated. There are doubtless a number of errors left. These will be eliminated as fast as they are discovered. "In three or four years' time," says Mr. Wells, "it will be possible to make a fresh issue in parts, and this again will be followed up by what will be a real fourth edition." By that time the amount of slips and errors will probably be reduced to very slight proportions indeed."

The "Outline," Wells admits, owes much to its critics. He is inclined to agree with those who tell him that he has devoted too little space to Lincoln and to Mazzini. He thinks it a valid criticism from a Chinese reader that the history of China is far too brief in comparison with the history of the western world. Certain clumsinesses of construction, he tells us, will be corrected: the account of the Aryan-speaking peoples comes too early for perfect lucidity; and the account of the rise of the Dutch republic will be put in its proper chronological order before the account of the English commonwealth. One chapter, on the changes in the world's climate, may perhaps be omitted as too heavy for the general reader. The application of the results of psycho-analysis to history deserves attention. Perhaps, too, the next year or so may supply material that will qualify the account of the

negotiations and temporary settlements of the Paris Conference. These, Mr. Wells declares, are the chief changes probable; the larger part of the "Outline," its main masses and dominant lines, will stand just as it did in the first published parts.

Mr. Wells is not much concerned with Irish critics who complain that Ireland is not represented as a dominant force in the European civilization of the early Middle Ages, nor with Marxists who have detected divergencies from the teachings of "Marx (Engels), the First and the Last and the Only, the Wisdom of the Ages and the Source of all Light." He thinks that the national consciousness of Ireland is too tragically inflamed to tolerate any drawing of Irish history to the scale of the world's affairs, and he objects to an attitude in Marxists which makes Marx the criterion not only of truth, but of moral intention. On the suggestion that the "Outline" could have been told as a history of art, Wells makes the comment: "I can only imagine a history of art being written *after* the 'Outline' as I conceive it has been apprehended." The great bulk of the article deals with criticisms published by a classical scholar, A. W. Gomme, and by Hilaire Belloc and Dr. Downey on behalf of Roman Catholicism.

Mr. Gomme is a teacher of Greek in the University of Glasgow. He has published a pamphlet, entitled "Mr. Wells as a Historian." The feud which finds expression in it is of much older origin, Wells informs us, than the publication of the "Outline of History." Thirty years and more have passed since Wells attacked "the imposture of the Greek teaching" in English schools.

It is evidently unnecessary, Mr. Wells remarks sarcastically, for a classical scholar to read either the beginning or the end of the work with which he deals. It is not necessary to comprehend its aim and scope. "He just takes up the part dealing with his classical knowledge—

which is indeed the only knowledge that matters—and looks for mistakes or, what are really worse than mistakes, things he does not understand and opinions he does not share. And then he writes 'Indeed!' or repeats a sentence with a note of interrogation and a grand air of refutation."

This method has made Mr. Gomme, Wells complains, one of the most unteachable readers that the "Outline" has had. Taking up, for instance, the statement that the Roman Empire, at the height of its power, "united most of the known world," Mr. Wells asserts that he has been at particular pains in the "Outline" to dispel "this preposterous idea, so misleading and now so dangerous to Europeans." Then he says:

"Mr. Gomme scores, I will admit, upon two points which shall be set right in the next edition: one is that by carelessness of phrasing I seem to lay too much stress upon the importance and size of Athens in my Greek chapter—I do not note the scale of such cities as Corinth and Syracuse, nor do proper justice to the philosophical and artistic contributions of Magna Græcia and the Greek cities of Asia to the Greek *ensemble*—it is really little more than a laxity of wording; and the other is that there is an inaccurate historical generalization about the opposite shores of the Mediterranean inserted in the opening of the account of the Punic wars. That generalization I did not make; it was written upon my galley proofs by a friend, and I let it pass; I did not properly examine its implications. There, at any rate, I profit by Mr. Gomme. The rest of his criticisms consist chiefly of a string of remarks round and about Homer, a display of ignorance about ethnology . . . and a discussion of the meaning of democracy which is so entirely incoherent that no human being could deal with it, anyhow."

Passing on to consider the objections made to his history by Roman Catholic critics, Mr. Wells expresses, parenthetically, his own objection to the manner of Hilaire Belloc. "I am a journalist," he remarks, "and writer of books, some novels, some books on public questions. I am a university graduate of respectability rather than distinction in biological science. Mr. Belloc is a journalist and writer

of books, some novels, some books on public questions, and a university graduate of respectability rather than distinction—I believe, in modern history. He is a younger man than myself, and by that measure less experienced in life and affairs. But for some unfathomable reason he writes as if he were a monstrously wise old historian and I were a bright little boy who had gone to the wrong authorities instead of coming to him before I wrote my little essay. He is lucky not to have adopted this attitude towards me thirty years ago, because then I should have put him across my knee and established a truer relationship in the simple way boys have."

In more serious vein, Mr. Wells deals with the three fundamental and "acutely interesting" issues raised by Dr. Downey—the historical fall of man, the origin of religion, and the rôle of the Roman Catholic Church in restraining knowledge. He states clearly his conviction that "there is no evidence of anything in the nature of a moral fall, such as Catholic theology requires, in human history." He urges the importance of ancestor worship ("fear and worship of the Old Man") as a factor in the complete synthesis of religion. He goes on to speak of his attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church in this passage:

"I look to the Catholic Church as an organization logically obliged to teach the universal brotherhood of mankind, to apply the healing parable of the Good Samaritan to political and social life, and to discourage the vile nationalism that at present darkens and embitters so many human lives. It impresses me as being rather a weak and negligent teacher of these things nowadays, but I have no disposition to go into blank antagonism to the Church on that account. I offer Catholics the 'Outline of History' for use in their schools in the most amiable spirit. If they will not have it, I will not grieve, if only they will produce a universal history of their own. I shall certainly read such a history with interest and delight. It will be different. Catholics, I gather, do not believe in 'progress.' It will be, I presume, a history of the creation (explaining logically why the ichthyosaurus was made), the salvation, and the subsequent stagnation of mankind."

Many of the criticisms of Wells' history proceed from a misunderstanding of his purpose. His vision of history, in his own words, is "essentially one of mental synthesis and material cooperation, from the completely isolated individual life and death of the primordial anima, to the continuing mental life and the social organization, now growing to planetary dimensions, of the human species." He hopes that in a very little while, with incalculably great benefit to mankind, we would have the broad facts of human history taught, as chemistry is taught to-day, in practically the same forms throughout Europe.

Mr. Wells does not see as yet the kind of teachers that he wants to see, but he says that "such master teachers may be appearing in the United States of America or in some foreign country":

"The British universities have no philosophy of education and hardly any idea of an educational duty to the community as a whole. At the Reformation they became, and they have remained to this day, meanly and timidly aristocratic in spirit. The typical British university don has little of the spirit that would tolerate and help these master teachers we need. He would not suffer them; he would be jealous of them and spiteful towards them. Such master teachers may be appearing in the United States of America or in some foreign country; in America, for example, such teachers of history as Professors Breasted, James Harvey Robinson and Hutton Webster seem to be doing interpretative work in history of a very original and useful type. Given a class of such educational scholars able to sustain an intelligent criticism and to cooperate generously and intelligently, one can imagine the kind of Outline of History that would be possible: simple, clear, accurate, without fussy pedantries, and beautifully proportioned and right. But that class does not exist, and that perfect Outline is at present impossible. So far from

sneering at the writer's brief year or so of special reading and at such superficialities and inadequacies as the 'Outline of History' may betray (and does betray), it would rather become the teacher of history to realize how much better it is than anything the teaching organization of which he is a part deserved. It is not that the writer has stepped into the field of popular history teaching and done something impertinently and roughly that would otherwise have been done well. It is that he has stepped in and done something urgently necessary that would not otherwise have been done at all. . . .

"The 'Outline of History' may presently be superseded by some better Outline. But the writer has taken no risks in that matter; if no other and better Outline appears, his 'Outline' will go on being revised and republished. Its critics may rest assured that nothing but a better Outline will end its career."



HE WOULD LIKE TO SPANK ONE OF HIS CRITICS
Mr. Wells objects to the mental attitude of Hilaire Belloc, and says: "He is lucky not to have adopted this attitude towards me thirty years ago, because then I should have put him across my knee and established a truer relationship in the simple way boys have."

IS THERE A REVOLT OF MODERN CULTURE AGAINST THE CHURCHES?

RELIGION may be dominant in the world at any given time, but heresy, like a shadow, ever accompanies it. In a new "Biographical Dictionary of Modern Rationalists," edited by Joseph McCabe and published in London by Watts & Company, we find the names of nearly 3,000 men and women described as "the élite of the heretics of modern times." The work is said to have occupied its editor for three years and to have involved the consultation of at least 20,000 books in many tongues. It raises the question that stands at the head of this article, and gives, according to Mr. McCabe, an affirmative answer. "In the ethical sense," he says, "many of the men and women included here have retained to the end an appreciation of Christ and Christianity. . . . But the revolt, intellectual and emotional, against the creeds is seen to be overwhelming in the world of higher culture. . . . It is a new *Götterdämmerung*."

The dictionary starts with the martyrdom of Giordano Bruno in 1600. It characterizes Voltaire as "immeasurably the greatest Rationalist who ever lived," and mentions among his spiritual descendants Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll. It includes three monarchs and twenty Presidents of Republics (among them Jefferson and Lincoln), scores of eminent statesmen, inventors like Stephenson and Watt and Edison, philanthropists like Lick and Girard, Rhodes and Carnegie, educators like Froebel and Pestalozzi. Deists, Theists, Pantheists, Positivists, Secularists, Agnostics, Ethical Culturists, a few definite Atheists, and a few of other beliefs or disbeliefs are represented. "No uniformity of opinions," Mr. McCabe tells us, "must be sought in the thousands of men and women of cultural distinction who are here included in a common category. The one link is that they uphold the right of reason against the authority of church or tradition; they discard the idea of revelation as a source of truth, and they deny the authority of a church or a creed

or tradition to confine the individual judgment."

Let us glance at a few more of the outstanding figures listed by Mr. McCabe. There are Spinoza, Kant, Spencer and Nietzsche among the philosophers, and Darwin and Huxley among the scientists. Goethe appears here, also Matthew Arnold and Sir Leslie Stephen. Among the novelists are named George Eliot and Mark Twain; among the poets, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Swinburne and Whitman. Beethoven and Wagner are claimed. So is Rodin. The "Rationalism" of Ruskin and Tolstoy, of Emerson and Carlyle, of James and Bergson, may be disputed, but all have been rebels against the orthodoxy of their times. A list of living Rationalists mentioned would include George Brandes and Anatole France, and three out of the four most widely-read of English writers—Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw.

The array is formidable, and while it may or may not establish the truth of Mr. McCabe's contention that modern culture is in revolt against the churches, it has led to interesting comment on both sides of the Atlantic. In the mind of J. M. Robertson, who discusses the dictionary in the London Rationalist monthly, the *Literary Guide*, there is no doubt that Mr. McCabe has proved his case. He says:

"In his place, I think, I could not have resisted the temptation to include Shakespeare, whose virtual and general Rationalism is so apparent to such a historian as John Richard Green, and, indeed, so unmistakably hinted in Prospero's reverie, and Hamlet's 'The rest is silence,' and Macbeth's 'To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,' and the drift of all the tragedies. But if we included Shakespeare we might have to ask whether Spenser, with his final doctrine of 'Mutabilitie,' squaring with Prospero's, was really a believing Christian; and whether Dryden's fully revealed skepticism was not in him a more fundamental thing than his lightly-worn Catholicism. In his day he was widely regarded as a skeptic. It is, in fact, impossible to name one great English poet (I do

not reckon Cowper such) from Chaucer to our own day who was a truly orthodox believer. Chaucer made small account of immortality; Milton was certainly an Arian; and Wordsworth's pantheism was as unsatisfactory to Coleridge in his trinitarian moods as Coleridge's letters to Allsopp can ever have been to an orthodox reader."

J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History in Cambridge University and also a Rationalist, is not so confident. He writes (in the London *Observer*):

"One's first thought is that 3,000 names are not very many for 320 years. In order to draw useful statistical conclusions, the names should, in the first place, be arranged in at least four chronological sections, two before and two after the French Revolution. That would give an indication of the growth of liberal opinion which one alphabetical enumeration does not exhibit. But we want, in the second place, something more. We want, in fact, another dictionary, including people, equally distinguished, of the same period, who have clung to the theological beliefs of their fathers. If some diligent person, possessing Mr. McCabe's wide knowledge, were to compile such a list, we should be able to estimate the statistical significance of Mr. McCabe's 3,000.

"Again, we do not know how many men of equal average distinction were just as unorthodox as the 'Rationalists' of this dictionary, but, being occupied in their own work, as artists, statesmen, scientific specialists, or historians, had no reason to say what they thought about theological questions. We have all among our friends men of science whose private opinions on these matters do not differ from those of Huxley or Darwin, but who have never had occasion to make them publicly known. The great majority of distinguished German professors throughout the nineteenth century would have subscribed to no theological creed. Can Mr. McCabe tell us whether there is any way of finding an index figure which would enable us to conjecture the number of such silent heretics from the number of those who have openly acknowledged their heterodoxies?"

All depends, the London *Nation* comments, on definitions. "We have seen," it observes, "that the man is a Rationalist who, in the ascertainment of fact, affirms the predominance and validity of reason over revelation, authority, faith, emotion, or instinct. But, then, the word 'reason'

itself must be defined. The *Nation* continues:

"If we remember right, the philosophers used to tell us that there were various kinds of reason, or perhaps two kinds sufficient for ordinary purposes. We think the Greeks had separate names for the two, and that Germans call one *Verstand* and the other *Vernunft*. We suppose, therefore, that the mind works reasonably in at least two different ways, and when we are told about the predominance and validity of reason, perhaps we ought to ask in which of those two ways it is assumed to be acting. We question also whether the most dogmatic of Roman Catholics, for instance, would allow that any dogma of the Church was opposed to reason, or unsupported by reason. And then the further question comes in sight, whether a man's 'individual judgment' is more likely to be reasonable than the authority of a Church, which, by definition, must not confine it. Alas! How many reasonable people does one meet in the course of a lifetime?

"But let us limit reason to the 'ascertainment of fact'—the power of judging evidence. That power has been called the highest aim of education, but, in that case, what a failure our system of education is! Apparently, there is scarcely one in a thousand with enough reasoning power to judge evidence in the simplest cases. Think of the fiction, scares, and 'stunts' during the war; how eagerly they were swallowed! Or think of Spiritualism, and the zest with which English and Americans have gulped down the revelations of 'Raymond' and Mr. Vale Owen about life in other worlds than this. Where is reason gone? What regard is paid to the laws of evidence? People long to be deceived, and they get what they long for."

As to Mr. McCabe's assertion of the revolt of modern culture, the *Nation* says: "It may be so. We may admire these new and rational stormers of old heaven, just as we admire the Stoics of the past, tho' perverse human nature has often found Stoics and Rationalists rather cold company. Or we may take refuge in the sayings of two men of cultural distinction, both included in the dictionary. 'My child,' said Dr. Jowett to Mrs. Asquith in her girlhood, 'you must believe in God, in spite of all that the clergy tell you.' And, 'I am always so glad to hold my tongue,' said Goethe, 'when people begin to talk about God.'"

A VINDICATION OF VIVISECTION

LED to make a study of vivisection because he had found many hearts wrung by tales of atrocity to dumb brutes in the interest of science, the distinguished naturalist, Ernest Harold Baynes, read with care the literature of anti-vivisection. All his life Mr. Baynes has been a lover of animals. He felt that if the tales of the anti-vivisectionists were true, the things they indicated must be ended at whatever cost.

By the time he had completed his researches, Mr. Baynes, who writes at length in *The Woman's Home Companion*, found that the whole case of the anti-vivisectionists is based upon antiquated statements by doubtful authorities, and in some instances upon disingenuous perversions of what has actually been said by men of science on the subject. The "eminent" doctors relied upon to prove so much turn out to have been dead long since and to refer to a time prior to the development of anesthetics. These "authorities" were thus dealing in the main with conditions that have passed away. For instance, Doctor Charles Clay, born a hundred and twenty years ago, knew nothing of modern methods and specialized in geology and archeology. Doctor Stephen Townsend is a novelist and an actor as well as a surgeon, and has achieved nothing to suggest that he is a competent authority upon vivisection. As for Doctor Lawson Tait, he did once oppose vivisection, but subsequently changed his views. Then there is the case of Sir Frederick Treves, quoted in opposition to experimental operations upon animals, who complains that his views are garbled and distorted. He thinks great benefits have been conferred upon humanity by certain researches carried out by means of vivisection, but he is too often cited in an opposite sense. As for the organs of medical opinion cited against vivisection, they turn out in the investigation of Mr. Baynes to be no less antiquated than are the other weapons in the armory of the crusaders.

All surgery, whether on human beings or on the lower animals, was painful be-

fore 1846, says Mr. Baynes, because no effective anesthetic was known. Even then the surgeons were not trying to torture animals and their labors had important results for the benefit of suffering humanity. There have been in the past inhuman surgeons who seemed indifferent to the sufferings of brutes, but these men have been few. Visits to the great laboratories of to-day reveal the vivisectionist as humane and considerate. Instead of brutality and heartlessness, Mr. Baynes has found kindness and sympathy for the animals. This is not only natural, but it is dictated by the selfish consideration that if an animal is cruelly treated the experiment upon it has little or no value. Here is a typical quotation from the Baynes article:

"In another recent pamphlet put out by the anti-vivisectionists much is said about the Pavlov experiments, so called because a famous Russian physiologist of that name first performed them, with a view of obtaining pure gastric juice; that is, gastric juice unmixed with the food taken into the stomach. In the pamphlet the feelings of the reader are harrowed by a revolting description of the sad plight of dogs doomed to supply this gastric juice.

"Now, speaking very briefly, the chief operation involved consists of dividing the stomach into two parts, a large part and a small part, separated from each other by a double layer of mucous membrane. In the large part digestion goes on just as it did before the operation. The small part, known as a Pavlov pouch, has a little hole in one end, and the edge of this is attached to the edge of a small opening of the same size in the abdomen. The wound quickly heals, and there is no more discomfort than one has from a natural opening—the mouth or nostrils, for example. The Pavlov pouch being separated from the rest of the stomach, no food can enter it. But, interestingly enough, when the dog eats his food—just as other dogs do, by the way—gastric juice is secreted not only in the stomach itself, but in the little pouch which was once a part of the stomach. From this it is allowed to trickle into a cup or jar, and pure gastric juice is obtained."

INFERIORITY OF THE FOX TO MAN IN CUNNING

BELLING the fox consists in following his trail in the snow, ringing a good-sized dinner bell. The bell-ringer does not need to run. A hunter in hiding waits for the fox to come on and be shot. The fox is very cunning, but he is inferior to man in cunning. This is not sufficiently understood, because the works on natural history have the fox all wrong. Such is the gist of the information provided in *The Atlantic Monthly* by one who has studied the fox for years—Charles D. Stewart.

A fox, detected by a hound in a small patch of woods, will run no faster than he is chased. There is no limit to the slowness with which a fox will travel in suiting his pace to that of his pursuer. He will stop and look back curiously. The veriest cripple, a man on crutches, could keep up with a fox almost as well as the average horse or hound. The fox will go fast or slow according to the necessity of keeping out of harm's way. In neither case is he a fugitive. If you were to see a fox at the moment he discovered your approach, you would, no doubt, think the animal would keep on running in a panic until his fright wore off. That is not so. He goes like a streak until he has put his established distance between you and him. Then he does not hasten. How fast he goes after that depends entirely upon yourself. A wolf will not act like this. When he is surprised by the human presence, he makes tracks for distant parts; he becomes a fugitive at once.

A man who hunts the fox with hounds is not in a position to learn this fact. To see a hound running hour after hour behind a fox who manages to keep just so far ahead, one would be likely to think it was a race. The dog would seem almost as fast as the fox. The inference here is most misleading. An experienced beller of the fox, understanding the whole psychology of the animal, sees it from another point of view. There is no race going on.

"A fox, surprised by a hound in a small patch of woods, will take out across the open at a speed that is surprizing. Then not only will he slow up but he may sit down on some convenient elevation and look back. He keeps his wits, or rather his cunning, about him; he wants to see what is going on. When the hound has struck his pace, the fox will soon gauge it and lead him a chase accordingly. The spectator of such a chase, knowing that the hound is a slow one, turns admirer of the witty Reynard, and says that the fox is doing this just to 'tease' the dog. Many entertaining writers upon the fox have said this. A veteran bellman would not see it in that way. He knows very well that, when the fox gets half a mile or so ahead of him and skulks along at a set distance and out of sight, the fox is not doing it to tease him. This is to humanize the fox without warrant. The plain fact is, that the fox will not retreat before you any faster than he is driven. And this because it is his nature to be cunning and to depend on strategy. And the bellman has, to use a current expression, psychoanalyzed him."

Of all the hunters of the fox, the rider behind a pack of thorobred English hounds is furthest from any opportunity to learn the whole inner nature of the fox. Some generations ago the English foxhound was a much slower animal. He could wear a fox out in time, but the contest was likely to be long. For the sport of riding to hounds, this was impracticable—the chase dragged out too long. Consequently the hound was bred up for speed until a good pack can now overtake a fox in the space of thirty minutes. Such hounds can push a fox from the start and wear him down so quickly that the fox is doing his best to keep away from them.

A hunter who never follows the fox except under such circumstances would hardly become fully acquainted with him. He would be likely to conceive of the fox as an animal that gets away in a panic. The fox in that emergency can hardly do anything else. A writer in an English encyclopedia, who had seen an American fox before a hound, put on record his opinion that the American fox

was much slower than the fox in England. The American fox had the Englishman very much fooled.

Now, the science of belling the fox takes the animal according to his nature and meets him on his own ground. The hunt becomes pure strategy, scout against scout, spy against spy and trick for trick. The fox, having taken his distance, will go no faster than he is driven. To get within that set distance you have to cope with the animal whose every sense is bent upon keeping you from doing it. It is practically impossible to approach within gunshot of a fox. The man ahead of the fox—not the man who is following the fox and ringing the bell—is going to let the fox approach him. He is going to be a tree or a log of wood or a bump on the face of nature—anything but a man that moves. He must be careful to place himself down the wind from the prospective path of the fox.

"Charlie has hardly got himself into position when the fox comes in sight, picking his way along. Sometimes he pauses and looks back, as if to make sure that he is well ahead of this strange sound that keeps haunting his trail. But there is no dog in the case,—the fox is well aware of that,—and hence no occasion for hurry. So he pursues his wary way and keeps straight on.

"Meanwhile Charlie T—, peering over the log, is as motionless as death. The cap does not bob up and down; he does not become nervous with the gun. He waits till the fox crosses the path of his gun before he takes finer aim and fires. And the next instant it is all over. A beautiful specimen of the red male fox, with his fur at its prime.

"Nor need we shed any tears over his fate, thus dishonestly dealt with and craftily waylaid.

"If he had conducted himself like a wolf, running from evil and giving it a wide berth, instead of flirting with it and placing such cheeky reliance on his trickery, he would not have come to this sad end."

A MOVEMENT THAT BAFFLES FOUR SCIENCES

ONCE more a theory has been put forth to account for what is called the "Brownian movement," and the theory does not seem to the *Revue Scientifique* a bit sounder than any of the others. For fully a hundred years workers in great departments of science have tried to explain this movement. It is an important factor in chemistry, biology, physics and medicine.

The very fact that no less than four great sciences have concerned themselves with the Brownian movement may explain the failure to achieve anything in the form of a discovery concerning it. It is everybody's business, and hence it is nobody's business. It is a persistent derelict upon the vast ocean of science. It rises and it sinks, yet it is never wholly below the surface. A fitful light plays about it from the four sciences which note its presence. Perhaps we are concerned here with the very foundations of that "Nature" which seems ever to elude us. Perhaps the Brownian movement is the neglected

key to the door that seems shut in our faces as we go from one science to another in quest of the ultimate truth.

The Brownian movement, tho still a mystery, dates back as an established fact nearly a hundred years ago, when Brown, the English biologist, studied the biological state of motion of microscopic animalcules in liquids and found that infinitely small material particles—even of such an inert substance as charcoal—in liquids possessed a characteristic motion. The new theory is that internal heat energy may account for it. This, in reality, tells us nothing because it explains nothing.

Before the time of Brown, writes Doctor John J. Birch, in the *Scientific American Monthly*, many microscopic objects suspended in water had been observed to be in rapid movement. This was supposed to be connected with activities of living matter. Brown disproved this with observations of the movement of the minute spherical pollen particles in a liquid. He examined the aged spore dust of mosses and other

growths to find out whether the movement was a phase of life. Finding that from these there was a lively motion, he examined inanimate substances like lead, glass and coal, finding the same movement in each.

Brown himself suggested that the cause of the movement neither arose from currents in the fluid nor depended upon the movement of a fluid attending its evaporation. One scientist has attributed the motion to thermal vibration of the molecules in the liquid. Others believed the motion was related to the size of the particles and not to the material of which they were composed.

Ramsay believed that the velocity depended upon the size and density of the particles. It was his view that the particles in pure water do not touch each other at any time and that they do not exert an influence upon one another.

The invention of the ultra-microscope has since made possible more thorough examination relative to the size and motion of the particles in the Brownian movement. The movement, then, has many suggested causes, and it remains one of

the most baffling and tempting to specialists in all fields of science.

The motion is not due to internal changes as mechanical vibrations from surrounding objects incident to light and heat. The influence of gases surrounding the particles also does not cause this motion.

Small bubbles of gas contained in liquid enclosed in spaces in certain minerals are in constant vibration, and when the bubbles are below 0.002 mm. in diameter they are subject to a constant quivering motion, but the motion in this case is caused by an incessant interchange between the molecules of vapor in the bubbles and those of the liquid which surrounds them. Evaporation of the liquid would not cause a motion, for when heat rays fall upon a solution they do not cause any pronounced change in the motion. Brown made extensive investigations from this standpoint. Also, the influence of gravity, magnetic or electrical forces between the particles cannot explain the motion, for it has been found, almost invariably, that the addition of electrolytes stops the Brownian movement.

MULTIPLE PERSONALITY OF THE TAPEWORM

THE layman regards the tapeworm as a creature with a small head, a short, undefined neck and a long, flat body stretching in the rear in increasing sections. Such is the physiological impression disseminated in popular literature through the medium of patent-medicine purveyors. Within the more or less transparent skin of the tapeworm may be seen branching organs that are supposed to be digestive tubes or intestines. Nevertheless, this idea is based upon a fundamentally false theory of the tapeworm as a single individual, as one creature. The tapeworm is not one creature, an individualized organism, like the worm in general. The tapeworm is a unified colony of many individuals.

These distinct individuals live a community life in which each member is not

only independent of the others, but has a somewhat loose connection with the rest. The functions of each individual are differentiated somewhat sharply, as recent investigations, set forth by Doctor Kurt Floericke, clearly prove.* For example, what is supposed to be the head performs the function of anchor for the community, attaching itself to the inside of the host at a suitable spot. The other units do their various duties, some seeing to the food supply, while others attend to the matter of reproduction.

By the time a number of this active community is sexually ripe for the business of propagating its race, it is ejected into the wide world. This business is accomplished by setting it adrift upon the

* "Allerlei Gewürm." Von Dr. Kurt Floericke. Stuttgart: Gesellschaft der Naturfreunde.

excretory current of the intestine of the host—a human being who has sheltered it for some months. Once the fertilized egg is deposited outside the host at a suitable place, it has but to be devoured by a pig or a hog or a sow. The food of swine is often found well soiled by the fertilized egg of the tapeworm individual—technically *Taenia solium*.

Once the egg has made its way into the stomach of the swine, its juicy environment so softens the hard outside that the embryo—provided with three pairs of hooks—is soon free. This embryo now sets out upon its travels and makes elaborate explorations of its new host's blood vessels, lymph currents and muscular structure generally. It prefers the liver, the lungs, the kidneys or the spleen. It will sometimes venture as far as the brain.

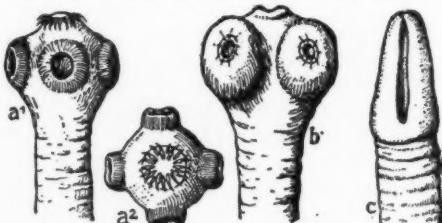
Having at last found a suitable resting place within the anatomy of the hog, the embryo settles down in a shape that resembles a pimple or a boil, barely discernable to the eye. In this form the creature bears not the least resemblance to the future tapeworm. It might be mistaken for a diminutive bubble. On the outer surface of this the eye may with close scrutiny detect a white point that seems little by little to sink down inside the blotch. If this thing be examined through a good magnifying glass, it will gradually become apparent that the head of a tapeworm is before us. It looks not unlike the finger of a glove that is turned inside, altho at a later stage of its growth the thing looks like a glove finger turned outwards.

Let us next assume that some luckless man eats of the flesh of the swine thus afflicted. If the meat has not been well cooked, the head of the tapeworm in this rudimentary form gains entrance to the stomach of a human host. The juices of the stomach are most favorable to the development of the parasite, the bubblelike object is inflated and the tapeworm is set free. It has a powerful sucking apparatus at its disposal and a crown of hooks, with the aid of which it wanders about the small intestine until it finds a suitable spot at which to attach itself and begin to imbibe.

From the head thus attached to the

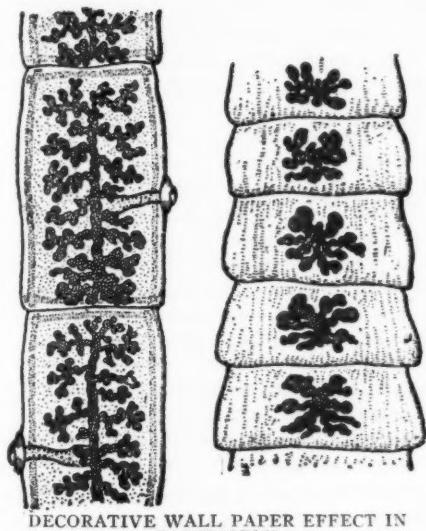
intestine are born the progeny. They flourish upon the juices flowing hereabout. In due time these newly born generations gather around the parent head and attaching themselves one by one—after a furious struggle among the fit for survival—they arrange themselves in line. It takes about three months for the colony to develop into what we may call a community. The head has by this time become strictly subordinated to the existence of the rest of the population, and it seems from the most recent studies of this parasitic form that there is an expulsion of members from the community only after a sharp struggle among the individuals, each eager to stay where it is well off. There being no digestive canal in common, there is sure to come a time when nourishment raises a question of distribution. There is reason to suspect that one form of the tapeworm may, if driven by stress of circumstances, develop inside its human host without making a preliminary excursion into the outside world for the services of available swine. This is unusual, and fortunately so, for when the tapeworm acts in this style the host is seriously affected and may even become insane.

A dangerous variety of tapeworm finds its way to a human host through the dog. This tapeworm is in one of its embryonic forms the smallest of them all. The creature is found in one of its stages in a



NO EARLY BIRD GETS THE TAPEWORM

It is safe inside of us in the fashion suggested by *a*¹—note the hair on top of the head. It is not really hair. It is a lot of hooks to enable the tapeworm to hold on to our insides with. A cousin of the one at the left is marked *a*², but he is no such stickler as the other—he hasn't the hooks. The creature with the big eyes—they are not really eyes—and marked *b* gives up the fight the moment medicine comes down the line to him, and out he goes. Finally, there is *c*, a weak but immense tapeworm that winds around inside of us, but who quits at the first alarm of medicine.



DECORATIVE WALL PAPER EFFECT IN TAPEWORMS

Nothing is so distinguished under the microscope as the pattern on the links of the common tapeworm. The pattern at the right is suggestive of the coat-of-arms of a branch of the house of Bourbon, but it is in reality the design on the link of the largest worm that can make its abode in the human intestine. It grows and grows and grows, but it will not linger a minute when it takes a certain drug.

variety of animals, but the dog gets it, as a rule, by eating pork in a raw state,

the pork being already infected. In countries which have to tolerate a very intimate association between man and the dog, this variety of tapeworm becomes a national plague. It develops in a human host by transmission directly from the dog, especially if the dog be encouraged to lick its master too indiscriminately. Children should not be permitted to kiss favorite dogs. Even in England, where there is such cleanliness, there are about four hundred deaths annually from this infection, all due to the foolish intimacy between dogs and human beings.

The most gigantic of all tape worms is the *Bothriocephalus latus*, usually found in regions where the fisheries are exploited. It is said that in some countries one cannot find a fisherman without this gigantic tapeworm inside of him. It is the least dangerous of all the tapeworm family because of the ease with which it can be expelled. It has no hooks with which it can cling to the inside of its host in the manner of the more familiar tapeworm and it has no sucking apparatus of any power. This tapeworm can grow to an immense size before we realize that it has made its home within us. The way to avoid it is to eat our fish well cooked.

A NEW LAW IN MEDICINE

WITH the avowed object of devoting the rest of his working life to the study of the early symptoms of disease, Sir James Mackenzie, the renowned British specialist, began to work in a clinic at St. Andrews. He held, according to Dr. R. M. Wilson in the London *Lancet*, that so far as the study of disease in organs is concerned, we have reached a point beyond which progress must necessarily be slow. He believed that before organs began to break down under the stress of disease there is a period of infection or intoxication, referable to the whole system but not definitely located. This is the period of early signs or symptoms.

The symptoms are present, but because they are not yet referable to any one sys-

tem or organ they are largely discounted, with the result that opportunities which can never recur are missed. Necessarily, the study of this vast field requires tireless energy.

A beginning was made in certain directions, notably in connection with pain experienced over the heart. Investigation showed that it is met with in young and apparently strong persons who have no signs of heart disease and who present no symptoms of heart failure. It was manifest, therefore, that, while the pain could arise from actual disease of the organ, it could arise also in the absence of organic disease.

There was a problem here of great difficulty. Some progress towards its solution had been made by a previous observation

that pain is not located in an organ, but in the skin and muscle covering the organ. In the case of a diseased organ, the skin signals the difficulty experienced. Thus, when the possessor of a diseased heart attempts effort, pain comes on at once, and the skin of the left breast becomes tender to touch.

We have here three factors: an organ in distress; a nervous reflex arc connecting the organ with the surface; and finally the painful area of the skin. Alteration of any one of these factors may produce disturbances in the others. Thus, strenuous exertion will cause the heart to over-work and so cause pain in a healthy man. A smaller degree of exertion in the case of disease of the heart will cause pain. There remains the third cause—pain caused by a small degree of exertion when the heart is healthy and the skin area normal: "This third case can be explained only by supposing that the nervous system has become unduly excitable, so that a small effort on the part of the heart sets up a great effect. And we can only explain the increase in nervous excitability by supposing that toxins of disease are acting upon the nerves. We thus reach the position that the presence of a toxin in the body may so raise nervous excitability that a healthy heart, in its normal responses to effort, sets up a symptom—

pain—which is identical with the pain occasioned by a diseased heart."

We have thus found an earlier period of disease than that which can be recognized by examination of organs. We have also disentangled a law—that some of the symptoms of disease are exaggerations of normal reflexes. The normal heart, under great strain or effort, gives rise to the same kind of pain.

Sir James Mackenzie and his coworkers have already found that what is true of the symptom—pain—is true also of many other symptoms—breathlessness and exhaustion, for instance. Hence, a new position in regard to medical research is being taken up and the study of early symptoms entering upon a practical stage or so we are told:

"Some fascinating possibilities open before the mind. If, for example, the poisons of disease act on various portions of the nervous system and so disorganize the nervous control of organs, it may well be that, in process of time, those organs will break down from this reason alone. Thus, destruction of the lung in tuberculosis may not be so much the cause of the disease as one of its effects. The cause may be remote, in a general poisoning of the system, and the local focus of the trouble may arise owing to this general poisoning. Thus a new world comes into view."

HOW BIOCHEMISTRY REVEALS LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS

UPON the problem of the source of life in this world the present immense forward stride of chemical knowledge has a bearing which brings the human race to a higher level of assurance than any previously attained. In the particulars now supplied by biochemistry, the actual steps by which the inorganic is converted into the organic and life is thus kindled upon earth are definitely described. In that description doubts long hovering are resolved; what was speculation before is transformed into scientific fact. The belief that life had grown from matter as a bud grows from a stalk

has been strengthening for many years past. Many writers had made this assumption the basis of constructive advance. The possibility had always remained, nevertheless, of denying a creed for the truth of which no definite proof could be adduced.

Henceforward, writes Professor H. F. Wyatt, in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, this possibility of denial has vanished. Never again while our civilization lasts can doubt be felt on this point which touches the very source of man. It is, to quote Professor Moore, occupant of the chair of biochemistry at Oxford, a curi-

ous fact in the history of science that this—the continuity of evolution from the electron to man—should have been discovered in the more complex region of living organisms and that it was only much later found out that the same process of evolution governs also the inorganic world. Everywhere the natural processes appear to be controlled by the same universal law, namely, that as soon as conditions of environment permit of it, matter tends to assume more complex forms, so leading from the simplest known type, the electron, to the most complex, man.

As a planet cools, not only can the chemical elements exist, but these begin to form binary compounds of simple chemical character with one another and the realm of ordinary inorganic chemistry is reached. Ever as the process goes on more complexity is attainable, and as soon as it is attainable it appears. In the process of evolution there are successive stages in the structural arrangements. One system reaches its limits and then is not effaced but becomes the foundation for the building of superstructures. That which was the unit passes in complexity to the limit of instability and then the resulting complex becomes the new unit for the next advance in creation. At each successive stage the instability changes over into a condition of stability and the whole constellation passes on afresh. The atomic weight of inorganic elements can go on increasing to a certain limit, but, as the weight increases, instability arises and a point is arrived at when the element begins to disintegrate spontaneously.

Atomic weight is perhaps a term which may not be wholly intelligible to non-scientific readers and we have Professor Wyatt elucidating:

"The simple explanation is that every atom is composed of systems of particles called respectively ions and electrons and revolving about a center at prodigious speeds. The number of such particles comprised in an atom varies considerably, from, according to the most probable view at present, one in hydrogen to about one hundred in that of radium. And, roughly speaking, according to the number is the weight. The dimension of the atom is one ten-millionth part of a

millimeter, which is one thousandth part of a meter, and the meter is equal to 39.37 English inches. (I am aware that 'every schoolboy' is supposed to know these elementary facts, but I venture to doubt whether he always does.) When therefore an atom contains, as in the above-mentioned case of radium, about one hundred electrons and ions all moving at the rate of many thousand miles a second, collisions between these are prone to occur—a not very surprising circumstance. The result of these clashings tends to cause the gradual disintegration of the systems of the atom in which they take place, as the electrons composing it, altered in course but still rushing at their former speed, are converted into projectiles whose initial velocity exceeds many thousand times that of any shot ever fired from gun.

"What Professor Moore points out to us is that this instability of the atom is the very wellspring, the *fons et origo*, of all advance. For it is when the limit of stability is overspassed that combination with other atoms occurs and in that combination, and in other combinations and instabilities sequent to it, the foundations of structure are laid. So when old Heraclitus, some 500 years B.C., declared that all things were in a state of flux, he enunciated a scientific truth greater, we may suppose, than his own conception, and one of which modern knowledge has but lately attained full possession. Does the non-scientific mind, even when that mind is educated, realize the full import of this physical fact? Do we all grasp the certainty that in the fields of semipernal ice covering the Poles of this planet, as in the rocks beneath our feet, or in the gaunt surface of the moon, motion is proceeding fiercer than human pen can picture or human imagination can divine, that every atom of this world is in reality as a furnace of furious energy, a system of whirling entities driven by invisible force as leaves are driven by the wind, and yet co-ordinated as the stars in the infinity of space? This is 'the firm earth,' this, the foothold on which we mortals stand. Thus from instability a wider stability is bred, and from disintegration new integration is derived, dismissed electrons of one atom binding it to another (as physicists suppose), until by successive combinations the stage of the molecule is reached."

There are vistas of immense progress beyond. We know of a verity, affirms Professor Wyatt, that wherever planets encircles suns, life and reproduction tend to come into being. To escape this belief

is for the enlightened mind henceforth impossible, unless by a species of subterfuge any are found bold enough to assert that satellite worlds sweep around no other sun than ours. But that same energy which is working here is working there too, where other solar systems are forming or have formed. If, as modern theory holds, groups of suns are the products of nebulae—Laplace's conception that planets are flung from suns by centrifugal force is now generally abandoned—and if these groups of suns are coming into being in what may be termed the "nodes" discernible in their shapes, not less is it certain that our own section of space has been the theater of a like succession.

Moreover, since the nebula of which our solar system was once a part (immense in our human eyes, but as a grain of dust in infinity) has condensed into a central body with other less assemblages of matter attendant upon it, so in like manner are we compelled to believe that the whole host of heaven, the stars visible through our telescopes or our cameras, and the inconceivable myriads which must be beyond our gaze, are in like manner followed by servant worlds on which, while the fires of their life still burn, their radiant energy is forever poured.

When we are driven to recognize these facts, then the inference is inevitable that the processes which biochemistry has at length revealed to us as in course of action here must likewise reign through

space and throughout time wherever the operative will which we call energy has created that manifestation of itself to which the term "matter" is applied. Thus, in the laboratories of eternity are being forged the homes of thinking souls, and out of the medium (whatever the name we give it), whence electrons take their rise, life is being kindled in countless shrines of the creative power whenever that stage is reached at which the inorganic passes into the organic.

"Wherever there are suns and planets, there—to give a fresh application to Professor Moore's words—'sunlight and the inorganic compounds . . . can build up organic systems,' and these in turn 'form the first and lowest order of living organisms.' Planets, there may be many, too remote from their central source of light to receive from it in sufficiency the impulse to which life is due. And others there may be to which from divers causes the production of that life is denied. These, like buds shrouded from the sun, may never bring forth blossoms.

"But the 'whole visible universe, within a parallax of 1/1000 second of arc, is estimated by Lord Kelvin as the equivalent of a thousand million of our suns.' Can anyone then dispute the certainty that amongst this vast host of stars (themselves but a fragment of an infinite whole) must exist tens and hundreds of millions of servant planets, whose conditions permit, or in their past have permitted, of the play of these agencies which have lighted the lamp of life in this little raft of man's?"

THE MYSTERY OF SEX DETERMINATION STILL A MYSTERY

THE basic distinction between male and female is that the "gonads," or reproductive glands, of the one produce male cells or spermatozoa and those of the other female cells or ova.

Many of the lower animals, proceeds the British scientist who writes thus in the London *Times* (meaning by lower animals sea anemones, sponges, bivalves, snails and some worms) are true hermaphrodites. In them a single individual is both male and female, containing gon-

ads which produce respectively sperms and eggs.

These are of great interest in the theory of sex but are of less importance when we study the animal kingdom in the hope of coming to a better understanding of our own structure. It is extremely doubtful if any of the reptiles, birds or mammals, our nearest kinsmen, ever show true hermaphroditism or ever had true hermaphroditic ancestors. Mosaics of male and female characters are present in a small degree

in most individuals and sometimes reach the extent of almost complete inversion. They relate to structures concerned in reproduction, to visible marks of sex like plumage or antlers, or to physiological rhythms, not to the actual production of sperms or eggs. It has been shown in many cases, moreover, that these subsidiary sex characters are associated with tissues known as the "interstitial cells," not with parts of the gonads which produce sperms or eggs.

At what stage in the development of the new individual is the decision made as to its sex?

"If the answer be limited to the essential sex distinction, the presence of a gland producing eggs or sperms, it seems clear that the sperm or egg is the determining factor. In some cases a visible distinction exists. American workers, led by Professor E. B. Wilson, have shown the presence in many animals, chiefly insects, of two kinds of sperms and two kinds of eggs, distinguished by the presence or absence during nuclear change of a minute mass known as the 'x' chromosome. They have been able to follow this element through the processes of fertilization and to make a good case for regarding it as the piece of hereditary material specially associated with the determination of sex. But there are difficulties and exceptions of a

kind which, as Professor Bateson recently insisted, would prevent acceptance of the view if it related to physical and not to biological matters. The 'x' chromosome may be an associate rather than the determinant of sex."

The determination of sex is one of the most important of all the properties of living animals. The essential processes of the formation of the sexual cells and the details of fertilization are closely alike in all animals and even in animals and plants. It is at least to be expected that the mechanism by which sex is determined should follow a universal rule.

"No real progress has been made towards knowledge of what controls the relative numbers of males and females born. The conclusion that these numbers are subject to external influences is almost irresistible. Males are in excess in some groups, females in others; in most the balance is fairly even. In all these cases the preponderance or the equality conforms with the general needs of the species. It seems even as if the sudden need for an excess of males or of females produced a correctly oriented change in the numbers. Knowledge on this matter would be of deep theoretical interest and of extreme practical importance. But there is no trace of it. The most probable hypothesis is that some kind of selection takes place amongst the germinal cells."

ARTICLES LOST BY DOCTORS INSIDE THEIR PATIENTS

HERE seems to be no system by means of which the growing frequency with which lost articles are left by doctors inside their patients can be diminished. There ought to be an intelligent count before and after operation of all sponges, clamps, forceps, drainage tubes and even rings, says a writer in the *Medical Record* (New York). Missing articles of this description tend to turn up more and more in people's intestines after surgical operations. Sometimes the delay in recovering these lost articles is so great that they are capsulated. This was the case with a lady who had a heavy silver wire and a sponge inside of her for eight years after an operation for a tumor.

Sometimes the patient finds the results of an operation worse than the malady for which it was undertaken. In such cases there may be an instrument or some gauze which was overlooked. We find Dr. Harry J. Hartz writing thus in the medical organ already cited:

"The symptoms that a foreign body produces in the abdomen depend primarily upon whether such body is septic or aseptic. If septic, it at once produces acute disturbances such as abscess or a generalized peritonitis with the consequent clinical syndromes, frequently terminating the life of the individual. If the body is aseptic, the tendency for it to become encapsulated and manifest no symptoms for months or years. The isolat-

tion may still further be strengthened by adhesions between loops of intestines, the omentum, some organ, or the abdominal parietes."

Sponges tend to escape spontaneously through the abdominal wound. If encapsulated, they sooner or later cause symptoms of mechanical irritation or pressure on surrounding organs. Secondary infection or necrosis ensues and the foreign body is extruded into the lumen of the bowel or bladder, if adjacent to these hollow viscera. The symptoms at first are obscure abdominal pains with a tendency to intestinal obstruction. There is generally a slight recurrent fever. At variable periods the symptoms become intensified and point to an acute intra-abdominal disturbance which may demand a secondary operation with disclosure of the cause of trouble.

Altho hundreds of cases are reported of foreign bodies left inside patients by doctors who forgot them or lost them, these are but a small proportion of the whole. For the most part, such cases are never reported. Cases are on record of a sponge (gauze) measuring 36 x 18 inches left in-

side a woman by oversight. This great mass was expelled through the rectum seventy-five days after the operation. The patient recovered. There is a case of a sponge being passed by the bowel several weeks after a surgical operation. A woman fifty-eight years old turned up in a doctor's office with a foreign metallic body protruding through the abdominal wall. The handle of the instrument was located by means of surgical exploration and finally worked out of the anatomy with manipulation. This person recovered. There was a woman who ten years or more after an operation was found with a forceps in the left iliac fossa, the instrument having caused pain for a long time, altho the woman did not know what was the matter. The forceps was removed and she is now all right.

In a list of 150 cases of this class, the mortality was about fifty per cent. In most of these instances, the foreign body inside the patient was a sponge. Frequently it would prove to be an artery clamp. In the rest of the examples in this list the lost articles were drainage tubes, finger-rings and miscellany.

A PHYSICIAN'S WARNING AGAINST PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

AS proof of his assertion that there is no kind of lunacy which will not be welcomed if it but masquerade in the garb of science, Doctor George Matheson Cullen cites psycho-analysis. Had this cult, he thinks, remained in a select professional circle, it might be passed by in silence. It has entered the market-place and it has been popularized. Hence a warning must be issued against it. Our attitude should be that of Vienna, which would not notice the discovery of Freud, far less accept it. Freud, we are reminded, had no public hospital appointment. The little coterie which gathered around the pioneer of psycho-analysis had to be content at first with formal expositions in the privacy of Freud's house. As with Mesmer, probably the majority of Freud's adherents were outside the med-

ical profession. As Freud's students returned to their homes, they set up little cults. Jung of Zurich was the first to gain real publicity for psycho-analysis. It was the indifference of Vienna that prompted Freud to seek headquarters at Zurich.

What is the contribution to knowledge which psycho-analysis claims to have made? Doctor Cullen sums it up in the *Dublin Review* as "the omnipotence of the unconscious." Not merely does the unconscious direct the automatic processes of digestion, circulation, growth and so on, but it also controls every thought. The unconscious is teeming with feelings and thought—"phantasies"—and only some of these reach consciousness. Even these do not bubble up spontaneously into recognition.

There is a something called a "censor," notes Doctor Cullen, which is neither god nor demon, neither beast nor human—a mere automaton which regulates and controls. Some thoughts may burst into consciousness in spite of the censor, but always it can transform them into symbols, so that consciousness does not recognize them for what they really are. Again, the censor may lay hold of a conscious experience and drag it down into the unconscious ("repression"), out of which it will never again emerge unless the psycho-analyst reveals it. The unconscious fantasy is more apt to overflow into the semi-consciousness of a dream.

The censor never sleeps. Altho the dream is perhaps the nearest approach to the unconscious the censor usually is able to disguise the unconscious thought so that it appears in the dream as a mere symbol:

"It is quite clear that the meaning attached to the word unconscious in this connection is very different from that held by ordinary mortals; but beyond the general description such as is given above, it evades exact determination. Dr. Constance Long, a British publicist in the cause of psycho-analysis, has indeed defined it as 'the psychological contents which form the background of consciousness'; but this is a mere juggling with words. We may well wonder how it is possible to know that phantasies exist in the unconscious if we are not conscious of them. Psycho-analysis, it is true, professes the ability to evoke these phantasies: but here again we may ask what certainty have we that they were in the unconscious if we are unable to recognize them, or how can we be sure that they have not been simply aroused in consciousness by the persistent suggestion of the method employed? To these very pertinent queries no satisfactory answer has yet been vouchsafed."

Over the censor Doctor Cullen thinks we need waste no words. The idea so utterly transcends all common sense that any attempt to criticize it would be an insult to the intelligence. Why, he asks, should there be any need for a censor to prevent the unconscious overflowing into the conscious? The answer brings Doctor Cullen to another article of the psycho-analyst's creed. It is because of the frightful nature of the contents of the unconscious.

The loathsome dragon that wallows in the unconscious is the libido. Every child born brings with it not merely a body, limbs, organs and potentialities but in particular a libido crammed with portentous energy.

With the advent of consciousness the libido is able to project itself into the world around. At puberty, it usually takes the line suggested by sex. No perversity can be regarded as other than quite natural. That these sex perversions are not common is due to the censor. By this mechanism the perversion is repressed, thrust down into the unconscious. All the censor can do is to mask its native brutality. In youth it often dissipates some of its energy in games. Later on it may inspire poetry or fine art. Thus civilization is the outcome of the "sublimation" of the libido. But some of it must find a sexual outlet. Otherwise it will be revenged on the body through paralysis, loss of memory or a "neurosis."

The chief claim of the psycho-analyst is that he takes facts as he finds them. The theory of the unconscious, the libido and the censor is advanced as the most reasonable explanation of the "facts" revealed by his method. To understand the origin of the psycho-analytical method we must turn for a moment to Charcot, who found that his hysterical patients usually ascribed the development of their symptoms to some emotional or nervous shock—"trauma." In certain instances the trauma alleged appeared too slight to have entailed such serious consequences. In such cases Charcot tried to find out under hypnotism whether there had been a shock in earlier life which might have rendered the nervous system so unstable that it was easily unbalanced by a slight later trauma:

"Revelations were readily evoked even from childhood, but many of them were so patently false—lurid descriptions of impossibly early seduction—that he regarded his experiments as worthless. Freud was not so easily discouraged. He reasoned thus: 'If hysterics refer their symptoms to imaginary (sexual) traumas, then this fact signifies that they create such scenes in their phantasies; and hence psychic reality deserves to be given a place next to actual reality.' Very soon he reached the conviction 'that these

phantasies serve to disguise the auto-erotic activities of the early years of childhood, to idealize them and place them on a higher level, and now the whole sexual life of the child made its appearance behind these phantasies.

"It is upon this basis of lies, then, that Freud has erected his monstrous system."

Cure may be effected in certain cases, concedes Doctor Cullen, but it can only be by fixing a permanent obliquity in the mind. Similar cures have been wrought

by the more reputable methods of charlatans in every age, and many cures appear spontaneously without any method at all. The peril cannot be exaggerated, Doctor Cullen thinks, and he says that a necessary stage in the cure according to the adepts is a transference of the libido to the person of the analyst. The case of children, therefore, calls for the intervention of the law.

Psycho-analysis, he concludes, is a serious danger to society.

SECRETS OF THE ATROPHIC MAN EXPOSED

AN ATROPHIC man is usually tall and slender. He may be short but he is always slender, according to Doctor P. Roualeyn Gordon. He has long, narrow fingers, thin hands from palm to back of hand, a stooping, narrow chest, square shoulders and a crane-like neck. The face is rectilinear, conic at the lower portion, the apex of the cone being at the chin. The face is sunken under the eyes all the way down to the lower jaw. The forehead is often very large, but the back-head is only ordinary. The complexion is pale gray, lime gray, pale dark or pale white. The skin is rough in some, and velvety, cold and clammy in others. The chest is normally the weakest part in this constitution, altho sometimes the weakest part is the stomach. An atrophic man usually dislikes water and bathing, simply because water, cold air, cold moisture, even steam and vapors, have a bad effect upon his system.

He has a moist skin and a perspiring scalp, especially when he is not well. His bones, flesh and blood are not properly nourished. His bones are large, and require great quantities of phosphate of lime. Hence, altho, he is a calcium man, his system runs short of this element. His bones, being hungry for calcium phosphates, are constantly impoverishing his blood and nutritive functions by absorbing the calcium phosphates in the blood. In his brain he is using up phosphorus so rapidly in thinking and studying that it is

not long before that organ becomes depleted of vitality. He cannot supply calcium phosphates and phosphorus fast enough. The heat in the atrophic man is constantly generated from the center of the body to the surface, with the result that he feels cold, more or less, all the time. A man of this constitution is predisposed to certain diseases to which other constitutions are not subject.

An atrophic man is subject to tubercular processes. It is also true that he can avoid them and reach a ripe old age—even die from a disease to which he is not peculiarly subject. Those four vital processes—oxidation, circulation, digestion and nutrition—are sadly imperfect in all atrophic people. When these processes are not functioning properly, vitality is at a low ebb and disease results.

Statistics compiled by large insurance companies show that tall, slender, fair-complexioned men who are under weight are more subject to tuberculosis than men of other types. Provided an atrophic man is in the right environment, knows his constitution and takes care of his health, he need never suffer from consumption whether he is subject to it or not. Consumption is not hereditary. No child born of consumptive parents is ever born with the disease. The lungs of such children are invariably intact at birth. Consumption is caused by malnutrition, wrong diet, insufficient development of the lungs, unhealthy work in unsanitary surroundings.

The atrophic man has a too small respiratory area to his lungs, which means that he does not obtain sufficient oxygen for his needs. In watching the breathing movements of lungs in the atrophic people, we notice that they do not breathe with the whole chest. They breathe mostly with the central and lower portion of the chest, usually with the central portion. Hence the entire lungs never come to their fullest expansion and part of the blood, if not most of it, is never fully oxygenated. Doctor Roualeyn Gordon, whose study appears in *Chambers's Journal*, proceeds:

"An atrophic man is most sick in childhood, and after the age of thirty-five. The first part of his life and the last part are fraught with health disturbances. He is more healthy between maturity and the age of forty, but after forty he is never safe. Certain months of the year are trying months to atrophic people, unless they are in the right climate. Atmospheric changes affect them in a marked manner. A sudden change in temperature may result in sickness. They require warmth, dryness, fresh air in abundance, and plenty of calcium and organo-metallic salts in their diet.

"People of this constitution are remarkably bright. They are invariably great students. Their brain runs to activity, but their body is more passive. Hence they are slow in bodily movements and in speech, but very vigorous in thinking and studies. Books, science, literary work, philosophy, mechanics appeal to atrophic people more than human beings, animals, plants, amusement and recreation. Being of such a reserved nature, they feel out of place in social activities; they prefer solitude and studies.

"Mental work agrees with an atrophic man, especially sedentary brain labor, which he can do sixteen hours per day, if necessary, without feeling fatigued."

No man works more faithfully, patiently, steadily than a man of the atrophic type when he is well. Some men want to sow to-day and reap to-morrow. The atrophic man knows how to wait. He seems to have eternity itself in his very habits. He has fixed moods. Most people pay no attention to time, but times and seasons are either too slow or too fast to the atrophic man. When he is interested in a certain study or work, he grows impatient if night comes. He would much

prefer that the day should be as long as eternity so that he could always continue his cherished work or study:

"Atrophic people are periodic in their habits. They go on with one thing at a time, for a long time, only to change to something else for a still longer time, when they come back to their former habits. They are increasing in their tastes, likes, dislikes, desires—never satisfied. Their diseases and symptoms are brothers born of the same parent tendencies. Sometimes they may suffer from headache, or stomach trouble, for five, ten, or fifteen years, in spite of doctors, medicines and everything else; then all at once the trouble disappears for good, when some new pathological complication appears, only to go on unceasingly, as their former complaint. Hence their diseases are chronic. An atrophic man is a cast-iron man in mind and thought, nature and disposition, but his weak link is his vitality. . . .

"Atrophic people are much misjudged. They are simply a higher type of people, and do not belong to the ordinary spheres of life. Place an atrophic man where he rightly belongs, according to his capabilities, health, training, education, etc., and he is not awkward, bashful or timid. He is a giant intellectually, but unless in his proper sphere he does not do himself justice. They can superintend businesses for others better than they can build businesses for themselves. Their talent is far above the ordinary; in fact, some of them are the greatest men we have. They are artistic without being real artists, tho some are artists in the highest interpretation of nature art, as well as of fine art. They are, however, constructionists of some kind, or somewhere, either in literature, science, philosophy, law, politics or mechanics."

Atrophic people dislike to receive favors. They hate fuss. They become irritable when other people are helping them. They are strong in great struggle. They have a tendency to be cynical in regard to small things but optimistic in regard to the future. An atrophic man expects future trouble but he does not believe that it comes. He has many peculiar fears, inexplicable even to himself, yet he is a courageous man in times of real misfortune. It is a good thing to have an atrophic man in the number of one's acquaintances. He is hard to know, but he is worth while.

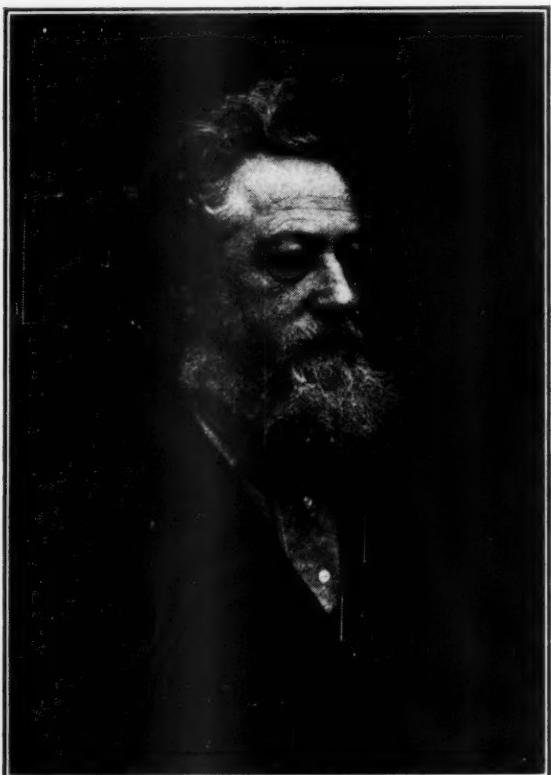
NEW REMINISCENCES OF OSCAR WILDE AND WILLIAM MORRIS

TWO of the vividest figures in modern English literature are recreated in reminiscent papers which William Butler Yeats has been contributing to the London *Mercury* and New York *Dial*. We can see here, as they moved among their fellow men, a king of poseurs, dedicated to the cult of artificiality, and a simple, forthright figure who, having enriched poetry and the arts and crafts with the products of his genius, went out to revolutionize society. One of the few links between the two men is their Socialism; but for Wilde Socialism was a flower to set in his buttonhole, while for Morris it

was a faith calling for unending sacrifice. Mr. Yeats tells us, incidentally, that he, too, for a while fell under the spell of Socialism, and that only gradually he gave up thinking of, and planning for, some near, sudden, social change for the better.

It is a favorite theory of Yeats that all artists are dual. There are, he explains, the selves that we see, mere men, with appetites and lusts and weaknesses and follies, and there are the "anti-selves" which represent their art and inspire their other selves to sit down and invite beauty and virtue in the form of verse—beauty and virtue from which they are cut off in their daily lives. Applying this theory, first of all, to Wilde, he says: "I think he lived with no self-mockery at all an imaginary life; perpetually performed a play which was in all things the opposite of all that he had known in childhood and early youth; never put off completely his wonder at opening his eyes every morning on his own beautiful house, and in remembering that he had dined yesterday with a duchess, that he delighted in Flaubert and Pater, read Homer in the original and not as a schoolmaster reads him for the grammar. . . . He was a parvenu, but a parvenu whose whole bearing proved that if he did dedicate every story in 'The House of Pomegranates' to a lady of title it was but to show that he was Jack and the social ladder his pantomime beanstalk."

Mr. Yeats' first meeting with Wilde was in the rooms of William Ernest Henley in London. He had never before heard a man talking with perfect sentences, as if he had written them all overnight with labor and yet all spontaneous.

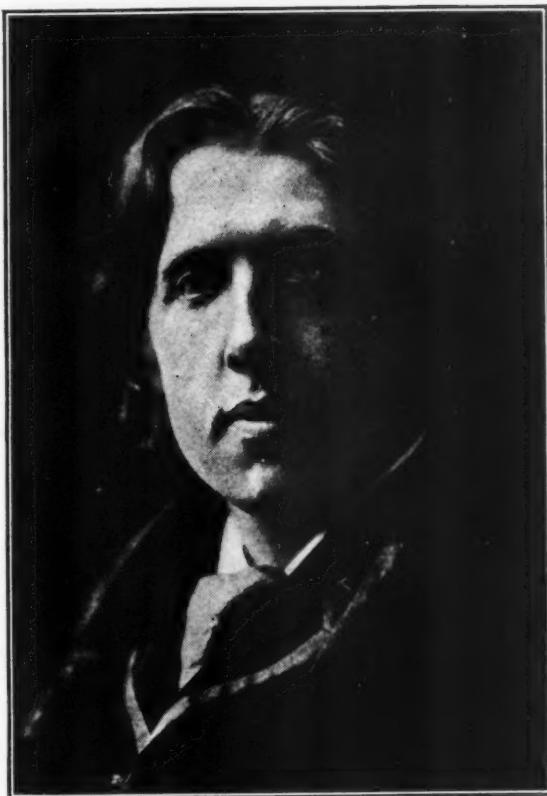


AS WHOLESOME AS WILDE WAS THE OPPOSITE
William Morris was a romantic, but he was not decadent. Mr. Yeats says that he would rather have lived Morris' life than his own or any other man's.

He noticed that the impression of artificiality came from the perfect rounding of the sentences and from the deliberation that made it possible. "That very impression," he tells us, "helped him as the effect of meter, or of the antithetical prose of the seventeenth century, which is a true meter, helped its writers, for he could pass without incongruity from some unforeseen, swift stroke of wit to elaborate reverie." Mr. Yeats continues:

"I heard him say, a few nights later: 'Give me "The Winter's Tale,"' 'Daffodils that come before the swallow dare,' but not King Lear. What is King Lear but poor life staggering in the fog? and the slow cadence, modulated with so great precision, sounded natural to my ears. The first night he praised Walter Pater's Essays on the Renaissance: 'It is my golden book; I never travel anywhere without it; but it is the very flower of decadence: the last trumpet should have sounded the moment it was written.' 'But,' said the dull man, 'would you not have given us time to read it?' 'Oh, no,' was the retort, 'there would have been plenty of time afterwards—in either world.' I think he seemed to us, baffled as we were by youth, or by infirmity, a triumphant figure, and to some of us a figure from another age, an audacious Italian fifteenth-century figure."

One of Wilde's characterizations that Yeats could not forget is this: "Mr. Bernard Shaw has no enemies, but is intensely disliked by all his friends." Yeats felt revenged, when he heard it, upon a notorious hater of romance whose generosity and courage, as he puts it, he could not fathom. He saw a good deal of Wilde, he goes on to tell us, around the years 1887 and 1888. Wilde had reviewed very favorably Yeats' first book, "The Wanderings of Oisin," and had invited the young poet to Christmas dinner. "He had just renounced his velveteen, and even



FASCINATING, BUT UNMORAL

In this face can be seen both the power and the sensuality of Oscar Wilde. No scandal had touched his name at the time when W. B. Yeats first met him.

those cuffs turned backward over the sleeves, and had begun to dress very carefully in the fashion of the moment. He lived in a little house at Chelsea that the architect Godwin had decorated with an elegance that owed something to Whistler. There was nothing medieval, nor pre-Raphaelite, no cupboard door with figures upon flat gold, no peacock blue, no dark background. I remember vaguely a white drawing-room with Whistler etchings, 'let in' to white panels, and a dining-room all white, chairs, walls, mantelpiece, carpet, except for a diamond-shaped piece of red cloth in the middle of the table under a terra-cotta statuet, and, I think, a red-shaded lamp hanging from the ceiling to a little above the statuet. It was



DESPAIR

This little figure, carved in gypsum, was made by William Rimmer at the age of fifteen, and conveys a mood that was all too prevalent in the lives of both himself and his father. The physical characteristics of the figure are said to have been suggested by the father, a French nobleman who was driven from his country by the French Revolution.

perhaps too perfect in its unity, his past of a few years before had gone too completely, and I remember thinking that the perfect harmony of his life there, with his beautiful wife and his two young children, suggested some deliberate artistic composition."

This picture of Wilde gives way, in a second instalment of the reminiscences, to an equally memorable account of William Morris. Mr. Yeats says that he was often drawn to the old stable beside Kelmscott House, Morris' house at Hammersmith, London, and to the debates held there upon Sunday evenings by the Socialist League. He was soon of the little group who had supper with Morris afterwards. He met at these suppers Walter Crane, Emery Walker (afterwards, in association

with Cobden Sanderson, the printer of many fine books) and less constantly Bernard Shaw and Cockerell, now of the museum at Cambridge; and once or twice Hyndman, the Socialist, and the Anarchist, Prince Kropotkin. There, too, he met more or less educated workmen, rough of speech and manner, but deeply in earnest. The company sat round a long, unpolished and unpainted trestle-table of new wood in a room where hung Rossetti's "Pomegranate," a portrait of Mrs. Morris, and where one wall and part of the ceiling were covered by a great Persian carpet. It was Morris' idea that carpets were meant for people who took their shoes off when they entered a house, and were most in place on a tent floor. Mr. Yeats confesses that he was a little disappointed in the house, for "Morris was an old man, content at last to gather beautiful things rather than to arrange a beautiful house." In the drawing-room alone, Yeats' sense of decoration, founded upon the background of Rossetti's pictures, was satisfied by a big cupboard painted with a

scene from Chaucer by Burne-Jones. He writes further:

"I had read as a boy in books belonging to my father, the third volume of 'The Earthly Paradise' and 'The Defense of Guinevere,' which pleased me less, but had not opened either for a long time. 'The Man Who Never Laughed Again' had seemed the most wonderful of tales till my father had accused me of preferring Morris to Keats, got angry about it, and put me altogether out of countenance. He had spoiled my pleasure, for now I questioned while I read and at last ceased to read, nor had Morris written as yet those prose romances that became, after his death, so great a joy that they were the only books I was ever to read slowly that I might not come too quickly to the end. It was now Morris himself that stirred my interest, and I took to him first

because of some little tricks of speech and body that reminded me of my old grandfather in Sligo, but soon discovered his spontaneity and joy and made him my chief of men. To-day I do not set his poetry very high, but for an old altogether wonderful line or thought; and yet, if some angel offered me the choice, I would choose to live his life, poetry and all, rather than my own or any other man's."

There was Welsh blood in Morris, but his deepest self was nourished by Greece, Rome, Scandinavia, and illuminated by a light that never was on sea or land. His

creative life, as Yeats interprets it, is another illustration of the theory of the "anti-self" that summons every artist to the fashioning of ideal forms:

"The dream world of Morris was as much the antithesis of daily life as with other men of genius, but he was never conscious of the antithesis and so knew nothing of intellectual suffering. . . .

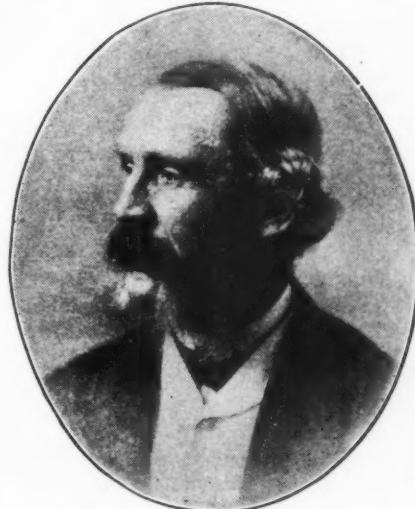
"He did not project, like Henley or like Wilde, an image of himself, because, having all his imagination set on making and doing, he had little self-knowledge. He imagined instead new conditions of making and doing."

A REDISCOVERED AMERICAN GENIUS

THERE is always something thrilling in the rediscovery of neglected genius, and when, at a recent public dinner in New York, the well-known sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, praised, without naming, an "unknown" American artist of the mid-nineteenth century, he aroused the lively curiosity of many of his hearers. He has now satisfied that curiosity in an article in the *New York Evening Post*, which tells the story of William Rimmer, sculptor, painter and physician. This article, while inspired by Mr. Borglum's first-hand knowledge of Rimmer's work, is based in large part on a biography of Rimmer written by Truman H. Bartlett and published in Boston thirty-one years ago. Dr. Rimmer was born in Liverpool, England, in 1816, and died in South Milford, Massachusetts, in 1879. His career runs almost parallel with that of William Morris Hunt, an American artist who worked with him and who was as much favored as Rimmer was neglected. It is interesting to speculate on why Hunt was overpraised while Rimmer was ignored. It is even more interesting to watch the growth of a new reputation. Mr. Bartlett, who is still living, has no hesitation in describing Rimmer as "the most powerful genius in sculpture that has yet appeared in this country"; while Gutzon Borglum, in an equally striking generalization, declares:

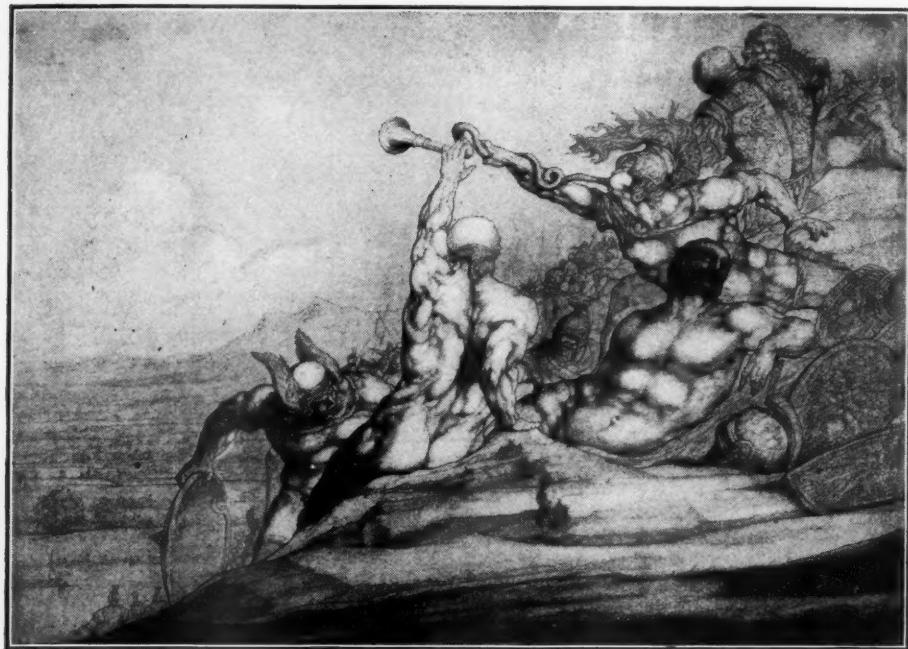
"He was, I believe, the most interesting, if not the ablest and most gifted, temperament that has appeared in American art."

Rimmer's father belonged to one of the royal families of France. He was born during the revolution of 1789, and lost his fortune as a result of that upheaval. He called himself "Thomas Rimmer," but his



A FORERUNNER OF RODIN

Dr. William Rimmer, who lived and worked in Massachusetts more than fifty years ago, is characterized by Gutzon Borglum as "the most interesting, if not the ablest and most gifted, temperament that has appeared in American art."



THE CALL TO ARMS

Reproduced from William Rimmer's "Art Anatomy," published in Boston in 1877. This masterly book contains nearly 900 drawings which rank, in Gutzon Borglum's view, with the work of Holbein and Velasquez.

real name is not known. His early life was spent in England as a refugee. It was during this period that he married and that William was born. When he came to America in 1818 he was impoverished and melancholy, and took to shoemaking for a livelihood. There was genuine tragedy in his plight, and one of the first bits of sculpture that young Rimmer made was a seated figure of a nude man in grief, a "Thinker," obviously suggested by his father.

William Rimmer was also for a while a shoemaker. As he grew older he studied medicine and became a doctor. He began his practice in Randolph, Massachusetts. He continued it in Chelsea and in East Milton, mainly among the poor.

His first great artistic work, apart from his boyish efforts, was a head of Saint Stephen, cut out of granite. His second was "The Falling Gladiator," characterized by Mr. Bartlett as "the most remarkable work of sculpture that has yet been produced in this country." The sculptor

worked in a small, low-windowed basement room without any of the proper facilities. He had no fire in the room. The clay froze and dried, cracking and falling down, so that parts of the statue had to be made many times over.

After the "Gladiator" came an Alexander Hamilton statue, erected on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, in 1865. This work was severely criticized, but appeals to Gutzon Borglum as one of the most stately and dignified single pedestrian statues in America. All this time Rimmer was working under great material difficulties. He had few patrons or friends, and was glad to augment his income by teaching anatomy in Boston, Providence and New York. In 1866 he was appointed director and chief instructor in the School of Design for Women in Cooper Union. The course included drawing from casts and from life, painting, design and composition, modeling, lectures on anatomy, on primitive forms, and on manners, customs and implements. Says Mr. Borglum:

"It always struck me as strange that Rimmer should have been employed by such institutions chiefly to give anatomy lessons, rather because he was a 'doctor' than because he was an artist. It is true that his explanations of the anatomical form of the human figure are unsurpassed in the history of anatomical draftsmanship and teaching; still, his great gifts as an artist and sculptor in an age that produced Hunt should have won recognition and fuller employment for his larger creative faculties. I have seen nothing in the records of art by the great Italian masters (excepting Da Vinci, and then only in a limited number of works) that is comparable with Dr. William Rimmer's drawings as studies not only of anatomy, but of character. Anatomically interesting as they are, as illustrative of the structure of the parts explained, they are infinitely more charming as drawings, valuable as examples of master craftsmanship, and great as works of art."

A lady who attended Rimmer's lectures, Mrs. W. A. Tappan, was so impressed by the waste of his genius involved in blackboard masterpieces, erased as soon as made, that she gave him \$2,000 to pay for the publication of a book of his drawings. The result was his "Art Anatomy" (1877), which contains nearly 900 drawings and ranks, in Borglum's eyes, with the works of Holbein and Velasquez. "Half of them, at least," he assures us, "excel any drawings extant in pure beauty and as masterful demonstrations of knowledge of the human figure. They have a character of truth, without exaggeration, that is not unlike the Greek. The man is inspired by the same beauty and drama as the Italian Angelo, and in his drawings of hands and feet we feel the influence of the Renaissance masters, but in the form and structure of the figure and its proportions he is Greek."

Mr. Borglum does not attempt to estimate the paintings of Rimmer, but says that in sculpture Rimmer "worked more like Rodin at Rodin's best than any man in modern times."

"He produced a child, an infant Hercules, of which I have the original plaster, which is a veritable little god. It is the noblest baby god that I can recall, not excepting anything from the antique world, and it is modeled, as far as it has been carried, with a power that equals any of the ancient masters.



THE FALLING GLADIATOR

Pronounced by Rimmer's biographer, Truman H. Bartlett, the most remarkable work of sculpture yet produced in this country. "That such a work could be tossed about in plaster for twenty years and finally be forgotten," says Mr. Bartlett, "is in itself a terribly severe reflection upon our pretended fondness for antique sculpture."

Rimmer probably never heard of Rodin; it appears that he never went abroad, and yet it is curious that he dealt with form with that strange, intense, plastic quality and that mastery of structural modeling which we see only in Rodin and one or two of his greatest contemporaries—Dalou and Meunier, that is. Rimmer was Rodin's forerunner in method as well as in time."

It has been said that Rimmer's reputation rests most soundly upon his art anatomy. Mr. Borglum does not dispute this verdict. The 900 drawings are not notes or sketches, but "master products of a pencil craftsman and works of art of the first order." They begin with the skull: the first chart illustrates different aspects of the head, beginning with its basic structure and ending with a portrayal of

muscular attachments. From this, Rimmer carries the student through a most exhaustive study of the human head—"unquestionably," as Mr. Borglum puts it, "the most marvelous of all created things." Of the 81 charts, 31 contribute to this study. The treatment is physical, artistic and psychological. Dr. Rimmer deals with primitive and highly developed forms, comparing the characteristics that civilization retains with those called elemental. In the last chart dealing with the head, he closes with studies of the subjects: Surprise (pleasure), Surprise (fear), Surprise (sorrow), Surprise (pain), Surprise (dislike), Surprise (despair), Surprise (modified by sensibility).

This thoroness Mr. Borglum finds in all

Rimmer's activities. His was "a wonderful mind, wonderful visualization, and an imagination which contemplated all that was worth while or great in nature and art." He "seems thoroly acquainted with the world's masterpieces, and when he refers to any it is with a master's understanding." The tribute proceeds:

"Rimmer appears to have struggled eternally, to have been ruled by an imagination that drove his brain like a tyrant, and in turn that brain enslaved his body and held it to its tasks early and late. How such a force could have lived in New England and thought, talked, modeled and painted as he did for a long lifetime (in the memory of many still alive) without recognition is utterly incomprehensible. In so far as his great ability and his great productions affected the civilization of his environment he might as well have been in Greenland. The truth is that Rimmer was not seen, not understood, because there was no one to understand him."

What is more remarkable still is that he is yet unknown. Artists have not heard of him. Mr. Borglum did not learn of him through the regular art



MORNING

The break of day was a constant inspiration to William Rimmer. In this, one of his simplest and most poetical treatments of the subject, he shows us a winged youth holding up a surprised infant.



EVENING

One of the most dramatic of William Rimmer's creations, and an indubitable sign of his genius. It is said that one-fourth of all his drawings were figures falling through the air.

channels. He found the "Art Anatomy" in the possession of an American lady of the generation of Rimmer. He borrowed it. "I lost," he says "all interest in the world for a week after my discovery, and grew angry and despaired over a world that knew nothing of it."

Dr. Rimmer was a thinker and scholar, as well as an artist, and he had his own philosophy of life. The following aphorisms are cited from the Bartlett biography:

Act liberally. Don't be influenced by schools. In the fine old pictures there is no system: the men had much feeling, and were in a position where they could cultivate it. Cultivate your feeling.

To copy a fine statue or picture no more makes, or helps to make, one a fine sculptor or painter than copying a fine poem makes one a fine poet.

Every work of art is the result of a new

discovery of one's own powers, and an exact measure of the capabilities or limitations

Science is to art what brick-making is to architecture.

Remember! That the faculty of reason is below the faculty of worship; and the Protestants may, in striving to admit the mind to the path of duty by the one, draw the soul's attention from the holiest promptings of the other, which the Catholics so much do honor, as the safer master for the conscience.

Only think—Socrates might catch a gape from a fool, or a beggar move a king to yawn; think of it!

Hearts need homes as well as heads.

Individuality is above all.

I believe that the hope and future of the country depends upon the poor people, the humble classes, and not upon the rich and aristocrats. All the virtues, braveries and sacrifices are exemplified in the poor: they have written the sublimest pages of history.

BLASCO IBÁÑEZ HONORED IN HIS NATIVE CITY

TO judge by the welcome Blasco Ibáñez received from Valencia during the week of May 20th, it is evident that novelists have over prophets the advantage of sometimes being recognized in their own towns. Twenty years ago the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" left his native city with the commiseration of his fellow citizens for a brilliant career gone wrong. He had optioned for exile as the alternative to a long term in prison, for anti-Monarchist agitation. After adventurous

wanderings over half the globe, he returned a few weeks ago as one of the foremost men of letters of his time. Valencia received her "prodigal" with an effusiveness very rare indeed in the lifetime of an author: she devoted a whole week to honoring Blasco Ibáñez and his works.

On arriving at the station in Valencia the novelist was greeted by officials of city, province and state. Thence he was escorted by a throng of one hundred thousand people to his hotel. The next day, through streets that were a maze of American, Spanish and Valencian flags, he was taken to his birthplace and made to stand on a platform while a memorial tablet in his honor was unveiled. Thereafter, for a week, each day was devoted to festivities connected with one of Ibáñez's so-called Valencian novels: "The Mayflower," "The Cabin," "Mare Nostrum," "Blood and Sand," "The Tragedy of the Lake" (*Canas y Barro*), "Sonnica, the Courtesan." Episodes of those novels were reenacted about the streets of the town, with reproduction of the Valencian popular customs which those books so colorfully portray. On the last day of "Ibáñez Week" a unique honor was bestowed upon the novelist. The mayor of the city gave him the coat-of-arms of Valencia, and that emblem he may henceforth wear and use. Meanwhile the Plaza de Cajeros was renamed the Plaza Blasco Ibáñez; and, at the entrance to the basin of the harbor, the cornerstone of a monument was laid, to be entitled "Mare Nostrum."

Don't imagine anything stiff or formal about all this. The Ibáñez celebration was something intimate and familiar.



"A PEN THAT HAS CONQUERED A WORLD"
How Ibáñez looks to the caricaturist of the Valencia *Pueblo*



Wide World Photo

THE CLIMAX OF VALENCIA'S "IBÁÑEZ WEEK"

Vicente Blasco Ibáñez is here shown receiving the Valencian coat of arms. The Mayor of the city (at the front of the platform) is delivering the address of presentation, while Ibáñez stands immediately behind him, among a group of city officials and notable Spaniards.

To all Spain "adhered" to the tribute, the novelist was among people whom he knew well. According to an account in *El Pueblo*, one of his responses was interrupted by a group of Valencian sailors, who begged that, as a special favor to them, he speak in Valencian dialect and not in Spanish. It is the populace of his native seashore particularly that Ibáñez describes in his stories. The fishermen, the harbor workers, the laborers of the orange orchard and rice fields, took the leading part in this demonstration of a region's pride and affection.

The celebration of "The Cabin," for instance, was held around the *barraca* of an aged couple, whose humble dwelling will henceforth bear a bronze tablet commemorating the success of that novel. "*No soc home de lletra; no se expresarli lo que sent en este moment,*" the old

sailor, weeping, said to Ibáñez as the novelist entered his home: "I am not a man of education, I cannot tell what I feel at this moment!" And Ibáñez, in his speech: "I am going to ask a favor of all you people, my old friends, here. My work takes me, for most of the time, to countries far away from these shores that I love, and where I have the only house that I call really mine. If I die in some foreign country, will not you sailors come and get me and bring me back here?" And, in the sobbing and applause that followed, the novelist continued: "It is my desire to rest in the most humble of our seaside cemeteries, within view of 'Mare Nostrum,' that my dust may mingle with the soil that has always been nearest my heart."

There was a note of mutual banter at times also. "You have turned out pretty

well for such a tough young shaver," says an old Monarchist to Ibañez, referring to the latter's days as a subversive Republican and anti-royalist. And Ibañez, in one of his speeches, alluded ironically to the people who drove him years ago into exile as "men of genius whose lights have failed to shine in the world simply because they have always stayed at home."

For that matter, the novelist found "the old place" not much changed with the passing of nearly a quarter of a century. Monarchs and Republicans were still at it in May as they had been in 1900. By a curious coincidence, the Governor of the city, a military official appointed from Madrid, chanced to make his formal entry the afternoon before Ibañez's return. By another strange coincidence, he had the same name as the novelist—Blasco. He found the city in gala attire—but not in honor of the Governor. His coldness toward the local festivities was due less to pique than to "orders from higher up"; for the Army and the Royalists were boycotting the demonstration from the prominence of Republican municipal officials in it.

The City Council had approved a proposal to rename the "Plaza de la Reina" as the "Plaza Blasco Ibañez"; but this bill the Governor, on constitutional grounds that were disputed in the Council with fisticuffs the following day, proceeded to veto.

"What's the idea?" the Mayor, heading a delegation of protest, asked the Governor angrily.

"Well," said the military man, "I have no grudge against Mr. Blasco Ibañez personally. More than that, I'll go with you to greet him at the station. But three years ago you Republicans went and changed Prince Alfonso Street to Wilson Street. You remember the fuss that made. Now you propose replacing the Queen with another Republican. Can't you fellows have a good time without insulting royalty?"

Most of the speeches of Blasco Ibañez related, in one way or another, to the United States. Speaking at the foundation of a school to be named "Mare Nostrum," he lauded the generosity of Amer-

ican private citizens toward educational institutions as an object-lesson worthy of imitation. In his set speech of response to the welcome, he ascribed the progressiveness of American life, apart from the wealth of American resources, to the interest taken by women in public affairs. Addressing the populace on "Mayflower Day," he spoke—one thinks of Tonet returning from his world tour—of the vast size and power of the American republic. Elsewhere he attempted to smooth out any rancors lingering from Spanish-American war days. "American officers, in my presence, contrasted the chivalry of Cervera in sailing out of Santiago with his second-class gunboats, to meet the whole American navy, with the disgraceful end of the Kaiser's fleet."

This "Americanism" of Ibañez—the dominant note in the festivities—is not, as Juan Encina Navareete well remarks in *El Pueblo*, the result of Ibañez's gratitude for the reception accorded his writings in the United States. That critic recalls the fact that the first political speech of Blasco Ibañez, as a mere boy of twenty-one, was a reading of Longfellow's "Excelsior" in preface to advocacy of the federal republican form of government for Spain. In the newspaper, *La Repubblica Federal*, which Ibañez founded and edited in the '90's, he advocated a republic not of the French centralized type, but of the American decentralized type, as the one best calculated to restore virtual, if not political, unity to the Spanish world.

Curious, in the large number of critical articles provoked by the tribute to Blasco Ibañez, are recollections of the novelist published by his amanuensis of the days of the Valencian novels, F. Azzati. "Blasco Ibañez," he writes, "is not a stylist. He does not polish and mold his characters with the care of conscious artists like D'Annunzio and Pierre Loti. He never writes with the idea that he is producing art. His books come full-grown into his mind. When he does not dictate them, he sits down at a table and dashes them off. More than half of 'Mayflower' was thus dictated to make copy for *El Pueblo*. But this spontaneity of production is one secret of his universal appeal."

THE "FEMININE NUISANCE" IN AMERICAN FICTION

"LITERATURE in the United States is being strangled with a petticoat." So Joseph Hergesheimer declares in a highly provocative article in the *Yale Review*. The author of "The Three Black Pennys" and of "Java Head" is thinking of fiction when he makes this statement, and the "strangling" to which he objects he finds manifest in an insatiable demand for wealth-conquering heroes and for happy endings amid love and trellised roses. "Women," he says, "read the novels, and men, in the intervals of their more immediate engagements, read the short stories. With an exception for *The Saturday Evening Post*, which is a striking individual among magazines, the stories published serially are read by something like ten thousand women to every one man. Women have set the standard, determined the tone, of the characteristic American novel; and by that irreducible and inescapable fact, both the novels and the women must be measured."

What the average American novel is apt to forget is that success is mainly a psychic quality. The real hero, in contradistinction to his counterfeit presentment, would be likely, Mr. Hergesheimer says, to "progress quietly, by feats of memory, technical excellence, an endless tact allied to the willingness to take such stupendous chances as would crumple another merely to dream of." He would doubtless marry young, have children, move into a good home, and then would come the real struggle, "a gigantic struggle, like the surging beat of a sea," and "he would fight immensely, with stark courage, or illimitable cunning—a cunning, again, that would swiftly land the clerk in jail—until his private car took him, broken and tormented by his long-outraged body, for the last time towards Florida and that fountain of youth eternally searched for and never found."

The recreations of such a one would not be suburban parties with children revolving sweetly to the grinding of a Vic-

trola, or auction bridge in a room twittering like an aviary. "I know of one," Mr. Hergesheimer tells us, "who clears his mind at the highest speed of the most powerful car manufactured. There was another who required the ballet, the entire sweep, of a celebrated opera house. In themselves, these considerations are neither important nor unimportant; but when they are ignored, replaced by a collection of virtues even more tepid than the minds which evolved them, the result to truth and beauty is tragic."

It is often said that the men of America are entirely practical, that they care for nothing but the deals and details of their occupations. Mr. Hergesheimer hotly disputes the statement. He tries to show that in the novels of which he complains man's attitude is misrepresented not only in its relation to the struggle for financial success, but also in its relation to the gentler emotions of the heart. "It is the



HE SEES LITERATURE "STRANGLLED WITH A PETTICOAT"

Joseph Hergesheimer has little hope for American fiction unless it is freed from feminine influence.

women," he asserts, "who are keenly interested in the material details, the returns of business, the woman with a single diamond ring and the women with bracelets of emeralds and strings of pearls." He goes on to affirm that again and again he has found in men of affairs whimsical fancies and echoes of harmonies, poetic memories and cherished ideals. "Incurably shy, they are ashamed of these. Sometimes, when they are together, or with a particular woman, a note of the music, the breath of a sigh, escapes."

"The strange, incomprehensible, thing is that such emotions are positively all we have to dignify a dull, mechanistic affair. They are no subject for shame: a man capable of keeping at his heart the warmth of a thrill, the tenderness of a memory, is touched by a divinity superior, there, to corruptible flesh.

"But, in that direction, a most rigid suppression is everywhere evident. Feeling, beauty, romance, are delivered to a feminine supervision which promptly syndicates them into the corporation of dressmakers, candy manufacturers and jewelers. I am not an advocate of men carrying faded sprigs of lilac unromantically pressed in the tails of their dresscoats, nor of having a long white glove bound above the elbow. Restraint is a necessity of fine emotion; but what I would have all men of sensibility understand is that the province of imaginative and creative letters, or literature, is to keep alive and intensify whatever in their experiences of living was heroic or lovely, that and hardly anything else. For music and literature and painting have only one reason and end—to give pleasure; and, in the discharge of that, aside from paramount esthetic considerations, they have but one responsibility—to be honest."

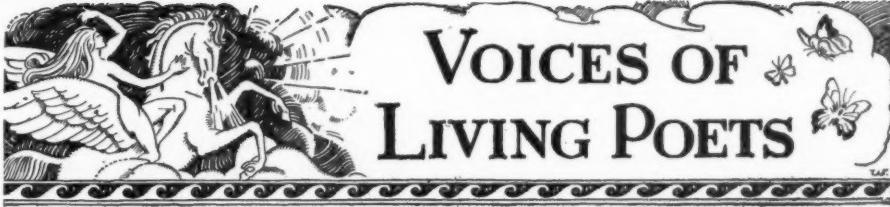
Mr. Hergesheimer speaks of H. G. Wells' "Tono Bungay" and Arnold Bennett's "The Pretty Lady" as novels of the right sort, and hails the stories of James Branch Cabell as a sign that a new and eventually inviolate body of American literature will be established. He closes:

"Men, when they are young and eager and adventurous, have comparatively little need for imaginative books; but when their eagerness is dulled, when they have reached more contemplative years, then the recorded poetry of existence can be a priceless recompense.

But it must, in order to endure, have the beauty of form and courage, and it must be universal to the heart. . . . A woman is at the center of nearly every living accomplishment of art, at the center of the written or of the writer. Women, like the poor, are always with us; but how often, for how long, is an adored figure at our sides? How many perfect moments has a man in the long months of his life? Not enough to disorganize him, and still, at best, enough to make the others possible. Novels perpetuate those moments, call back their flame into minds grown worn and tepid, kindle them again, as bright and seductive as ever, in minds sick and disintegrating. Such a resource should be strictly held to its purpose and value, unshorn by nimble, white and pre-dacious fingers."

All of which is in part well founded, but as a whole too one-sided. "Mr. Hergesheimer," comments the *New York Evening Post*, "cannot bring any real evidence that American women are a reading public inferior to the potential or existing male public." No such evidence exists. If multitudes of women delight in *Pollyanna* and *love-on-a-ranch*, how about the men who find their mental sweetness in *Wallingford* and detective stories? It is hard to indict so sweepingly, as the *Post* points out, the sex which is yearly producing books as honest, solid and artistic as the books of Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, Miss Zona Gale and Miss Cather. The *Post* proceeds:

"The faults of our literature are based on American character. Why cannot we have the stern realism, if necessary the grim tragedy, shown in the Russian masters? Because the women, answers Mr. Hergesheimer, want 'glad' books. Why cannot we throw aside prudish reticence and treat with a clear-eyed realism the relation of the sexes? Because of the deadweight of Anglo-Saxon Puritanism. But Mr. Howells, a quarter century ago, gave a better answer to both questions. He pointed out that American literature must have a more optimistic tone than some European literatures because American life is freer, more prosperous, more hopeful. We do not knout exiles in Duluth snowdrifts; and it would be a mistake to touch often, if at all, the deeply tragic chords Dostoievsky touched so naturally. An optimistic literature produced by an optimistic people is obviously a true literature."



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

DESPITE the fact that some very good American poets have voluntarily expatriated themselves, it is not the custom to banish poets from the Republic, the custom being, as a writer in *The Nation* observes, to try to make them over into the image of Congressmen. Poetry is becoming more or less of a business, as distinguished from an avocation, and in so becoming runs the danger, of course, of ceasing to be solely an art. Academic departments of English in the universities, on the one hand, and authors' leagues and poets' guilds on the other, have, we are assured, tended to put literature on an efficiency basis with a view to high and readily marketable production. "The whole ideal is a businesslike one, and since it has the subtle but strong support of a universal public opinion the poet cuts his hair, trims his temper and substitutes alien warnings for the monitions of his own soul." There is a marked tendency on the part of our maturing poets to resign themselves, as Emerson memorably pointed out long ago, to "a civil and conformed manner of living and to write poems from the fancy and at a safe distance from their own experience." They are cut to fit the world they came to help. "No doubt there are gifted people in your Latin Quarter," says a respectable and not unlettered lady, "but most of them are merely queer and probably immoral." She forgets, as *The Nation* critic observes, that such groups have always surrounded and sustained, nourished and eased, the "children of the fire" who can find comfort and inspiration neither at the engineers' club nor in a drawing-room, neither in the I. O. O. F. hall nor at the Chamber of Commerce. Let us, cries the anonymous voice in *The Nation*, "admit the noble madness of poets and allow for

it," instead of demanding of them conformity and industrial efficiency, for "we stand in bitter need of a glow, however faint, of the Dionysian, the unsubdued." Much the same cry is uttered in this poem which we find in *Vanity Fair*:

SOUL'S LIBERTY

BY ANNA WICKHAM

HE who has lost soul's liberty
Concerns himself for ever with his
property,
As, when the folk have lost the dance and
song,
Women clean useless pots the whole day
long.
Thank God for war and fire
To burn the silly objects of desire,
That from the ruin of a church thrown down
We see God clear and high above the town.

Lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson will be interested in these recently discovered verses which appear in *The Presbyterian Messenger*, of South Africa, whose editors vouch for their authenticity. The poem was brought to South Africa by a Scotchman, whose uncle, a close friend of Stevenson's, had received it from the poet on the death of a mutual friend:

RESURGENCE

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WHO he that, ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you,
Your whole long lusty lifetime through,
Be gone a while before:
Yet, doubt not, soon the season shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner; still
He pushes on with right good will,
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill,
The self-same arduous way
That you and he through many a doubtful
day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend; not dead,
But on some road, which mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end;
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, brave heart, the while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters, with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake;
And strains his eyes to search his wake
Or, whistling as he sees you through the
brake,
Waits on a stile.

Holland's, in publishing this little poem, has given space to a large and striking thought expressed with admirable economy of words:

THE SEA-SOUL
BY JOHN R. C. PEYTON

THE soul of the earth is in the sea.

Cold rocks and clammy soil
Betray no passion,
Speak no grief.
But the sea
Trembles, quivers,
Loves, laughs, moans,
Suffers,
Writhes.

Something there is in me that's like the sea.

The Order of Bookfellows (Chicago) is quietly publishing some notable work in poetry as well as prose from time to time, and one of the times is marked by an exquisitely-printed volume, "Estrays," by four poets from whom we quote in chronological order:

RÉSURRECTION
BY THOMAS KENNEDY

I SHALL lie down some day to take my rest,
I shall lie down and never rise again;
And men shall lay me in some quiet plain
To sleep beneath tall elms, where robins nest;
Where great winds, roaring sudden from the west,
Drive fugitive the cold and frightened rain;
But they shall beat upon my door in vain
When I lie sleeping there, kind old Earth's guest.

Until I wake . . . for I shall wake and live . . .
Not as before men named me with the dead,
But in some newer, better guise. Who knows
What ecstasy the future years may give?
These lips may paint some royal poppy red
Or this hot breath be perfume for a rose.

MONEY

BY GEORGE SEYMOUR

A HEAP of shining counters piled up high;
The price of virtue or the wage of sin;
A monarch in whose service many die;
A god whose favor many toil to win;
A mountebank in solemn motley clad,
Treading a mirthless dance with feet inert;
A fairy, sometimes good, more often bad;
Enfin—a pile of useless yellow dirt.

Vagrant! That men to you should vassals be,
And lovers bow, and poets raise their song!

Around your throne in equal company
Alike the meanest and the greatest throng.
Mine be the grace your favor to forget.
God send I serve you not. And yet—and yet—

SCHEHEREZADE
BY VINCENT STARRETT

UPON the wall the firelight's black scarves frisk;
A gleam of ruby dances in the night;
A gleam of topaz, and the room glows bright
Before a nude, bejeweled odalisque.
She comes with genii and with copper slaves,
Weaving again the golden tapestries
Of lurid and fantastic lands and seas
Across my sight; she comes with droll, bronze knaves,
White turbaned, bearing casks of ebony,
Like some weird circus, black and gold and blue;
Dwarfs, eunuchs, caliphs, houris and a crew
Chanting in wild, exotic minstrelsy . . .
And with a shiver and an eager sigh
We enter Bagdad—Scheherezade and I.

PREINCARNATION
BY BASIL THOMPSON

EREWHILE when on some gladder sphere
You laughed your little span away,
Not mindful to be weeping here
As you are weeping here to-day,

Did once you pause the while you joyed
To ponder on a day to be,
Which time, perchance, should be employed
In Paradisal jubilee?

Did you desire a higher place
Than that whereon you sang and played?
Did once you crave a braver grace
Than that with which you were arrayed?
Did you not, rather, realize
That you were then in Paradise?

The second of these two poems from *The Double-Dealer* (New Orleans) bears a legend which may be a proverb and which might deservedly have been invented for the occasion:

A PRAYER ANSWERED

By WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

SHE prayed to God for strength to say him nay,
And rose up strong and purified.
Yet when his mouth was clinging the old way,
Weeping, she naught denied.

But since the night she spied the self-same kisses
Fall elsewhere with the self-same lies,
Altho she prays no more, yet she scarce misses
What firmly she denies.

ORIGINS

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH

Beginning with *Lilith* and *Eve*, there have been two classes of women—those who have taken the strength out of men, and those who have put it back.—PROVERB.

INTO a dark world of strange talk
Came a soft voice,
As that of a bird
Lulling forest and fen.
And then,
Stirred
By a word
That bade him rejoice
And rise and walk,
Adam awoke,
Spoke,
Listened awhile
For an answering call,
As a great silence fell over all.
Brooding and serious,
Something mysterious
On him was casting the shadow of pain
When, with a vain,
Curious smile

(A sigh of the eye),
As a siren went by,
The first of men shuddered,
Turned over and over
In thistle and clover,
And slept again:
And dreamt of *Lilith*!

Darker and stranger grew the world;
Fig leaves were shed,
And serpents curled.
And overnight
Was born delight,
And overday
Was born desire,
To curb dismay
Lest Adam tire.
The skies were red;
And all the glory
Of time in story
Suddenly flashed,
And thunder crashed;
And under the vine and fig-tree there,
Gowned and crowned with her radiant hair,
And frail as fire and free as the air,
And fair as her daughters have sought to be fair,
A woman stood
In virginhood.
Over the grass
It came to pass
That her eyes spoke . . .
So sweet was she
To hear and see,
So virginwise,
That from his eyes
And body then
The scales had all but fallen when
Adam awoke.
Eden and Eve!

Whether this poet is a convict we do not know, but he writes like one who is or has been, in *Pearson's*:

PICTURES

By M. FRANCIS

THE soft Spring airs
Blow through my cell
And in dreams of youth
I forgot this hell;

From a garden close,
Where pale roses nod,
Drifts up the scent
Of the fresh-turned sod;

Afar in the blue
White galleons float,
And a lark soars high
With his ardent note;

Below in the sun
Two lovers stroll,
Forgetting the world,
Love and life their goal,

In their hearts the song
All youth has sung,
For while one loves
One is always young;

On a roof nearby
Gray pigeons woo,
Their soft-toned plumage,
Their murmurous coo

Fill my heart with a
Passionate pain,
Till I curse the sun
And pray for the rain,

For the rain that weeps
With my weeping heart,
And is of my life
The counterpart.

To the indelible credit of the author of the following lyric, which appears in the *Smart Set*, is the sonnet, "Tears," which has achieved monumental distinction. The sentiment of this lilt is deserving of masculine applause:

A GIRL'S MOOD

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

I LOVE a prayer-book;
I love a thorn-tree,
That blows by a wall,
As white as can be.

I love an old house,
Set down in the grass;
And the windy old roads
That thereabout pass.

I love thin blue frocks;
Stones green in the light;
A book of gray prayers;
And a thorn-bush white.

A lover I love.
Oh, had I but one,
I would give him all these,
Myself, and the sun!

In the N. Y. *Evening Post Literary Review* we find this acute analysis of the spirit of names, which is fetching if not entirely convincing:

NOMENCLATURE BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

SOME people have names like pitchforks, some people have names like cakes, Names full of sizzling esses like a family quarrel of snakes, Names black as a cat, vermillion as the cocks-comb of a fool, But your name is a green small garden, a rush asleep in a pool.

When God looked at the diffident cherubs and dropped them out of the sky He named them like Adam's animals while Mary and Eve stood by, The poor things huddled before him in scared little naked flocks— And he gave you a name like sunlight and clover and hollyhocks.

For your mouth with its puzzled jesting, for your hair like a dark, soft bird, Shy humor and dainty walking, sweet laughter and subtle word, As a fairy walks with a mushroom to keep the rain from its things, You carry your name forever like a scepter alive with wings!

Neither change nor despair shall touch it, nor the seasons make it uncouth, It will burn like an Autumn maple when your proud age talks to your youth; Wise child, clean friend, adoration, light arrow of God, white flame: I would break my body to pieces to call you once by your name!

To the *London Mercury* we are indebted for this poem which in terseness of expression and imaginative suggestiveness seems to us out of the ordinary:

I SAW THE APE WALKING IN THE FOREST

By W. J. TURNER

IN unknown forests
Far from the Sea
Walks a dumb Shadow,
Brother to me.

Falls the bright blossom,
Fades the year:
To the cave of extinction
That Shadow draws near.

The stars are a-glitter,
The Moon is gone;
Through the trees Silence blowing,
Blowing alone.

The Sun burns, returning,
Spring the turf heaves.
My brother the Shadow
Rots in the leaves.

Following is what recently was adjudged to be the best of some two hundred poems submitted in the annual poetry competition of the Springfield (Mass.) Poetry Society:

FIREFLIES

By WILLIAM B. McCOURTIE

AGAINST those dampened pines that sigh
Between the meadows and the sky
Sudden lyrics of cinders fly—

Flashing and dying, round and round,
Above the stretch of marshy ground,
Each like the glow-point of a brand
In some invisible boy's hand

Which flourished wildly, spirally,
Is then extinguished utterly—

Queer, serpentine, and gold-on-black
Pattern upon a Chinois plaque

Delighting Oriental eyes.
And so this frolic of the flies

Goes on, until midsummer rain,
Come softly through the trees again,
Ends all night sporting, light and vain.

In a joyous poem, which has the place of honor in a recent number of *Poetry* (Chicago), and which may be construed as a marriage ode, the author having recently married, we find this lilting forest stanza:

BOYS AND GIRLS

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

BOYS and girls, come out to play;
The sun is up, the wind's astray,
Early morning's gold is gone—
(They slumber on, they slumber on!)
I have never done with you
Half the things I want to do.
I will put kisses on your knees,
And we will squander as we please
This little, lazy, lovely day.

Ninety million miles away
The Sun remarks: "Come out to play!
The winds are prancing on tiptoe,
Impatient with long waiting so;
The hills look up. Come out and oh,
Let your bodies dart and run
While I make shadows!" says the Sun.

Boys and girls, come out to play
Before the river runs away.

I have never done with you
Half the things I want to do.

Fabio Fiallo is a Latin-American poet of distinction whose zeal in endeavoring to bring the Americas closer together in spirit has gotten him into occasional difficulties. They, however, have not marred his singing, as witness this lyric translated by Muna Lee:

IN THE ATRIUM

By FABIO FIALLO

RADIANT with graciousness and beauty,
The courtyard of the temple she passed
by,
And all bent low in reverence at her passing,
Save I.

A swarm of flatteries flew thick about her
Like butterfly on happy butterfly,
And there were none who rendered not
their homage,
Save I.

And afterwards, indifferent and tranquil,
Each one sought his own, without a sigh;
And all live on indifferent and tranquil,
—Ah, all, save I!

We trust the conviction expressed in the last line of this poem, from *The Outlook*, will be borne out in time:

THE GIFT

By ALINE KILMER

HE HAS taken away the things that I loved best:
Love and youth and the harp that knew my hand.
Laughter alone is left of all the rest.
Does He mean that I may fill my days with laughter,
Or will it, too, slip through my fingers like spilt sand?
Why should I beat my wings like a bird in a net,
When I can be still and laugh at my own desire?
The wise may shake their heads at me, but yet
I should be sad without my little laughter.
The crackling of thorns is not so bad a fire.
Will He take away even the thorns from under the pot,
And send me cold and supperless to bed?
He has been good to me. I know He will not.
He gave me to keep a little foolish laughter.
I shall not lose it even when I am dead.

EMPLOYERS RESPONSIBLE FOR 50 PER CENT. OF INDUSTRIAL WASTE?

THAT fifty per cent. of industrial waste in this country is due to mismanagement on the part of employers, and only twenty-five per cent. to labor is the finding of a committee which recently made a report to the Executive Board of the American Engineering Council. This committee of sixteen engineers was appointed last January by Herbert Hoover, then president of the council, and is headed by Chairman J. Parke Channing, of New York, and Vice-Chairman L. W. Wallace, of Washington, executive secretary of the American Engineering Council of the Federated American Engineering Societies. The board authorized this surprising report, not as one from the council, but as the finding of a committee. It is the beginning of a movement by the organized engineers of the country, some 200,000 in number, to bring about better industrial conditions and more harmonious relations between capital and labor.

The report does not consider "the present business crisis, due in part to world-war waste and extravagance," as an excuse for transitory experiments, but as "an opportunity to point out the need of reform." It urges the establishment of a National Industrial Information Service to furnish more timely, regular and complete information covering current production and consumption and stocks of commodities, and a National Statistical Service covering employment requirements. It further urges that a national policy regarding public health should be fostered and encouraged; the national program for industrial rehabilitation should be encouraged and should offer opportunities for education and placement to those having physical defects as well as those handicapped because of industrial accidents; a national program of industrial standardization should be encouraged in conjunction with industrial interests; the Government should recognize the necessity for a revision of such Federal laws as interfere with the stabilization of

industry; a body of principles should be accepted which could be developed for the adjustment and settlement of labor disputes.

As to restricted production, the report says that "both employer and employees restrict output, the former usually by limiting the total output of an industry, the latter by limiting the rate of speed of output of individual workmen. Maintenance of high prices on the part of the owners influences the situation; collusion in bidding as frequently practiced in the building trades is a restriction; legitimate restrictions are frequently practiced by owners of patented, copyrighted or trademarked articles; the amount of a day's work is restricted by labor in the building trades; restrictions of apprentices in many cases seems extreme and unfair; the restriction of the output of machines by limiting the number one man can operate is a charge against the unions; the practice of craft distinctions, that members of one craft union shall not encroach upon the work of another results in large waste and little benefit; labor union interference with the method of wage payment often restricts production."

Declaring that the annual economic loss in the country through preventable diseases and death amounts to \$3,000,000,000, the report specifies that 42,000,000 persons lose 350,000,000 days from illness and preventable industrial accidents annually. Plant idleness comes in for its share of the blame for waste. In the printing industry alone, we are told, an investment of more than \$100,000,000 in stocks of paper carried to meet trade requirements could be cut in half through standardization in the brands of paper. The building industry is said to be about 60 per cent. efficient. In the shoe industry the waste is put at about 35 per cent. The average plant in the metal trades group is from 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. behind the best plant in output per employee.

Commenting on this indictment, the New York *World* finds it "most impressive," and declares that lack of initiative and self-confidence and enterprise are a notorious failing of the average American employer. "It has been cultivated from time out of mind by Government tariff interferences to protect him from exterior competition. It has in late years, and naturally, found expression in a variety of arbitrary efforts to protect him from home competition. We are seeing this weakness at work on all sides of the building industry in New York City. The country is being compelled to ask what industry is not subject to the same restrictive efforts on output from the monopolistic activities of most of its employers." To which

Henry Harrison Lewis, editor of *Industry* (Washington, D. C.), retorts that "if this country has lacked employers and managers of industry who had confidence, initiative or enterprise, it is amazing how we could have ever created the great agricultural machinery plants and products which are to-day a revelation to the entire world. How could we have put in the hands of the farmers of the United States those implements which are practically used nowhere else and which make it possible to plow and sow and reap over the boundless prairies and produce the necessary wheat and corn with a minimum of effort? How about the following industries which have established more or less records: Asbestos, boots and shoes, brass, bronze and copper, bricks and tiles, canning and preserving,



FOLKS DO SAY, THO, THAT UNTIL THE MOTHER-IN-LAW CAME TO LIVE WITH THEM THEIR FAMILY LIFE WAS PERFECT

—Ding in N. Y. Tribune.

clothing, coal-tar products, coke, fertilizer, manufactured gas, glassware, iron and steel, leather, locomotives, machine tools, the oil industry, shipbuilding?"

Supplementary to which, the *Dry Goods Economist*, in commenting on the huge losses sustained through archaic methods of packing and transporting freight, states that "the delays in unloading and removing less than car-load shipments are attributable, in very large degree, to the fact that this work is carried on along lines which in certain other countries many years ago became obsolete." Why on earth, asks the *Economist*, should there not be facilities provided by which the goods for a number of owners or consignees are picked up as soon as possible after their arrival, loaded on trucks and

delivered to their respective owners? This would mean full loads instead of part loads, a great saving in time and a very considerable reduction in expense. Such a plan has been in operation in Great Britain for 40 years, and we read that practically ever since railroading began in Canada carriers have provided in the principal centers a cartage service from their freight terminals to the warehouse or store of the owner or consignee.

Last year the railroads of the United States paid out over \$100,000,000 in claims arising from loss and damage. They are cooperating in an effort to reduce these

payments by removing their causes. On the Pennsylvania Railroad, as soon as a shipment is found short or in bad condition, the car is immediately traced through each stage of its movement, to determine who or what was responsible. In some classes of freight this has resulted in a four-fifths reduction of the number of claims in a twelvemonth. Many damage claims are attributable to nails left in the cars from previous cargoes. In one month of this year a Pennsylvania Railroad investigator reported, among other things, that 13,782 nails had been pulled from 192 freight cars.

DEALING DEATH FROM THE AIR THREE DROPS AT A TIME

DROPPING gas bombs from high altitudes is only the beginning of the destructive use of gas by airplanes. In the next war, no matter how soon it may occur, a deadly composition called Lewisite will be used, says Brigadier-General Amos A. Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, with far more devastating effect than that of mustard gas. Like mustard gas it produces casualties by burning, but, unlike mustard gas, the burns from a quantity equal to three drops will usually cause death and it can be manufactured at the rate of thousands of tons per month. As a protection against Lewisite, however, the Chemical Warfare Service is working on a wearing apparel and mask that will keep it out just as clothing has been devised to keep out mustard gas. But this new agent of death is so powerful in its penetrating ability that even if clothing be made that will protect the wearer it must cover every inch of skin from head to foot. Consider, writes General Fries, in the *New York Globe*, the burden put on any army in the field that would have to wear continually such complete protection.

The navy, we are told, is studying how to make war vessels gas-proof. The toxic smokes may be dropped from airplanes or turned loose from under water by submarines. In either case they will give off

smokes over wide areas through which ships must pass. Any defects will let these toxic smokes in and will force every man to wear a mask. Airplane bombs will come raining down on the ship or alongside of it either with toxic smokes or other terrible gases. White phosphorus that burns and cannot be put out wet or dry will be rained on ships.

A program is being arranged by the Chemical Warfare Service for the most important bombing test ever made in this country. Toxic smokes, phosphorus and a powerful tear gas in great quantity will be used and "we are going to put our own men, man for man, with men from other services on the ships employed, each equipped with a gas mask and protectively clothed:

"The use of gas against landing parties or to aid landing parties has come up in many ways. Our studies to date indicate that gas is a greater advantage to the defense against landing parties than to the offense. Mustard gas and the like may be sprinkled from airplanes, and while it will not float long on the water, it will float long enough to smear any small boats attempting to land. It can be sprinkled over all the areas that landing parties must occupy. Mustard gas may be placed in bombs or drums around all areas that are apt to be used as landing places and exploded in the face of advancing troops....

"We have to-day at Edgewood Arsenal

some 1,400 tons of poisonous gases, not including chlorine. Those gases have been manufactured, practically every ounce of them, for three years, and are yet in almost perfect condition. Our chemists believe they can be kept in the future for ten years and perhaps longer. Our gas shells then will have the life almost of the modern battleship, while the cost of a million will be but a fraction of the cost of a battleship.

"Our masks, too, we believe can be kept for at least ten years. Experience to date indicates that rubber deteriorates mainly through the action of sunlight and moisture, that cause oxidation or other change in the crystalline structure of cured rubber. Accordingly we are putting up masks to-day in hermetically sealed boxes. It is thus evident that we can store a reserve of masks and gases in peace the same as other war materials."

As to the effectiveness of phosphorus and thermit against machine-gun nests, there is no recorded instance where our gas troops failed to silence German machine-gun nests once they were located.

In future, we read, gas troops will be able to put off the majority of all cloud gas attacks even with toxic smoke candles.

If, says General Fries, we have practically no masks when war breaks out it will be nine months before an army of 1,000,000 men can be equipped and trained in its use, and in that nine months the first campaign will be over and the war won or lost or at a stalemate.

Masks cost about \$10 apiece to-day, less by far than rifles. Their life under use, with slight repairs, is probably three years, a full enlistment, or as long as the life of most rifles. The cost of training and replacing the canisters is far less than the cost of rifle ammunition. We should, in the opinion of General Fries, have a reserve of 500,000 masks besides enough to equip the army, which, according to our modern definition, includes the National Guard, the regular army and organized reserve—say, 400,000; a total of, say, 900,000 masks at a cost of \$9,000,000, one-fourth the cost of a battleship.

WALRUS HUNTING IS A DANGEROUS BUT PROFITABLE TRADE

WALRUS hide at \$1 a pound would seem to be too costly to be used for polishing metals on a big scale, but, we read, in *Raw Material* (New York), that the great bulk of walrus leather brought into this country is made into polishing-wheels rather than into hand-bags and pocketbooks. The hide of the animal, varying in its original state from half an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, possesses qualities peculiar to itself as a polishing medium, the thicker the better. Closely and firmly grained, the tough, flexible structure of the leather will hold in its meshes such polishing materials as pumice, emery, crocus and other abrasives which, combined with its own peculiar qualities, will produce on any metal a clean, smooth surface that will hold a more durable and brilliant mirror polish than may be otherwise obtained for silverware, cutlery, firearms, gas and electric fixtures and surgical appliances.

Walrus leather wheels are cut from the hide in the thickness of the wheel desired. Strips of leather also are frequently cut and used to cover wooden wheels, the life of their surface being proportionate to the thickness of the hide. The economy of using extra-thick leather for this purpose is obvious, as the loss of time in recovering wheels with thin leather, which wears out rapidly, often costs more than would a suitably thick walrus covering, to say nothing of the poorer work produced by thin leather. An erroneous idea prevails in the metal goods trade that because some of this leather is used in the manufacture of expensive pocketbooks and bags, its price is prohibitive for polishing purposes. The importers claim that, considering the length of wear, it is cheaper than felt and almost all other materials used for this purpose, and that to this economic consideration is due its wide use as a polishing agent.



LANDING A PRIZE WALRUS

This big fellow has just been killed by the crew of the whaler, who, after towing him to the side of the vessel, haul him aboard by means of a block and tackle.

Walrus hunting, we read, is incidental to whaling voyages in the arctic regions, the animals being killed while the boats are on the lookout for whales. They are shot and then harpooned, the harpoon rope being attached to an air-tight cask, as otherwise the animal would sink and be lost. If the harpoon misses the walrus and the animal is only wounded there ensues an exciting and dangerous time for the hunter, many boats having been crushed with blows from their tusks. The experienced hunter will not shoot a walrus in the body. The true marksman aims at the base of the skull. A bullet reaching this part is always fatal. In addition, and a highly important fact from a commercial point of view, it saves the skins from injury, as rifle ball or spear holes impair the value of the skins for leather.

Immediately after the carcass has been hauled aboard the vessel it is skinned. The skins are stored away in the hold of the vessel and packed in salt until the end of the long homeward journey. They are

then sold through factors to tanners, who use the old bark method of tanning, which takes from one to three years to cure the hides properly. England maintains the only market for these raw walrus hides, for the reason that the British tanners appear to be the only ones who have made a success of the art of tanning them for polishing purposes.

Ninety-five per cent. of the total export trade of Mexico and 75 per cent. of the total import trade is said to be with the United States.

At the recent exhibition of agricultural motor tractors and accessories held in Paris, only one English tractor was shown, compared with nineteen from the United States and eighteen French models.

Large stocks of dyestuffs have accumulated in Japan, consisting of aniline, alizarine and artificial indigo. Interested parties are protesting against the continued importation of German dyes to the detriment of the Japanese industry.

AMERICA IS GETTING READY TO TELEPHONE EUROPE

IMAGINE yourself reaching for a desk telephone and asking the operator for "European long distance"! Perhaps you want to talk with someone in Piccadilly, London, or in Paris, or with Cairo on the Egyptian line. Edward J. Nally, head of the Radio Corporation of America, promises that long-distance talking between the hemispheres will soon be a daily accomplished fact. This, he is reported by M. K. Wisehart, in the *American Magazine*, as saying what will happen:

"Your voice, spoken into an ordinary telephone transmitter in Chicago, Washington, St. Louis, or some other city, will be carried by the usual wire telephone route, or else by what we call 'wired wireless,' to the wireless transmitting station on the Atlantic seaboard. The wired wireless system makes it possible to transmit simultaneously several telephone messages—it may be six or even more—over one telephone circuit. Wired wireless is a very recent development. It is in daily use now between Pittsburgh and Baltimore; and, in time, it will doubtless be in general use in localities where the telephone lines are most congested.

"Whether carried by wired wireless or in the usual way, your voice will enter the wireless transmitting station in the form of a tiny electrical impulse, and then pass through a vacuum tube amplifier. This tube has the appearance of an electric light bulb and is substantially a perfect vacuum. The first stage of 'stepping up' your voice—that is, of changing it from mere sound waves into amplified electric currents—takes place in this tube. Your voice next enters the magnetic amplifier. Here, in the complex windings, the voice is transformed into powerful electric waves of such strength that they reach to distances of many thousands of miles.

"Your 'Hello, Paris,' or, 'Hello, Piccadilly,' is amplified 100,000,000 times, and sent off through space from thirty-two wires, known as the multiple-tuned antennae, at the rate of 186,000 miles a second! It can be heard by anyone with the proper receiving apparatus anywhere on the earth's surface within range of the radiating base."

It is a striking fact that when telephon-

ing by wireless one's voice suffers less distortion than over the wire telephone. Heard thousands of miles away by radio transmission, it will have almost the same quality and characteristics, we read, as it has to the ear of anyone spoken to in an adjoining room. Explaining what it means to say that a voice can be amplified 100,000,000 times, Mr. Nally would have us imagine a man in the Woolworth Building, New York, speaking with force enough to break every pane of glass in that building and many adjacent buildings and creating a disturbance that would be felt for miles around. As used in ordinary conversation, the voice has energy equivalent to one thousandth of an electric watt. When transformed by the latest radio system into electrical waves it represents energy equivalent to 270 horse-power. One horse equals the power of ten men. So the human voice electrified for trans-oceanic radio telephony, is equivalent to the power of 2,700 men.

As evidence of the physical possibility of talking three or four thousand miles by radio telephone, the technic and facilities are actually developed, and telephone messages have been sent a distance of three thousand miles from New Brunswick, New Jersey, with complete success. "Ultimately, we shall be in wireless telephonic communication with England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy and South America. In certain parts of the United States, wireless telephony will be used to supplement the present wonderful wire facilities. In time, anyone who has an ordinary telephone can get a wireless connection through any telephone central station equipped for radio telephony."

The head of the Radio Corporation foresees this country as the center of wireless communication, just as England has been the center of cable communication. The greatest wireless station in the world will be the Radio Central Station which is now being built at a cost of \$10,000,000 at Rocky Point, Long Island, some miles from New York City.

At Nauen, Germany, and Bordeaux, France, are two of the largest stations in the world. The Long Island station will dwarf them into insignificance. A single unit of the new station will have power and range greater than either the Nauen or the Bordeaux stations. And as the five units will be so arranged that they can be operated as one when needed, the new station will be five times more powerful than the largest wireless station in the world to-day! It will have power enough instantaneously to envelop the entire globe in a mantle of ether waves. One thousand words a minute, 500 words in and 500 words out simultaneously, will be the nominal speed of this station.

Imagine a central power-house from which six spans of aerials radiate in star pattern to a distance of a mile and a quarter from the center, so that the antennæ from end to end will be *two and a half miles* long. Each of the six antennæ will be suspended from 12 steel towers 400 and 600 feet high. That is to say, on a tract of land comprising nearly 10 square miles there will be 72 towers, almost duplicates of the famous Eiffel Tower in Paris, arranged in the form of a giant wheel. Five of these antennæ will be used for regular service, either as separate units or combined into one great unit, while the sixth will be reserved, we are told, for emergency operation.

CHROME MINING IN TURKEY A PICTURESQUE AMERICAN INDUSTRY

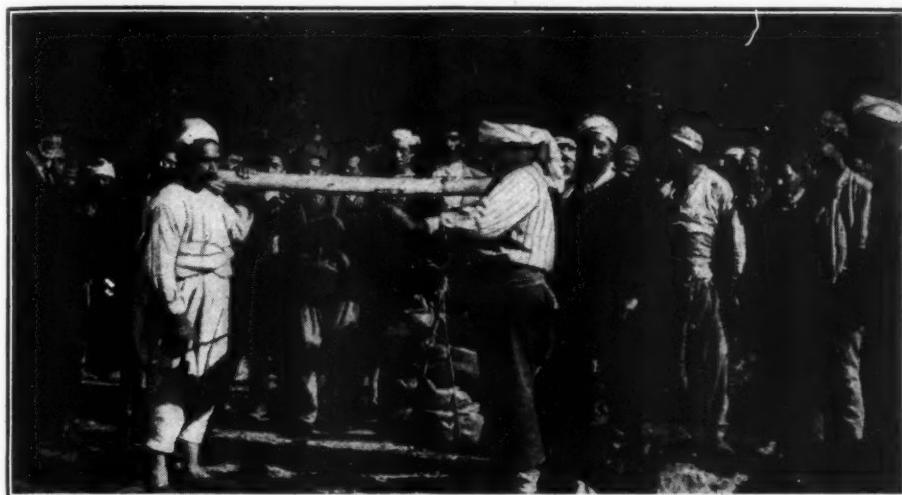
AMERICAN mining interests control and are operating near Macri, a city of six thousand inhabitants on the coast of Asia Minor, a chrome mining industry that is developing an annual output of 100,000 tons of mineral running from 40 to 45 per cent. chromic oxide and from 6 to 8 per cent. silica. The American corporation, Lane, Reggio & Co., Inc., directs the operations of this picturesque industry from its headquarters at Smyrna,

and a full shipload of the mineral is now being brought from Turkey to America every month.

As the actual port of shipment is some miles north of Macri, writes Rufus N. Lane, in the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, the stevedores and passers, to the number of 250, with their entire families, are once a month transported by steamer from Macri to the loading port, and all camp on the shore while the ship is being



TRANSPORTING CHROME FROM THE AMERICAN MINES IN TURKEY
A full shipload of this valuable mineral is brought from Asia Minor to America every month.



CRUDE SCALES USED BY TURKISH CUSTOMS OFFICIALS

Formerly many annoyances were caused in the chrome mines by the Turkish government, but the American operating company is now on the best of terms with the native government and the industry is flourishing.

loaded. The women are occupied in mending sacks and the children hold the sacks open while they are being filled. The mineral is transported to the lighter in these sacks, lightered out to the ship, and then emptied into the slings. The arrival of a steamer is a festive occasion, and the whole business of loading is made a kind of picnic. The Turkish government functionaries always accompany the steamer to the port of loading, and like our American darkies, delight in showing authority. They do not, however, treat the people badly, and in this region, at least, they are far from being the blood-thirsty killers one reads about in American papers.

Workmen are recruited from the neighboring villages, and the supply is ample. A day's wage for a good miner is about \$1.10. Before the war it was much less. There are practically no labor troubles. Formerly many annoyances were caused by the government. In recent months, however, the operating company has been able to work without difficulty and on the best of terms with government officials.

The country being without railways and much broken, all transport from the mines to the sea is by camel. This is not as expensive as it would appear, for the camels

get most of their food from the leaves of the abundant undergrowth with which the mountains are covered. Each camel train in the caravan comprises about seven camels, a donkey to lead and a Turk as driver. A camel carries from 500 to 600 pounds of ore in sacks, tied to a cumbersome but comfortable pack saddle. The leading camel is usually a large male, and on festive occasions he is decorated with showy harness and ornamental trappings, in which bright red cloth is always a prominent feature.

The driver sits on the donkey at the head of the train and smokes half of the time, sleeping when he is not smoking. The leading camel thus acquires a taste for tobacco, and the writer in the mining journal has seen a camel inhale tobacco smoke with every sign of pleasure when a lighted pipe was held to his nostril. The camel at the head of the train always has a bunch of bells hanging to his saddle. Their constant jingle serves to soothe the slumber of the driver, and the cessation of the music never fails to rouse him, as this is a warning that there is a break in the line behind. Each camel is led by a light cord attached to his halter and also to the saddle of the next ahead. When a break occurs the camel whose halter cord

has snapped always stops, and thus brings all those behind him to a standstill. Thus the ore is picturesquely transported from mine to ship, eighty per cent. of the out-

put coming to the United States for use by metal workers and the remainder going to Europe. The output of these mines will be doubled in the near future.

LOOKING BEYOND MEXICO FOR NEW AND NEEDED OIL FIELDS

THE year 1920, with its oil output of 443,000,000 barrels, or more than twice the output of 1910, has been far from a period of depression for American oil producers; but Rear-Admiral Benson, chairman of the Shipping Board, reports to the State Department, declaring that, in the 40 square miles of oil-producing area in Mexico, 63 of the 104 wells have ceased to produce and that salt water is rapidly filling those now in operation. This report prompts George Otis Smith, director of the Geological Survey, to ask where the untapped oil fields are located. A foreign oil supply, he writes, in the *California Oil World*, is already a pressing need. The domestic shortage last year was more than offset by practically doubling the imports of Mexican oil; but J. A. Phelan, of the Shipping Board, reports through Admiral Benson that "the most serious factor in the Mexican situation is that British-owned companies, the largest producers and sellers, control some of the best developed territory" and that they are "corresponding to the Mexican political demands, to the detriment of Americans."

Evidently we must look beyond Pennsylvania, California, Texas, Oklahoma and even Mexico to figure on an adequate future supply of oil. Where else? South America is for the greater part only a land of promise, yet it appears most attractive for oil exploration. In 1919 South American countries, with Trinidad, had an output of nearly 5,000,000 barrels. Of this total, more than half is credited to Peru, the output of an American company operating on the northwestern coast. The production in Venezuela comes from the basin of Lake Maracaibo, where for many years small quantities of oil from shallow wells had been marketed locally. On the

adjacent island of Trinidad there had been a fairly steady increase in output of oil during the ten years ended 1918, and the continuance of this production is to be expected altho the yield was less in 1919.

Argentina is the only other country of South America that has produced some oil for a period covering several years. This output has come from the Comodoro Rivadavia field, in southeastern Argentina. Shallow wells drilled in Trinidad have generally been short-lived, but the reported results are an earnest of the high expectations based upon its extraordinary asphalt deposits. The region is, however, of minor interest to American oil companies because nearly all the prospective oil territory is under foreign control.

In Venezuela the oil indications said to be associated with miocene strata are remarkable. But here again "the greater part of the prospective oil territory of Venezuela, which is probably destined to be one of the leading oil-producing countries of South America, is held under British and British-Dutch control, only a relatively small part of it having been too tardily secured by Americans."

Turning to Europe and the Orient, the director of the United States Geological Survey reports that American oil companies are constantly, tho slowly, acquiring oil lands, notwithstanding the great progress of British and French interests in the acquisition of Russian, Roumanian and Galician oil territory in accordance with the policy and terms of the San Remo agreement.

The failure of the Pacific coast oil fields of the United States, by about 10,000,000 barrels, to meet the industrial and commercial requirements of that part of the country compels deep interest in the distribution and importance of the prospec-

tive oil fields tributary to the western borders of the Pacific Basin. Foremost among these is the region of reported indications in the territory of our nearest neighbor on the west, Siberia, after which come China, the Philippines, and the region of the Indian Ocean.

The nearest, apparently the richest, and the most accessible of the Siberian deposits are those in the 200-mile belt, including groups of oil seeps, some of which form small pools, asphalt deposits, and gas springs, that lies on the east side of northern Saghalien (Sakhalin). The very promising regions of Ferghanaland and Transcaspia, in southwestern Siberia, are accessible by rail and water transportation, but "the pioneer spirit, with adequate backing, will be needed to obtain important holdings in these territories when political developments make exploitation possible, and, indeed, the first steps by American capital should be taken now to investigate existing concessions."

Following was the world's output of oil last year, in order of quantity, in barrels:

United States	443,402,000
Mexico	159,800,000
*Russia	30,000,000
Dutch East Indies	16,000,000
India	8,500,000
Roumania	7,406,318
Persia	6,604,734
Galicia	6,000,000
Peru	2,790,000
Japan and Formosa	2,213,083
Trinidad	1,628,637
Argentina	1,366,926
Egypt	1,089,213
**France	700,000
Venezuela	500,000
Canada	220,000
**Germany	215,340
Italy	38,000
Total	688,474,251

* No exact information available.

** The Alsasian fields' production appears under Germany in 1919 and under France in 1920.

THE TEN GREAT AMERICAN COMMODITIES

NEARLY half of our eight billion export trade last year consisted of only ten commodities, and seven of them, constituting 35 per cent. of our entire exports, are either foodstuffs or raw materials, reports the Foreign Commerce Department of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. What are these ten commodities? Raw cotton, to the value of more than a billion dollars, leads the list. Its nearest competitor is wheat, valued at \$597,000,000. Heavy shipments of coal at high prices gave that commodity third place. Automobiles, valued at \$298,000,000, are fourth, while leaf tobacco is fifth. Cotton cloth, valued at \$238,000,000, is sixth; wheat flour, valued at \$224,000,000, is seventh; lubricating oil is eighth, and the two hog products, bacon and lard, are ninth and tenth, respectively.

So much of the enormous increase in the value of our foreign trade can be attributed to inflated prices that there has

been some skepticism as to whether our exports and imports have increased in quantity over the preceding year. To find the answer, says *The Nation's Business*, 52 articles, valued at more than \$10,000,000, were concerted into a common unit—pounds. It was found that the 1920 total was 157.7 billion pounds, or 84 per cent. increase over the average for the pre-war period, 85.5 billion pounds. The increase over the 1919 volume, 114 billion pounds, was not so large, about 38 per cent., but it shows a satisfactory gain. The same story is told when the available quantities of the commodities valued at less than \$10,000,000 are compared. Taken together with the 52 chief exports, they represent about three-fourths of the value of all the exports and show a volume increase of 37 per cent., proving rather conclusively that our export trade made a comfortable gain during 1920.

Coal tops the list, so far as volume is concerned. During 1920 nearly 90 billion

pounds of coal were exported. This amount is more than double our pre-war shipments and 74 per cent. greater than in 1919.

Wheat ranked second, with 13 billion pounds, or 178 per cent. above the pre-war average and 47 per cent. higher than in 1919. Fuel and gas oil and illuminating oil held third and fourth places, respectively, their combined total being above 12 billion pounds. Wheat flour, the fifth largest, dropped 25 per cent. from 1919, but still was 80 per cent. larger than before the war.

The greatest gain over 1919 was in gunpowder, which showed a 550 per cent. increase. When compared with the pre-war average, alcohol gives the enormous gain of 19,068 per cent.

Many of the same commodities are found among both the chief exports and imports. We export large quantities of our upland cotton and bring in the finer Egyptian and coarser China products for

utilization where our own product is not so satisfactory. We ship Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky tobaccos and import the product of Cuba, Sumatra and Turkey. Other products, both imported and exported in great amounts, are wheat, cotton and wool cloths, cotton yarn, copper ingots and pigs, pig iron, lumber, leather, rice, fertilizers, cigarettes, butter, crude petroleum, printing paper, and potatoes.

Grouping our chief exports by principal industries brings to light the dominance of the foodstuffs, textile and metals groups. The exports of these three amount to 4.6 billion dollars out of the 6.6 billions of chief exports, or 70 per cent. The chemical group is fourth, with exports of \$815,00,000; coal and coke is fifth, with \$360,000,000. Then comes tobacco, \$282,000,000; leather, \$176,000,000; lumber, \$123,000,000; paper, \$45,000,000; stone-clay glass, \$40,000,000; miscellaneous, \$176,000,000.

THE JAPANESE INVADE AMERICA

IT is an invasion not with rapid-fire guns but rapid-fire pitchers, not with TNT bombs but B. B. bats and balls, not of Samurai clothed in armor but of college boys clad in pads and masks.

The baseball team of Waseda University is touring the land playing our various university teams. So far, we are told by the East West News Bureau, the little brown nine has held its own pretty well, and outscored on several occasions the picked teams of the baseball land. The boys are accompanied by Professor Abe of Waseda University, who is well known as the "father of Japanese baseball" and also as a scholar of sociology.

The first baseball team in Japan was formed some 30 years ago and the game became widely known in 1898, when a game was played between the team of the First College of Tokyo and an American team. In that game the Japanese most unexpectedly defeated the American team, which evoked wild excitement in the country. The event created great interest and

enthusiasm of the people in baseball, and it speedily became the most popular sport of the country.

The most remarkable event in the Japanese annals of baseball was the expedition of the Waseda team to America in 1905. From the standpoint of the scores made the visit was a failure, because in most of the games played it was defeated. It was in the consequent revolution in Japanese baseball playing that the event proved fruitful. From this time on the game became the object of systematic study and discipline. Much money was expended, well-known coaches were hired, men were trained as professional baseball men are trained. The result of the innovation was the appearance in Japan of two strong rival college teams, Waseda and Keio. These two rival teams competed for supremacy for many years with alternative success.

The talk of establishing professional baseball teams in Japan has become very popular.



SHEAR NONSENSE

Ice

Ice is one of the few things that are really what they're cracked up to be.—*Detroit News*.

Appropriate

The London *Times* reports having seen two youths, made destitute by the world war, sitting on a roadside with two British naval hats they had picked up somewhere. On one hat was "H. M. S. Devastation"; on the other "H. M. S. Broke."

Disagreeable

He—Is Fraser's wife fond of an argument?

She—I should just think so—why, she won't even eat anything that agrees with her.

—*London Mail*.

Gridironical

Neighbor—They tell me your son is on the football team at college.

Proud Mother—It is quite true.

Neighbor—What position does he play?

Proud Mother—I'm not sure, but I think I heard Pa saying he was one of the drawbacks.—*Holland's Magazine*.

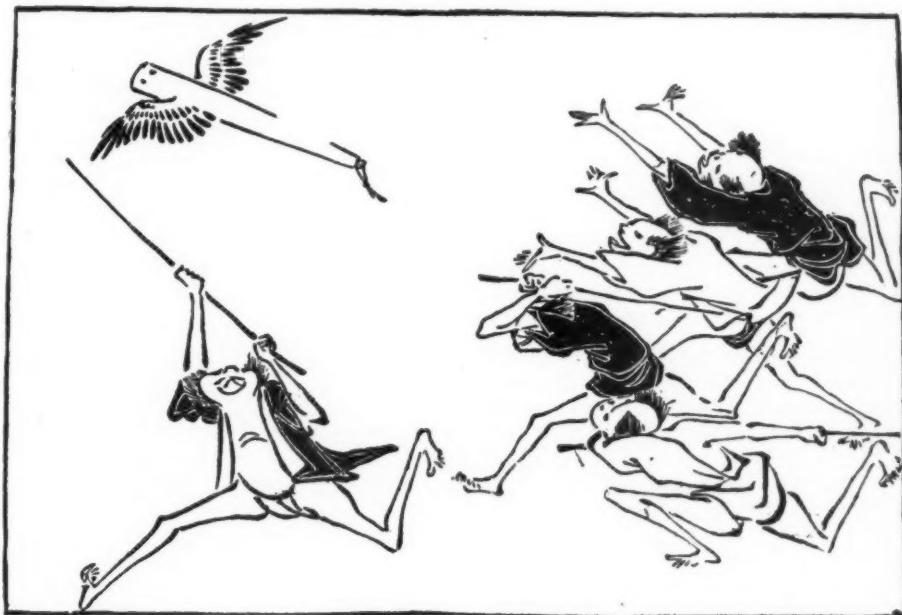
A Minority

First Clerk—How many people work in your office?

Second Clerk—Oh, I should say roughly about a third of them.—*London Sketch*.

One of Harry Lauder's

Of the many stories told by Sir Harry Lauder, one concerns a christening ceremony



AN EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE HUMOR

This drawing was made by Oöka Shunboku two centuries ago, and is offered by Louise Norton Brown in *Scribner's Magazine* as a good illustration of Japanese humor. The winged object in the picture is a cooking utensil used in making soups and mashing potatoes. Just how it acquired wings and flew away must be left to the imagination.



A JAPANESE PAGEANT CARICATURED

This example of Japanese humor, reproduced from *Scribner's*, is the work of Hasegawa Mitsunobu. The gigantic lanterns and froglike faces convey the Japanese idea of a really funny street procession.

in a church in a mining district. The infant was most gloriously arrayed, and among other things it wore a splendid bonnet, which, when the critical moment arrived, the mother found some difficulty in removing.

With the eyes of the congregation upon her, the woman became very flustered, and her attempts to hold the baby and take the bonnet off at the same time seemed likely to end by dropping the child on the floor.

At last the clergyman turned rather impatiently to the father, a particularly powerful collier. "Can you hold the child?" he said sharply.

The big collier gave the clergyman, who was rather diminutive, a disdainful glance. "Haud him?" he whispered fiercely. "Man, I could fling him o'er the kirk, and you tae, if need be."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

The Indolent Agriculturist

The farmer's day is eighteen hours,
And then the lazy oaf
Does nothing else but eat and sleep
And sit around and loaf.

—*The Country Gentleman*.

Making Conversation

Sea Captain (introducing friend to his old aunt)—"This is my old friend, Barker; he lives in the Canary Islands."

"How interesting," murmured old auntie, and, gathering all her wits, she added: "Then, of course, you sing."—*New York Globe*.

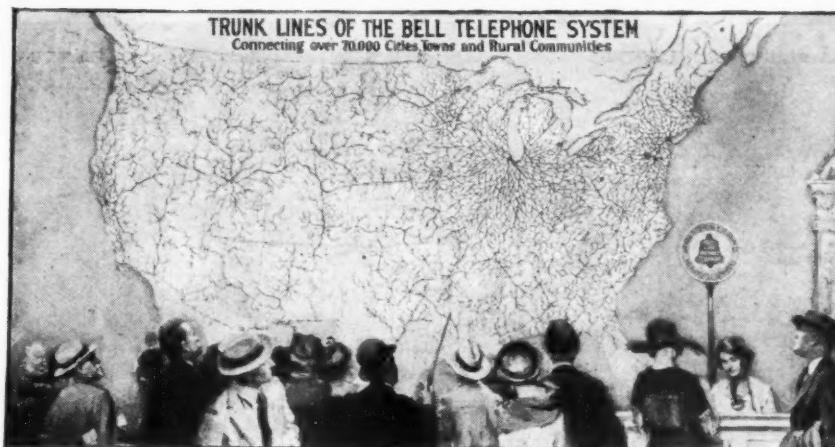
Noah in the Verse of G. K. Chesterton

An illustration of Chesterton's sense of humor may be found in the following lines:
Old Noah he had an ostrich farm, and fowls
on the greatest scale;
He ate his egg with a ladle in an egg-cup
big as a pail,
And the soup he ate was elephant soup and
the fish he ate was whale;
But they all were small to the cellar he took
when he set out to sail.
And Noah he often said to his wife when
he sat down to dine:
"I don't care where the water goes if it
doesn't get into the wine."

Another German Atrocity

Two American girls were visiting the Louvre for the first time. Coming into the room where the Venus of Milo stands, they looked at it with open mouths. Suddenly one exclaimed:

"My Gawd, Margie, look what them Germans did to that poor Belgium woman!"—*Everybody's*.

**UNITED STATES**

Population	107,100,000
Square Miles	3,027,000
Number of Post Offices.....	52,600
Miles of Railway (1916)	250,000
Passengers carried.....	1,191,000,000

BELL SYSTEM

Telephones owned and affiliated -	12,600,000
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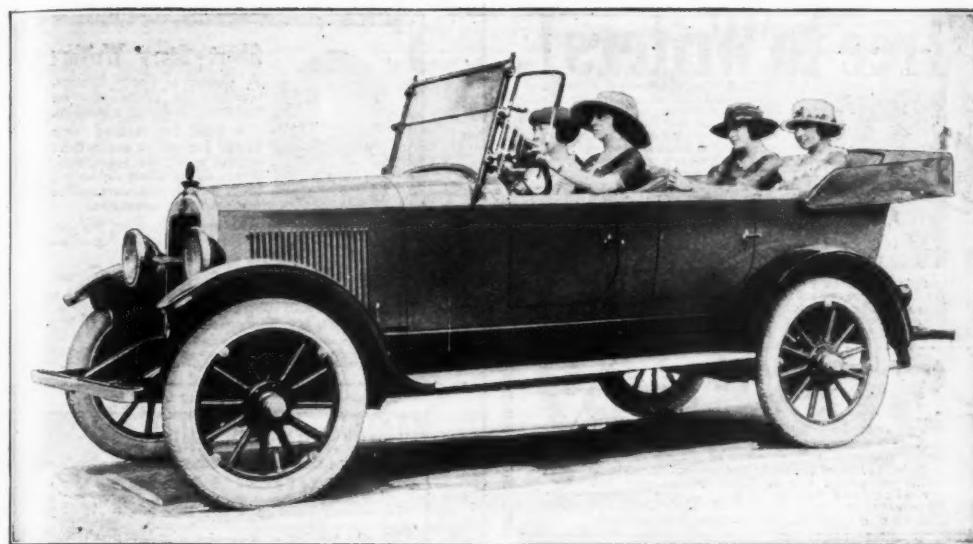
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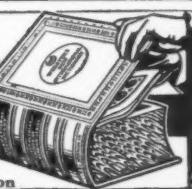
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